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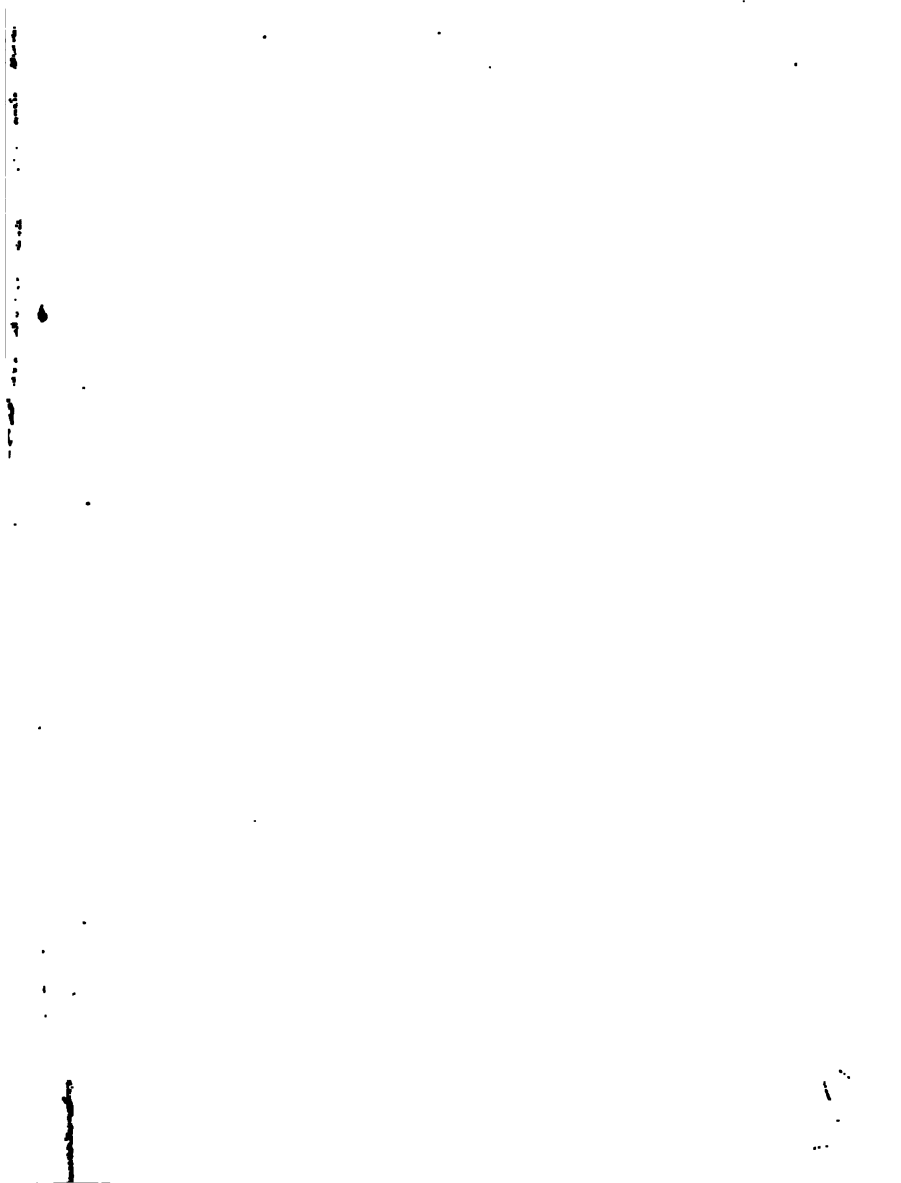


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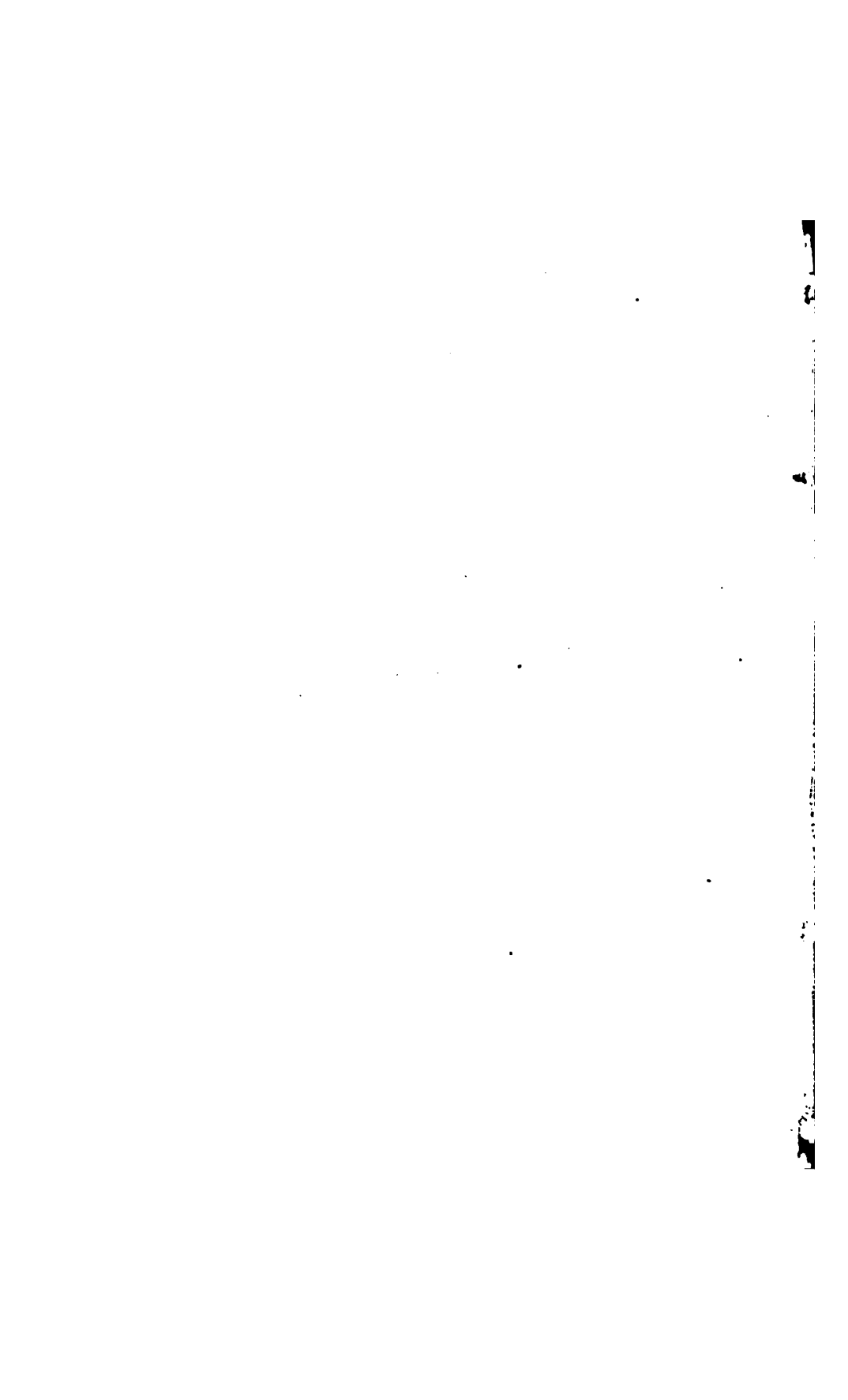


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IPHIGENIA.

A MODERN WOMAN OF PROGRESS.

BY HUGO FÜRST. E
BROTHER OF ERNST.

"IPHIGENIA" is a work of considerable merit that will come in strong and very advantageous contrast with the trashy and sensational romances of the day. It absolutely teems with information imparted in a striking and agreeable manner, and cannot fail to benefit all who read it. The plot is devoid of puzzling complications, and at the same time completely fulfils its mission, satisfying all the demands of romance readers. The heroine of the book is Helen Valentine, a young lady of unusual education and high intellectual qualities. Sacrifice is her lot, and in order to accomplish good she never hesitates to set aside or subordinate her individual interests. All the characters in the book are well drawn. "IPHIGENIA" deserves commendation as a romance with which more than ordinary pains have been taken. All who take delight in reading profitable and salutary books will be pleased with it, and to such it is confidently recommended.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
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"*Iphigenia*" is a new and entirely original work of fiction that ought to command attention, especially with the better class of readers, who look above the trashy and sensational literature of the day. It has a well-defined plot, and the narrative possesses both interest and the merit of being well told. In the course of the book a large amount of important information is cleverly imparted through the medium of conversation. The heroine, Helen Valentine, is a girl of pronounced intellectual ability and culture, who thinks clearly and boldly, never hesitating to advance her opinions, and always maintaining them by logical argument. She believes in using her utmost efforts to do good to all around her, and, in pursuance of the line of duty she has marked out for herself, does not hesitate to make sacrifices before which the majority of people would recoil. In fact, she is a martyr to her ideas, even going so far as to marry a man who is uncongenial to her that she may aid certain of her relatives in their business views. This error largely colors her life, for a time rendering her dissatisfied and unhappy; but she bears her cross bravely, though at times her husband's tyranny takes exceedingly disagreeable and trying forms. In Virginia Bernard a striking contrast to the heroine is afforded, and her sad history should teach a profitable lesson to those who are prone to believe too implicitly in a lover's vows. All the numerous characters in the book are naturally and effectively drawn, especially the learned and kind-hearted savant, Dr. Alexander, Col. Stanton, Mr. Titus, the Herzman family, Mr. Bernard and Chancey. The scenes and incidents, while not in the least sensational, are handled naturally and effectively, the author studiously avoiding everything tending towards exaggeration. The everyday life with which all are familiar is reproduced, and pleases from its very simplicity and the faithfulness with which it is depicted. The style of composition is clear and attractive, the narrative running on with the greatest smoothness from commencement to close. "*Iphigenia*" deserves commendation as a romance with which more than ordinary pains have been taken. All who take delight in reading profitable and salutary books will be pleased with it, and to such it is confidently recommended.

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IPHIGENIA.

A MODERN WOMAN OF PROGRESS.

BY HUGO FÜRST.

CHAPTER I.

HELEN AND THE DOCTOR.

He, who, in harmony with field, forest and sky, takes his primary lessons from nature is not unprepared for later ones.

There is not a hill, stream or meadow that does not charm us into praises of the All Good.

The world works by rules, whose proven excellence exceptions never destroy.

“TAKE more of Linnæus’ first playthings, study them, then philosophize,” said Dr. Alexander, as he broke from a rose bush a branch of luxuriant blossoms, and offered it to Miss Helen Valentine, who in turn proffered him some pansies which she held.

“Hold to your pansies,” said the Doctor; “their simple innocence is fitting the young Diana, nor is pensée unbecoming any age.”

(21)

Without waiting for his last remark, Helen with flowers in hand had given chase to Fido, who, with a stick in his mouth, had begged of his mistress an accustomed romp. They leaped across a little brook which purred along to join the river below, and added its part to an exquisite landscape, in the midst of which Helen had grown from an infant, when Dr. Alexander's friendship for her began and her mother's life went out, leaving her to miss what she could never realize and the Doctor to lose from his life a cherished and influential friend.

The Doctor had left his horse at Mr. Valentine's, and Helen had accompanied him to one of the farm cottages that she might both amuse the children, while their mother waited upon the physician, and enjoy the morning with the Doctor whom her girlish estimation held high above anything fallible. The Doctor was following the path which led from the house to the highway, when Helen panting from her frolic joined him.

"You always refresh me by your blitheness," he said; "it is spontaneous. You have more to be thankful for than you know; that is your nature has been unrestrained. If one can grow up as God designed, untrammelled, any shackles afterwards will not wholly spoil him. The world will get them on to you soon enough, my girl. It is the biting bridle that society would make young colts wear that spoils so many. It checks the hearty soul growth, as well as impedes the bodily development. I like an even show of both: A good body helps the intellect, frees

it from many crotchets." Then, looking at her flowers, he added: "You have given your roses a good shaking up. What do you know about roses? How far back can you trace their history?"

"I have found several birth records of roses," she replied, "and conclude that they began with other shrubs. I love them. I love all flowers and leaves. Let me break some of these lady slipper branches and dip them into the brook. There! Do you see the silver leaf?" Then, taking them out, she continued: "They are not wet. The nasturtion leaves are beautiful under water. Are all leaves that shed water so silvery in it?"

"Experiment and find the rules of nature. Her laws are all made and are for us to discover," replied the Doctor.

As Helen resumed her walk she raised her arms that the drops of water on her finger tips might catch the sun's rays; then, after smothering her face in her flowers, she exclaimed:

"All things are so beautiful! Doctor, do you realize it? This is a perfect morning. Everything is a testimony of God's love!"

"Would you feel just so if you lived in yonder cottage with Mrs. Crane? The same objects would be around you, but would not the humbleness of your life dim the surrounding beauty?"

"I could be happy anywhere with father and all the dogs and horses I wanted," she said.

"Would other people be nothing to you?"

"I could find plenty whom I would like. But I would wish to be a princess."

"You want beautiful things?" asked the Doctor.

"I have so much of beauty that I could never have a want for more; but I would like to be so situated that I might be just the friend in need to every one."

"You would be a blessed Virgin or a Holy Jesus, indeed! That's right; the world demands Maries of all its women. It will so come to be understood, and instead of pushing their popinjays in front, there'll be no room for them. Here, where fortune has placed you, you ought to glean tolerably correct views of life. Do not allow the opinions of others to narrow your sense of right." After a pause, he resumed: "You have been reading that *Leben von Spinoza*. What do you think of him?"

"I honor him with all my soul," replied Helen, "without caring whether his theories are correct or not! He was sincerely conscientious. I should just like to devote my life to such a noble being. Do you think the people then comprehended him?"

"They must have known something of his power when they offered him hush-money; that is they were selfishly interested in quieting him. There were some who know he was on truth's side. Descartes had not lived in vain."

"But those who offered him money little knew the man he was," returned Helen, "or they would have known better. As if he would sell his soul!"

"There's many a soul sold for little money, and above its worth, too! The mass money for some is a poor investment; for they should summer and winter in purgatory for all time!"

"Now, Doctor, you would be the first to help even the greatest criminal, although you might embrace the opportunity to tell him what you thought of him. I know you are good and kind. I suppose I am not so good as I should be, for a grand, noble soul that lives is so much more to me than God, and He is a great deal to me in nature. He never seems the same in church, or when Aunt Peggy speaks of Him. In prayer-meeting there sits Deacon Brown, waiting for a parenthesis long enough to insert a dry, windy, open-eyed prayer, and right opposite Deacon Crane, and—"

"You mean that God comes nearer to you in a person you know than in an abstract idea," interrupted the Doctor. "In bitter grief it may seem different to you. You then realize the helplessness of even the most powerful man, and you hope for power unseen. Good comes to you in people. Then entertain those whom you think the All Good would choose as messengers."

"There is poor Mrs. Crane. When I see her in affliction, I know she has consolation somewhere else, for life has little enough for her. Oh! see that dear little bird! I thought you were going to step on it."

She caught the tiny, fluttering object, and, discovering it had a broken wing, said, cuddling it in her hands and holding it near her face:

"God made you, birdling, as well as me; only I am so much more favored!"

"I hope you will always feel so," said Dr. Alexander, "but, as life goes, one may wish before it is spent that he were a bird or some other being."

"That reminds me of the old idea that a soul may live upon earth in other animals after its body dies. It must be a pure, dear soul that could be a little bird's! But I've found bats as well as birds among people. It's a happy gift to distinguish even in the dark. Some bats overexert themselves to be birds, when in reality they are only vampires!"

"There's Crane, your father's pensioner. Because he has wiggled himself into the Deacon's chair in the church, which your great-grandfather established, your father supports him. I wonder what he will have to offer on the great day of judgment, except, 'I've yearly grown fat on some one else's provender, and done nothing I could slip out of doing?'"

"Last Sunday, in church," Helen said, "he choked on the wine. I saw him open his mouth wide and tip the cup suddenly. The tip was a little too much for the size of his throat. Aunt Peggy's face was red. I knew that if I mentioned it at any time she would tell me I ought to have been in meditation, not looking about, so I was silent until after dinner, and when no one was looking at me save herself I took just such a swallow and choked. Aunt Peggy drew the corners of her mouth down further than ever and left the room.

"Do not speak of Mr. Crane to me. We regularly quarrel. The other day, when I saw him chasing little boys out of the orchard with a stick, I told him that he helped himself freely, that the fruit was as much theirs as his, and that if he touched one of them I would send him off the premises! He retorted

that I was a child of Satan, upon which I said he had trusted me to settle accounts with him!"

"Be careful, child. Do not let another's imperfections dim your light," said the Doctor.

"One thing I cannot comprehend, and that is how his poor wife can live with him," said Helen.

"She is very feeble and he is her husband," answered the Doctor. "Do not despise him! We cannot know all that combined to make him what he is!"

"Do you think she would free herself had she strength?"

"Not now. She might have done so once; but then she had children, and they are added to the vampires of the earth. For her children a woman will endure everything! Here there was a sort of respectability cast over him by the pale of the church. If she had left him she would have had the wants of the children to supply, and that, too, in a community which would have thought her a sinning woman. After awhile she lost resolution, and her best qualities, by being long subject to a mean man, dwindled away; she is, in fact, a wreck. She was something of a woman. Married him after one of those revivals. It's not rare, when the spirit is at work, for individual and social ends to be accomplished simultaneously."

"I would have honored her," Helen said, "had she left him. It would only have proven that there was too much goodness in her to stay."

"A woman with money can do what one without dare not risk, particularly when she has hungry mouths to fill."

"A woman who marries with money is practically insured against such possibilities."

"See, your bird is quieting under the touch of your hand. You always tame animals. How are your toads?"

"All happy and fat. But one is dead! A youngster from the corn-field came for water. I saw him kill it and asked him why he did it. His reply was, 'Rain!' He had heard father say we needed rain, so he killed a toad to bring it! Do you not think the benighted are among us?"

"A typical sacrifice," said the Doctor. "It has come down from no one knows how far back."

"I dislike all such things," said Helen. "I never read that part of the Bible. A picture of Abraham leading little Isaac, who was carrying sticks for the altar, has always been a part of Aunt Peggy's room. I remember how she stormed when I took it down and put it behind her bed. I told her that it offended me, that Abraham was a deceiving villain if he were going to slay Isaac and burn him with those sticks which were in his arms. She said it was God's will. Then said I, 'I don't like God!' She called me a wicked child, and said my father would rue his neglect of my training."

"Does the childish impression remain, or can you now class the story as one with Jephthah's daughter or Iphigenia?"

"An impression of the childish idea still remains, though I endeavor to put it away," said Helen.

"I am sorry. The Greeks expressed an idea more

beautifully than did the Hebrews, just so much more as the myth of Venus and Adonis transcends that of Samson. But do not judge a nation by their condition thousands of years ago. You might follow them back to plant life. The Jews are a wonderful people, and we should never forget what science owes to them." The Doctor remained silent for a moment, then added: "My dear young lady, you do not need to read the lore of the ancients to find sacrifices. The world is full of them. May you be saved from the list of martyrs! It is not to be denied that the great and good who live in advance of their time are sacrifices to those who stone them. Study! think! The best protection you can have is reason. Try to get at truth first-hand, not through others, and always remember prudence."

Dr. Alexander's interest in and care of Helen Valentine were somewhat allied to a mother's. He saw promise in her, and was irresistibly attracted while he watched her nature unfolding.

Thoroughly educated in his profession, and a close student of nature, he had added what such a man would unavoidably glean in twenty-five years of practice in a section of country which was part of the would-have-been young feudalism in America. Living in New Jersey, not out of reach of Philadelphia or New York, he kept pretty correct note of society's movements and, in his own way, could never be said to be "behind the times." In deep channels of thought he knew well what was stirring beneath the surface. Sometimes he was active in starting the currents; but his name was not often prominent.

His own life was so woven into those about him that his interest partook of kinship. Some said that his religious views were objectionable; but many who privately criticised him, when ill, wanted just such an "honest, capable physician." But there were here as many people of broad intellectual culture as one generally finds. Here false notions of religion had not plucked out so much that was innocently pleasurable as had been done in New England. There was consequently more hearty fellowship.

With all deference to the merits of the early New England generations, the struggle against climate and rocks is not the entire explanation of the fretful, anxious expression of many of their children's faces. Too many long sermons and the forbidding of that jollity which nature bequeaths to all childhood has given to the young faces a seriousness that makes one turn from some of his own countrymen to a foreign face with relief.

To their capabilities their advanced thought bears testimony. When once they enter upon independent thinking, their energy outdoes that of their Southern brethren; there, as well as in the diffusion of education and organization which knew no rest, recognized no hardship too severe to compete with in the settlement and civilization of the States. It could have required no unusually clear or long vision to have told which would ultimately be the stronger power in America. The mistaken endeavor of some of the early families of southern Pennsylvania and Virginia to foster a spirit which America was never intended

to nourish practically circumscribed their influence. But for distances adjoining one sees in their home pictures the germ of an ideal life. Among themselves there is a satisfaction and exclusion which cared less for theories and progressive ideas than for social boundaries.

Here people of prominence and importance had settled, bearing with them something of the wide world, and, as they were not far from Philadelphia or New York, they were kept bright by mingling with the citizens of those places.

People are somewhat like kittens. They get their teeth before their eyes are open. The light of the world comes to us by much mingling with its different people. We are wonderfully developed by the opinions and movements of the whole world, especially in these days of constant and wide communication. Could Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards visit us now, they would probably excuse themselves from dining, not finding the meats they flourished upon. Yet they were good men of their times. Let us be thankful the times have fulfilled their mission and given place to more humanity, if we do have reason to decry its meagreness.

As Helen and Dr. Alexander approached the Valentine homestead Helen placed the wounded bird in a nest secured to the bough of an apple tree, which was already the home of a lame linnet.

"There," said she; "get acquainted and I'll bring you some breakfast."

"Do you keep a bird's hospital?" inquired the Doctor.

"Not exactly; but those lame ones can be safe there."

Mr. Valentine met them at the door, and Helen ran around to the side vestibule for some bird food.

"Well, Doctor," said Mr. Valentine, "out among Helen's poor this morning? She'll add you to the list yet. Charge every call to her. It is the only way to stop it."

"I never regret time thus spent. Much less could I do so when she accompanies me," was the reply.

"She's a blessing to all about, and I'm among them."

"You may justly be proud of her."

"Her aunt in New York wants her for awhile. It may do her good. She's rather regardless of the ways of the world and needs a little training."

"She bears evidence of having done well under your direction."

"Her education has not been neglected. The next thing is for her to settle down into womanly ways. In a boy we look to see what he is made of when he leaves school. If he has talents, they will manifest themselves. Girls should at least learn to be at home in society as well as to be good housekeepers. I'm inclined to give her her own time. She's not through racing the meadows yet."

"I hope she never will be. Do not hurry her to the 'Demeter' period of her life," said the Doctor.

"Peggy says I am spoiling her; and Marie has it fixed. It may not all be woman's nonsense that she needs a little training."

"She suits me now with her warm heart and independent ways."

"Did you see in the morning paper," inquired Mr. Valentine, "that Cronstadt is up for sheriff? I think he'll carry the day."

"If there be any objection to him," replied Dr. Alexander, "it is that his sternness might amount to severity. The subordinate offices are well-filled now."

"There will have to be a new deal."

"There is an evil in the system of this government from which its people do and must suffer. A responsible office is well-appointed. A new election is in order. The chief office is bought by all the sub-offices, as well as all else that can be turned to promise. If people would realize the importance of having posts, at all connected with criminals, worthily filled, they would raise the offices above personal favor. It's time they were thinking about it. They might strike deeper, and take one-half that is spent upon churches where the poor never feel at home, and use it for the enlightenment of the children of the lowly, ignorant poor. There is high ignorance as well. There would be a marked reduction in prison expenses, should this be done."

"The cause of economy sometimes works, when that of philanthropy fails. The best thing, in the best way, will in time work itself through like yeast," said Mr. Valentine.

"Yeast works slowly. I sometimes even doubt humanity, but, upon reflection, I am always ashamed of doing so, for man, into whom God has put part of

Himself, can never be lost. I have stronger grounded faith than you churchmen have."

"You would not sweep the churches from the land?" interrogated Mr. Valentine.

"No. The fact that wherever man goes, steeples straightway arise, proves they are necessary adjuncts; but when you look upon the expense of some of the edifices, and take into account the mills that their cost would keep grinding, even after a reduction sufficient for the erection of pleasant and comfortable buildings, one can but question the correctness of the judgment which makes the investment."

"Your position has some showing, that's a fact."

Dr. Alexander walked toward the green upon which opened the carriage-house. Mr. Valentine accompanied him—two different but noble creations.

"John," called Mr. Valentine, "bring around the Doctor's carriage."

As Don, the Doctor's horse, came up, Mr. Valentine remarked:

"That's a fine fellow! Such an animal is good company on a long drive!"

"A man," said Dr. Alexander, "who does not find companionship in his horse, has no right to one. With a good horse, and the sky above you, can you be alone? I know I never sink below my level with such company, and if I can't get above my worst, into my best self, it's my own fault."

"He's an honest horse," Mr. Valentine said, patting his neck and looking into his face.

"Any horse is, which has been treated well," said the Doctor, as he drove off.

"What now?" thought he. "Those women take into their heads to make a parlor statue of the girl with whom God has taken uncommon pains! A few years more and her metal would ring. They know the young horse is easiest to break. If she can only keep herself from their nets a few years! But there's no counting on the mistakes of designing women!"

As he rounded the corner of the yard he noticed Helen at the apple tree, talking to the birds.

"What is the matter? Is it that birds not of a feather had better flock all alone? You can't make a blue bird out of a yellow one, and if put together, even with broken wings, they are apt to leave rooms to rent. Too bad to spoil a peaceful home for the sake of making some other bird unhappy! Better build another nest. Do you see what John is doing? Spoiling the whole night and morning work of the ants, who had builded their little sand castles between the flags."

"Keep still, Doctor!" said John. "Miss Peggy tells me to sweep 'em away, and Miss Helen stops me from obeyin' orders. Mighty hawd to please 'em bofe, sah!"

In another moment Dr. Alexander was gone. Helen went to the kitchen where every one was busy, indeed. It was peach-butter day. She engaged her services, but said she would like to send some one over to Mr. Gleason's. She had not seen any smoke in his chimney for two days.

"Sure enough," said Aunt Peggy, with an extra draw up to her forehead and pull down to the corners of her mouth. "He might be dead for aught any one would know, living alone there!"

Helen thought that would be of less consequence to him than if he were ill and wanted something.

Industriously she worked, adding jar upon jar to the fruit store of the house.

That the hospitable tables of this section were never seen without a variety and an abundance of fruit testified to a thorough respect for housekeeping. That the cost of their tables never seemed to enter into any of their accounts was partly an evidence of abundance; yet it was a part of their chivalry that their friends should be well-provided for under their roofs, and that their doors should always be open to them.

To all this there is a charm which makes one who has ever been among them look back longingly, if he be with strangers. Too bad, that, in the hurried turning of the wheels, many of the pleasanter things are left out.

A man always thinks, when he has completed his undertakings, he will bring into his life all that in his bustle he leaves out. But life never omits the account of a day, and we all face its completion.

CHAPTER II.

THE INSANE MOTHER.

To reason untuned, heaven is closed from earth.

Why are we what we are? Ask the gods, to whom nothing is unknown.

DID you ever see a person so finely made that it is rare to find suitable shelter and protection for him?

Mrs. Morgan's was one of those most exquisitely tuned natures, cast in a delicate mould. Had she been reared in a studio, her native artistic sense would have found easy expression. Had she been trained in music, she would scarcely have succeeded so well, for the arduous application would have been foreign to her, though melodious and poetical strains she would catch and reproduce as if her own. In meeting her one instinctively felt that she was one of those sensitive beings who must be shielded and ministered to, expecting nothing but an influence as delicate and as little asserting as the fragrance of a flower. She had not the positiveness to face a wrong and condemn it, though her whole being would abhor it. If she ever deliberated upon an action she met it with, "What will people think?"

With her instinctive love of the beautiful, it is not surprising that Captain Morgan thought her unpracti-

cal as a housewife of moderate means. A man whose whole time is spent in earning naturally rates his success or failure according to accumulations; particularly so, as he realizes the importance of the world's property, that next to intellect it is the most powerful agent. A man from the commendable basis of self-esteem judges himself equipped in the latter, and thinks that with money, or its equivalent, ambitions which have always stirred him may be realized. Now, when the dispenser in his household, from the very excellence of her nature in other regards, is unwise in that office, is it surprising that his estimation of her declines? Moreover, through her gentle submissiveness and uninterrupted lack of assertion, which are apt to send the mercury of others' esteem toward zero, he had grown to look upon her as one of "the Lord's weaker vessels;" and as she receded from the heights of his admiration, so did all other women.

Years before, Captain Morgan had brought to his home this delicate, clinging wife, who, proud of him, felt that there would be her protection and sympathy. But, as years passed, that refined, exquisite woman, sensitive to even a thought of disapproval, transferred her tendrils to her eldest child, Eudora, who in constitution possessed the grand nobleness, which naturally presided in the heart of her father, made loyal to aristocracy by generations of commanding, while her whole nature was permeated by the artistically fine elements of her mother, which softened and refined those of the father. In speaking of her you would have said: "Here is ability, which, in obedience to

nature's laws, must be developed, not used as drapery in the background for others' pictures—for others to pose before."

There are some people with whom everything is at concert pitch. Their circulation is rapid; they have a surplus of animal heat, vital force and nervous strength. Their will acts quickly. They execute with energy. They are positive. In marked contrast are the depleted subjects we now and then meet. It is as if they had swung out of a magnetic circle from which life-power could be drawn. They are chronic tonic-takers, and instinctively cling to and leech every one who is replete with life forces. In fact, their good working order exacts such conditions. They are endurers. Does not this explain the craving of stimulants by some? Does it not show why some people's best work is done by their assistance? But the explanation does not undo the evils.

When Eudora was sent from home to school, the last wire which supplied Mrs. Morgan's daily nerve force was cut. She had barely power to maintain a balance of mind. Should there come an unusual strain upon the cord which held 'its machinery, it would snap. This came through her sympathies.

After a painful illness, her little five-year-old child died. For a few days she seemed to be in a sullen, displeased mood. Eudora had been summoned home. To console or to please her mother she found equally difficult. One day she said to her brother: "If mother shows temper, then I know no one is made without it. I do not understand mother."

At length she settled into a state of melancholy, and Eudora found herself in the trying place of a mother, with that parent insane. Mrs. Morgan could not endure that Eudora should go from her room for a moment. She secluded herself, refusing to meet people.

Poor Eudora sometimes trembled with the exhaustion which no one can understand who has not remained constantly by an insane person. In the morning she would go into her mother's room to meet that rolling, wild expression of the eyes, rigidly closed jaws and tightly clasped hands, to hear repeated: "Eudora, I shall be lost! I've committed the unpardonable sin!" To which her daughter would always make some kindly reply, as she took her hot hands in hers and kissed her. Mrs. Morgan would cling to her daughter's hand like a vise, talking in this manner: "Child, I'm bringing you all to destruction!" Sometimes she would seem dimly to realize her condition, and beg that she might not be taken to an asylum away from Eudora.

It tried the daughter to compel her mother to eat. After gaining her obedience in that, Eudora could control her, as Agnes Sorel controlled Charles the Sixth. Painful and trying above all her delusions was her abhorrence of her husband. She would listen with an ear like that of a practiced Indian for his footstep and say, "He is coming! What shall I do?" and, with clasped hands, entreat her daughter to hide her.

Though love may not weaken, ability to bear has

limits, and when one morning Helen called for Eudora and told her she wanted her to stay all day with her, Eudora threw her arms around her and burst into tears. Helen stood still that she might not check the gushing flood, which came as if long pent up. Finally she said:

"That's good for you; but beware of those briny seas and do not cry too long."

"Papa looks so discouraged when he sees traces of tears on my face," said Eudora.

"Never mind; we'll make him feel so happy that he'll think the weeping was a part of ancient history."

"I am afraid papa will go to sea again."

"I'm going up-stairs to see your mother. She must not shut herself up so."

They ascended the stairs. Mrs. Morgan knew they were coming. Not a noise escaped her, though she had feeling only in the line of her own intensities.

She sat clasping the arms of her chair and slightly acknowledged Helen's greeting. As her daughter passed she grasped her hand. She did not notice that she had been weeping; and when, a moment later, her little Benny came into the room, crying with an injured hand, she gave him no attention. Once she would have felt every pain for him. There were some little half-made pants that Eudora had been puzzling over; Mrs. Morgan would not render her any assistance.

"It's not mother," said Eudora to Helen, as she kissed the little hand and bound it with linen which

her insane parent had long ago prepared for such wants.

From the flower-crowded windows to the simple but tasteful floor matting, the room gave evidence of taste. Choice and suggestive engravings met your eye. Over a desk upon which rested an *escritoire* of Indian device, which Captain Morgan had picked up in the Orient, hung a family portrait by Hogarth, one of Mrs. Morgan's heirlooms. Photographs of some of the finest works of the old masters lying upon a table showed that art was there as much a study as a delight to the eye. Upon another table the centre-piece of which was a well-filled work-basket, were also well-used books of the best poems and a scrap-book of poetic gleanings—Mrs. Morgan's work. The tout ensemble spoke of refinement inborn, not learned.

"Are you any better?" asked Helen of Mrs. Morgan.

A quick and positive "No" was the answer.

"Do you sleep well?"

"I do not sleep at all, not a wink!"

Eudora asked if she did not think she slept a little sometimes.

"Not any," was the reply in a tone which forbade the presumption that she might have slept or would sleep.

Helen held Benny and was narrating an anecdote which showed the sagacity of rats, when suddenly the eyes behind the teary lashes brightened, and he said:

"I've got something to show you."

The little head disappeared out of the door and in two minutes more he returned with a cigar box, from under the cover of which long spears of green grass were protruding.

"There," said he, giving it to Helen. "Open that."

She took it and raising the lid saw nine baby rats, with unopened eyes, nestling together on their improvised bed.

"Well, well, Benny," she exclaimed, "aren't those dear little soft-skinned creatures? Look, you can see them breathe."

"I saved them if I did hurt my hand," said Benny.

"That was the way it was, eh? You did not want those little innocent things pained, did you? They never did any harm."

"No," said he, musingly. "I wish I could raise them. Betty says I mustn't keep them."

In his eyes was a benign, meditative look, tempered with sorrow, which would have tempted the pen of a Whittier or the brush of a Bruck La Jos.

"Can't you paint him, Eudora? Quick! He would make a splendid boy Bergh!" said Helen.

Putting down the well-filled nest, she caught up Benny and said:

"The only way to highly enough estimate such a little spirit is to contrast it with a cruel one. Benny, if you must put an end to their lives, do it in such a way as will give them the least pain. If Dr. Alexander comes here to-day, ask him how to do it. Perhaps he'll give Jack some chloroform for it."

Benny did not incline to leave her, and soon the little curly head leaned against her arm and was asleep. Eudora, who was sitting on an ottoman by her side, looked longingly at Benny, and Helen pulled her to her, and placed her hand upon her head.

While they were resting Helen thought: "Here is a girl who gives all she has—heart, strength, youth and prospects—to the service of a mother in her inconsolable loss of reason. The price would be large, if love knew high prices. All that she can command seems little, it is given so cheerfully!"

Kings and queens had not been spared what Eudora had been saving her mother, she thought, as she remembered that the children of George the Third witnessed his punishment with the lash, when grief for his own sweet child, Amelia, unbalanced him.

She recalled the vagaries of Crazy Jane and of Charles the Fifth. She was thankful that it was not worse, but felt Eudora should be spared it.

Our love would often protect our friends from what may be to them their most spiritualizing experiences.

In the evening, when Dr. Alexander called at Mr. Morgan's, he told Helen that, as he passed her house, John said if he were coming back that way he might bring her and save him the trouble of gearing the horses.

"I think it is his society night," said Helen.

"What an age for societies," said Dr. Alexander.

"But I suppose they are of human outgrowth and consequently have a purpose. On the principle that

there is strength in unity, there will naturally be good and bad results. Persons of uprightness and correct intent, united, are a protection to all; those of vicious purpose, when in numbers, become lawless and defiant."

As they were riding home, Helen spoke of Jack Morgan, the next younger than Eudora, now a young man. She was glad he had come home for the summer, for his kind ways would help and cheer his sister.

"Jack is one who will never be fully appreciated," said Dr. Alexander. "He is sensitive, meditative and in some ways of very good judgment; but his slowness of comprehension and irresolution will always retain for him a reserved seat when others are active, though in some things he could instruct them all. You notice his walk, as if on pebbles which he feared to displace. He feels anything before he takes hold of it. Note the flaccidity of his facial muscles, his mouth, like the gates of heaven, always ajar!"

"Doctor, you do not know how good he is."

"I should expect him to be good. Just such boys as he is grow into men to find the world 'out of joint generally' and to help keep its number of cranks good. They are useful, yes, necessary to the best progress. But their friends, if they have such, should care for them. They are not fitted for coping with the world for an existence. I am talking plainly with you," he continued, "for I wish you to learn to judge people. It is the first, last and longest lesson we have to learn."

"The proper study of mankind is man," said Helen.

"But it is one thing to read Pope and another to read man. If young ladies were given some of those crowning lessons in natural history, instead of their embroidery and crocheting, it might serve them better."

"Is Archy home now?"

"Yes, and his wit and mirth are good for the house. But the difference between Jack and Archy is that Jack would willingly do anything for the pleasure or comfort of the family, while Archy would have an engagement, which would interfere with anything not agreeable to himself. He bears no evidence of studiousness, though he talks of Sallust and the 'Attic muse.'

"He'll not turn his horse to pasture when he gets through college either, and his cutting and bolting will stop where authority comes in. My girl, study every subject, always remembering that the soul of good criticism is sympathy. Other criticism brings a self-confidence which is displeasing to the gods, and unfailingly invites their wrath. Anything which deepens your insight into human nature count as a part of your education even more important than Greek or Latin."

"Do you not think Greek and Latin of inestimable value in education?"

"There is a value in them that not every one extracts. There is no more culture in them for some than the language of the Hottentots. Others take to classical learning as naturally as a boy does to a gun.

To really absorb all the culture which Greek and Latin offer requires a classically trained ancestry. I always recommend one to what he likes."

"But what one-sided culture that would bring."

"Not so very. Let a person study what he likes best! The pleasure he derives from it will induce him to study other things afterwards; but he will be sure to have some things well. Some of those who keep the wheels running have taken their lessons illustrated from the wide-awake world. They are generally those upon whom the very bookish lean. Education means more than the absorption of a carefully chosen curriculum; it is all that will make you more to man, or me more of a man. What may be comprehensive and expansive to one may not be to another, and, though it be a part of his daily diet, it will be no more nourishing than gristle."

"See if Don will pass the gate without stopping."

"A horse is his master's honest reporter, particularly of his disposition," said Dr. Alexander, as his horse turned without the rein and then drew up before the gate. "Tell me what you are reading, before you say good-night," he added, while assisting Helen to alight.

"A little here and there," she said; "quite fragmentary, which is not satisfactory to me, and you will think I ought to do better."

"Not surely. Sometimes what seems to be fragmentary, when not looking beyond a small circle, is a segment or arc of a larger sphere. Learn from everything, fragments as well as whole pieces."

CHAPTER III.

VIRGINIA.

I will hide my acts, says the ignorant, vicious man, unconscious that nothing is hidden.

If the whole world were put in one scale, and my mother in the other, the world would kick the beam.—*Lord Longdale.*

IN a time when fortunes were most fabulously made, in the petroleum district of Pennsylvania, there came from England a Mr. Jeffrey, his wife and infant daughter, to the far-famed "Oil Regions." He was of the gentry of Sussex, but, having been the second son, found it not so easy to live upon his insignia as it might be upon something bearing commercial value. Hence his exit from the mother country in quest of fortune. He invested in a section of oil territory; a derrick was erected and work commenced.

The rapid influx of people, attracted by reports of artesian wells in increasing numbers, into a place with no provision for population, engendered an illness, from which even daring fortune-hunters retreated for awhile. From the malady Mr. Jeffrey died. Mrs. Jeffrey remained to watch the result of their investment, from which she hoped to realize enough to rear her child as a lady and educate her commensurately with her father's wishes, even should they be obliged

to relinquish luxuries they had always known. Oil was struck. A well flowed of which Mrs. Jeffrey owned one-half share.

Mr. Bernard, one of the sharks who always infest such regions, found ways of making himself useful to Mrs. Jeffrey. She accepted his proffered kindnesses more readily than she would otherwise have done from the fact that she was a total stranger, ignorant of business ways.

From becoming necessary to her, he succeeded in winning her confidence, and, in a short time, married her. Not long subsequently she died; but not until Mr. Bernard had sold for her her interest in the well, which was the child's, the better to control it.

Virginia could not remember her own father, and he taught her that he was her father. To remove any possible interference in using her money, Mr. Bernard went to New Jersey and purchased a handsome home, about a mile from Mr. Valentine's, and further from the little town which was their centre. Here he established a housekeeper, who coldly cared for the little Virginia. His time was divided between the west and this home, which sheltered but gave no affection to the child, who developed attractions and talents more than those of ordinary children. Her education, as far as the school-room was concerned, was not neglected; though it was owing to the desire of relief from care of her that the housekeeper persisted in having her at school, where she found a friend in Helen.

When at home, Mr. Bernard was ever present at

church, and made himself felt by his large subscriptions.

If a new minister came, Mr. Bernard was the first to make his acquaintance—the first to flatter his wife. Yet he was never warmly received in the homes of the people, who quietly said: "He's a little 'snide.'" The banks called him "tricky." But so long as he helped well in bearing society's burdens, they were willing to hear his prayers, taking them as one does a douche after a hot bath, by holding the breath and hoping it will soon be over. He was the cunning man who used the "cloak of the church." In order to divert attention from his own identification, he frequently cried wolf.

Mr. Valentine had, to his sorrow, learned Mr. Bernard. He did not believe that "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh" could be of any good. He had often told Helen that she could find better company than Virginia.

"Poor child!" Helen would say, "she needs comfort. No matter what her father may be, let us be kind to her. I cannot be her Alastor."

In Helen's nature there was a Christliness which too closely drawn lines of acquaintance do not encourage. It had been a habit with Mr. Valentine to coldly eschew those whom he chose.

While judgment and caution may sit in counsel over our friendships, yet to refuse acquaintance might be to separate ourselves from those who need us.

Helen had felt drawn to Virginia since, when a little girl, she bravely bore a punishment to shield

one who had befriended her, and remained under ban in the school for several weeks. Such conduct savors of a nobleness which school children never ignore.

They had together made their herbariums. Lessons of nature had come to Helen from the girl who dearly loved nature and had grown fond of her. Virginia always knew what time each flower bloomed; when it went to sleep; what vines follow the course of the sun; on which side of the tree to look for moss, and which are the dial flowers. She was, besides, when quite young, a bird reporter. She chronicled their coming and going and the location of their nests.

Yet Helen cautiously invited her to her home, knowing that such a course did not afford her father pleasure. Anything in which she was the only party concerned she could readily and joyfully give up to gratify her father. But she felt that she must not wound Virginia.

Even in youthful years there are positions of right and wrong, in which the interference of a third person works mischief. Helen tried to be both kind to Virginia and dutiful to her father. She felt an increased sensitiveness of justness to Virginia as she grew older, because the people seemed, if not really to neglect her, to refuse her hearty fellowship. Naturally, she was counted in one boat with her father, whom they did not respect; and she had not the advantage of a mother who could soften their opinions of the child.

One morning Helen, sitting with her father upon

the portico, saw Virginia approaching the house. She ran down the walk to meet her, and took her through a side door up to her room.

"Why did you not stay with your father?" asked Virginia. "I thought you, together there, formed a lovely picture. I would give the world for my papa always to be with me and to love me. I see very little of mine. In fact, I hardly know that I have one. I have all my life longed for love I have not had."

Throwing her arms around Virginia, Helen said:

"I give you a large part of my heart. I do love you, my sweet girl."

"Thank you," said Virginia. "I hope I may be able to repay your kindness to me."

"The way to repay a kindness is to keep it circulating; but I have never been very kind," said Helen.

"Helen, do you suppose I shall ever be loved all I want to be?"

"Let me see the size of your foot. Would Cinderella's slipper fit? Why not?"

"I should feel like a princess, though in rags, were I given a whole heart."

"Not every one will understand the wealth of your affection. I have thought, perhaps, I did not. Do you remember the daisies you once showered upon me when I read an essay. I understood that you made the occasion an opportunity of telling me your affection for me was not a little, but a great deal. The possession of love ought to make any one strong. You have fortified me. I hope some princess may remember you in her will."

"I would prefer to be remembered by some one who is going to live; but my mamma seems to me to be half-living. I never feel quite separated from her. A dead princess could not be more to me than she. Once, when I was feeling desolate, I thought I saw her. I must have been asleep. It was my only perfect happiness. Too bad I ever awoke."

"Your mamma may be as near you as she seemed then, only you do not realize it."

"I want to speak to her," said Virginia.

"One would think the wish would be a communication to an angel guardian. What else can your mother be, Virginia? Do you not fear you might sadden your mother in heaven by being unhappy here? Try to be of good cheer for her sake. Whatever we do for one we love is easy. Be glad that you may feel an angel's smile though you cannot see it. I have thought this out myself. You know I have an angel mother. There is in the world a great deal of love. You will yet be satisfied."

"If it be true that what one loses out of one part of his life he gets in another, I shall."

"Here, take this volume of Mrs. Browning; 'put in your thumb and bring out some plums;' it's full."

"Which will you have?"

"Try the 'Wine of Cyprus.' Let us quaff together; then let us read 'The Cry of the Children.' You are not the only child who cries."

In reading those passionate thoughts set to such musical tones, Virginia had been diverted from herself.

"Children's sorrows touch me," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. HERZMAN.

Come, let us worship under the sky and trees ;
God awaits us and by his blessing will quicken us.

Godliness is free as the air we breathe.

IT was one of those God-given, soul-refreshing Sabbaths, such a day as rarely in a season occurs, and in which one feels like giving thanks and enjoying all he can.

It was Dr. Alexander's custom upon the Sabbath, when possible, to dine with Mr. Herzman. He felt that in his company he could put himself in intellectual tune and harmony with life, which he considered a commendable keeping of the day.

Sitting under the trees was Mr. Herzman, who greeted Dr. Alexander with that warmth of expression and satisfaction which one receives from the genuine German. It was not that there was demonstration; but if one were an accepted friend, he was made to feel it through and through. Educated in Germany, his preferences were for that country and his prejudices were thinner and fewer than the prejudices of those whose opinions have crystalized in our eastern colleges. He was more in the habit of taking his views from a distance than from near. If one gets

the right focus, he can view nearly all sides of an object at once.

He possessed that inherent and educated sense which scorned the dealing of the average New Englander in cents as in hundreds of dollars. He said he liked better to deal with people who used money for a medium of exchange than those who substituted butter and eggs. It was his utter inability to affiliate with the people that balanced the scales of his judgment in favor of a change of home, when he was yet scarcely adopted into this country, from a small manufacturing district where he felt cramped and said he was not allowed to think.

He once remarked to Dr. Alexander that, if those poor factory children, who could not earn their necessary pittance and see much of God's sunlight, could not be permitted to enjoy it Sunday, he did not wish to live in their midst. He had traveled the world over and come to the "Land of the Free," the most priest-ridden country of all. Years had softened his opinions. People who knew him later regarded him as a man of rare and excellent judgment.

Now, looking upon a paradisaical scene of fields and forests, breathing the air fragrant with blossoms, he vehemently said:

"God make every child happy with some out-door life to-day!"

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Alexander; "I wish so too, but there's many a one will not know what it is to be happy to-day. However, that the world improves is consoling. There is and has been a scientific revival.

We may always know that any better conception of the laws of nature, which do or ought to govern the world, will be accompanied by a humanitarian spirit."

"That is what makes those who profess creeds, and who are sure that God has revealed his first and last chapter to them, so opposed to anything new," said Mr. Herzman. "Think of the struggle science had with the early church. Think of the lives of prominent German and French philosophers. But with the French philosophy has not had the same struggle to find soil for its roots, because there were beds not thickly sown with church seed."

"But," said Dr. Alexander, "notwithstanding, its better growth has been in Germany, because of the cast of mind which is naturally deeply meditative, and the conscientious integrity of the Germans would support conviction, while their minds unoccupied by light thought invite the weighty. There is no such clear, unbiased, powerful thinking to-day as that which hails from Germany."

"There was a time," remarked Mr. Herzman, "when it did not figure at the head in history."

"There was a time," Dr. Alexander said, "when the Aryan race had not commenced its records. This branch of it is fitted to take the lead of civilization when reason shall have usurped from superstition her power and loosened the chains of church, which bound scarcely less tightly the Reformers than the Romans. The fusion of the church and the world, at the time of the Reformation, was at once the type and starting point of all those mixed and powerful

influences which characterize modern civilization. It was then Rome passed her sceptre to Germany, who has not flaunted it to the world, but waits till nations will acknowledge its fitness. Depend upon it, Mr. Herzman, we are near the dawn of a period in which the Germanic element will lead in civilization."

"What are you going to do with England?" asked Mr. Herzman.

"Because England is and will be great does not forbid another being greater. England nears the zenith of her glory. Henceforth other nations will assist her in bearing palms gathered from seas and distant lands. Nations shall be considered, not alone England. The college ground of that which is to the human race mightier than ships and factories, namely intellectual force and development, is Germany, or Prussia."

"Your enthusiasm," said Mr. Herzman, "might abash an Englishman."

"England's is a grand government," said the Doctor. "In some things I prefer it to ours."

"Times change," remarked Mr. Herzman. "A policy which has built a nation may turn it toward defeat. Yes," said he, "it is not that she is weak, but power stronger than hers, in directions which civilization demands, will be found in Prussia. In tracing the line of progress in the world's history, it is as if governed by a fatality. Who could have divined that the hands of those who broke down the walls and crowded the vias of Rome would bear the torch of knowledge more brilliantly lighted than it

was there. Rome filled well her time. She added moral strength and law to what she appropriated from Greece and propagated her thought in the west as Alexander had in the east. Every people, every person, has a part in the great whole. Every faith has its mission; and when the purpose is fulfilled, it shapes itself to better adaptation."

"When I turn back," Dr. Alexander said, "Greece is the point toward which everything converges." Taking up a volume which lay open upon the table, he added: "I see you have been reading Curtius."

"I can read him often. He seems inspired by the people and times of which he wrote," replied Mr. Herzman.

"They had the advantage of us in institutions," said Dr. Alexander.

"Yes," replied Mr. Herzman. "We have nothing sacred, or of pre-historic establishment. It is the natural cry for it which the child man has soothed in the worship of the manes of his ancestors, or in hero worship. It is that which makes some reverence as infallible what will not bear testing. 'Filial devotion is the origin of piety.'"

"It is a sad picture to see people crawl on their hands and knees over an old bridge, when they might build a strong new one. But conservatism is useful, though it sticks to old bridges and old clothes."

"I often question," said Mr. Herzman, "if there can be permanency where there is no conservative element. It was freedom that destroyed Greece. When Solon

added to the Greeks' judicial tribunal's offices the care of the education and morals, the oversight of legislation made the court of the Areopagus guardian of the State; he gave that ship of State safe anchorage. Aristides and Cimon in protecting that institution stood for Greece. It was not until Pericles cut the chain that the ship went full sail on her brilliant voyage, on the world's commission not her own. Here is *Æschylus*' 'Eumenides,' to which I was just referring. Poor fellow, did he not try hard to hold Pericles? It was to be. Greece was to be a sacrifice for the world. That brilliant period could never have been but for its freedom; neither could anything pertaining to State be permanent in that freedom. Pericles, in the interest of the world, not of Greece, was divinely commissioned to illustrate the power and effect of learning and culture. While he was at the helm, the ship was safe. He was a monocrat, giving that freedom, which was necessary to just such a growth, in all branches of learning. When he left the helm the ship went aground."

"We have nothing in our government," Dr. Alexander said, "which corresponds to their tribunal; the nearest approach is our judicial department. But where are the archons for vacancies? The other departments are continually changing, and consequently selfishness overtops universal interest. Although we believe in our country's fixedness, we are obliged to look upon it as an unfinished experiment."

"I think the American people strong enough and foresighted enough to shape their laws to suit pros-

pects and protect themselves against shoals. The matter is in their hands," remarked Mr. Herzman.

"Yes," said Dr. Alexander, "but some hands belong to heads who care more for a measured time of fatness for themselves than an indefinite period of welfare for the people."

"England has been well held," remarked Mr. Herzman. "The conservatism of Beaconsfield was important to her strengthening; as witness his action at the Berlin Conference in which Russia with reference to Constantinople was considered; the Suez Canal project and its control and other steps which he took; but when everything was ready, Gladstone's policy in the educational and land bills received response."

"What Bossuet remarked of Cromwell," Dr. Alexander said, "well fits Gladstone. 'A man is found.' Or Jefferson's tribute to Monroe, 'Some men are born for the public.' Nature by fitting them for the service of the human race, on a broad scale, has stamped them with the evidences of their distinction and their duty."

"You must not forget Bismarck in your tributes to statesmen," said Mr. Herzman.

"If I am to 'go the rounds,' I certainly would not omit the greatest statesman living. While Gladstone might mingle the interests of his people with those of mankind, Bismarck never would, before determining that it was for the interests of his people to do it. It has been necessary for Bismarck to confine his interests to one country; he has had Prussia to build. In the masonry of the Prussian government he has

put blocks shaped for the world's historical temple. All nations may reverence him."

Just then Colonel Stanton and his son Charlie drove up. Colonel Stanton was a man of good education as the world judges, and possessed that restful; genial, pleasure-seeking disposition, which makes one popular among men; while his good judgment and notable firmness never left him the loser. He was prominent in politics, and in society a leading man. He gravitated to the Herzman house much as did Dr. Alexander.

Charlie, his only child, a young man not through college, possessed his attractive social qualities without any positiveness which in untutored youth sometimes offends, but in the well-taught man is a protection and strength. The young men called him a "good fellow." The young ladies never refused an invitation from Charlie, and never would even had they walked; but he drove elegant horses; and in a young lady's eye horses are as attractive as blue broadcloth and brass buttons.

After the usual greeting Charlie went into the orchard in search of the young people, where a little later he might have been found, in spite of early American discipline, sitting with a young lady under an apple tree.

Colonel Stanton looked at the books and remarked that he had a leaning toward Greece himself.

"I'm willing to take an oath by the invocation of three gods," said he, "it's all as you look at it. Yes, every man's horizon is different. There is a rainbow for every eye," he added.

"Therein," said Mr. Herzman, "lies the safety in fixed institutions. But since every thinking man's conception of God might differ from every other, conscience in matters of religion should have more liberty than law."

Colonel Stanton thought there could scarcely be too much law for the very ignorant, and it ought to offend intelligence less to conform to what meets the general want than it would ignorance.

"What a wonderful spiritualizing process was the dividing of God into many gods," said Mr. Herzman "It was virtually giving divinity part in our existence and poetically expressing it. It is only a different horizon that gives God a part in all life and is called pantheistic."

Dr. Alexander said he would not choose so beautiful a day to separate God from nature.

"Everything says 'I am,' and we are," said Mr. Herzman.

"The Greeks lived out of doors in nature," Dr. Alexander said. "There is nothing more conducive to correct judgment and a proper understanding of our relations to God and nature than to live with sky above and fields around. It is from walls and dark rooms that narrowness and bigotry come."

"Shall I tell Parson Bell that?" asked Colonel Stanton.

"And crime too," added Mr. Herzman. "How can you look for reform in dark prisons and cells. Is there no way of protecting society from the dangerous, and at the same time give it a ghost of a chance for its own salvation?"

"There must be, there will be," said Dr. Alexander.

"'Man's inhumanity to man' is largely the result of ignorance."

"I should be sorry," said Colonel Stanton, "to think it all heart-felt. According to one of our apostles, we may ascribe all our woes to the demon of ignorance."

"Could the ascribing be the dispelling, I would not care into the keeping of what saint you committed them," said Dr. Alexander.

Just as Colonel Stanton said, "You dub a man a saint about as easy as the queen a Knight of the Garter," the dinner-bell rang.

CHAPTER V.

A PLEASANT PARTY.

AS they gathered around the table, Dr. Alexander said:

"Mr. Herzman, you have quite a representation of gods and goddesses of your own, and here is Miss Bernard," kindly addressing her, and remarking that he saw her returning from church with some of the family.

At this Colonel Stanton said:

"In consideration of the healing art, we must adjudge Dr. Alexander the Apollo; but as keeper of oxen, it might be Charlie." This he said in reference to some attempt of his son in husbandry; it was evidently not an agreeable subject, for Charlie replied:

"I throw up the laurels, bows and arrows too."

"To whom?" asked Wilhelmina, a bright miss, full of the exuberance of youth.

"Yourself," said Charlie, and Dr. Alexander added, "Diana."

The young people were waxing into earnestness in a discussion over a vase of pansies.

"Stiefmuetterehen," says one.

"Dreifaltigkeits-Blume," says another.

"Viola tricolor," says a third.

"Do you think these were originally the little blue, white and yellow violets which the woods afford us in spring?" asked Miss Virginia Bernard, in a sweet, quiet voice, every note of which had a sound of quality and the effect of stilling the disputants.

"Ask the Doctor," said Max.

"Quite likely," said the Doctor; "but I am not an authority on that. In one thing I am like Socrates, and only one, barring my bald head. I prefer the study of man to that of plants; though in the absence of specimens, I could devote myself to the other."

"How did you know," asked little Frieda, "that our name for you was Socrates?"

"Is it, pet? Do I make a fair old Silenus? True to my personification then, I must question. Is the stepmother your favorite blossom?"

"I think not. I like the marguerite and the mignonette."

"That's because she is a little darling," said Max.

"I like the cornflower," said the grandmother, "because it was Queen Louisa's favorite."

"I endured hunger one whole day and nearly froze," said the Doctor, "while searching for the eidelweis, which I did not find. I lay my whole succeeding misfortunes to its door."

"Comfort yourself," said Carl, "that your fortunes may yet be mistressed not missed."

At this the young people all looked up and laughed, for the Doctor was one of a very few who seem to move through the world without the suspicion of such a possibility as matrimony attaching itself to them.

"By the way, Carl," said the Doctor, "I have a bivalve which I will add to your collection; rare specimen. Its date is ancient."

"Is he numbered with his azoic brethren?" asked Carl.

"He approaches it when you take a long squint backwards." Then the Doctor asked Carl if he had finished the "Origin of Species."

"No," replied Carl, "I'm deep in the fishes now."

"Carl has a plan for making his own fishing profitable," said his father.

As Carl helped himself to a pickle, he said to Willie:

"How would you like to be a sea cucumber?"

"How do you know but you are one?" asked Max. Feeling for his arms, Carl said:

"Perhaps I am; but if my limbs were ever off, they have grown on again."

"If the sea cucumber," Mr. Herzman said, "has an equal ability in supplying heads to that it has of limbs, he may be, for he certainly loses his head now and then."

"Such a quality would not have been below par in Marie Antoinette's day," said Miss Marie, the eldest.

"Children," said the mother, "can you not talk of something more appetizing?"

"Aren't cucumbers a relish? Mine is," said Carl.

Honest little Frieda then said:

"I hope I did not come from a lump sucker."

The shout which followed crimsoned Frieda's cheeks and to quiet her embarrassment the mother said:

"I think you must have come from a rose."

"A red rose," said teasing Max.

"No," said Miss Virginia; "it is the blood of Adonis that colors a red rose."

"She may have been a blood sucker instead of a lump sucker," said Max.

To relieve little Frieda, Colonel Stanton asked:

"What do you think was given me once when I asked for an account of the War of the Roses?"

They all directed their attention to him as he said:

"A work on botany."

"And did you read it?" asked the Doctor.

"No; I left that for you medics, who always see a drug in a beautiful flower."

"I think the rose should be the flower of Germany instead of England," said Mrs. Herzman, "since it played so poetic and romantic a part in chivalry, and chivalry proceeded from the Teutons."

"You think the claims of inheritance of children to be prior to those of cousins," said Colonel Stanton.

"On the ground of its chivalrous associations I should be inclined to want it for my flower," said Miss Marie, "for everything chivalrous irresistibly attracts me."

"Such a confession is but an avowal of your womanly nature, since all women agree with you," said Mrs. Herzman.

"And all gentlemen like to please them in that regard," said Colonel Stanton.

"How is it," asked Dr. Alexander, looking at Mr. Herzman, "that that system of knighthood had so

little sway in Greece? Only a few buildings were left which were classed as belonging to it."

"The soul of chivalry or knighthood," Mr. Herzman replied, "was honor, an element which, as we view it, was not an inherent quality of the Greeks. Excepting a few, the lives of those who have come down to us are tinctured, if not permeated, with treachery or deceit."

"To tell them that the erechtheus had departed the citadel," Dr. Alexander said "was equivalent to saying: 'Go and fight; you will starve if you stay.' Themistocles excelled them all in masterly treachery."

"Indeed? It seems to me that Solon and Epaminondas were the most perfect types of Hellenes," said Mr. Herzman.

Carl said, as he pulled a rose to pieces:

"We had better adopt this into the insignia of our society, eh, Charlie?"

"May I belong?" said Miss Marie.

"That will depend upon your ability for silence—not now, beg pardon—concerning society matters. It's all sub rosa."

"Do you suppose," asked Colonel Stanton, "that it would be possible for any of us to start an idea afloat adown the stream of time, as did old Harpocrates?"

"We cannot tell what planks we are shoving out," said the Doctor, "or whether they will float on and afford helpful rest to the worthy swimmer, or lie at the side of the stream for lazy turtles' sun baths."

"I should think," said Willie, "that the vergess-

meinnicht belonged to the knights, since one paid the price of his life for some."

"Ah! The vergessmeinnicht," said the grandmother fondly.

"What a fool he was!" said Max. "No doubt she made herself lovely in the flowers to some other knight."

"Why, Max!" said Mrs. Herzman.

"I suppose she pined and died in a castle when she might have been roaming the mountains," said Willie.

"Is that your idea of bliss, Miss Willie?" asked the Colonel.

"It's bliss enough," replied Willie.

Mr. Herzman asked if any one had a Bohemian pea for Miss Virginia's pillow that night.

Young Stanton blushed, though none but Mr. Herzman and the Doctor noticed it.

As they left the dining-hall Max said, in a cooing way, to Freddie:

"You are my little lepidop. Come into the library and I'll show you some pictures of your relation."

Mrs. Herzman led the others into the west parlor, which opened on the veranda, where Mr. Herzman, Dr. Alexander and Colonel Stanton found easy chairs and cigars. The young gentlemen were held in the parlor by the ladies and expectation of music.

Not to change too quickly the temper of the company, Miss Marie played upon the piano Mendelssohn's Frühlingslied, then upon one of Beethoven's sonatas she showed a marked ability to interpret.

spirited allegro movements she displayed a brilliant technique.

Miss Virginia, urged by young Mr. Stanton, then went to the piano. After introducing her hearers to some poetical adagio measures of Beethoven, she struck upon dreamy strains of Schumann, and then rendered a melancholy nocturne of Chopin with an earnest style. Urged for more, she rendered in a manner the Germans call *vortrag* another of Chopin's delicate, spiritual and sweetly plaintive compositions, at the conclusion of which she sang in a deep, rich contralto several songs, whose purity and beauty could but elevate any plane of emotion.

Mr. Herzman thought the bird who could sing like that must be mated.

For some minutes the silence was unbroken, when Dr. Alexander, to whom, it may be said, the last notes of a musical composition were the sweetest, unheeding the tears which were slowly falling upon Colonel Stanton's coat collar, said:

"Music is not so much to me as it is to some, but the voices of my friends are an electric current to me."

"Those youngsters' reference to species," said Mr. Herzman, "reminded me of a study I found last winter. Taking a boat from Nassau to Havana, I noticed a most beautiful woman. She had indescribably beautiful hair, in color lighter than a Titian, near a flaxen, and wavy; blue eyes and exceptionally fair complexion. Everything about her evinced exquisite taste. I put her down as a Saxon. One evening, on nearing

the harbor, I said to a Cuban, from whom I had picked up some information, 'There is a subject for an artist.' He looked at her, then said, 'She has negro blood.' I would have sworn to the contrary."

"But," said Dr. Alexander, "you might not have sworn so readily by the children. One case in my practice long ago. A woman gave birth to a child distinctly mixed. She would not own it. The father, in whom no one would have mistrusted a trace of the negro, unless it were in the heel, told me it lay back in his ancestry."

"The States are not the place" said Mr. Herzman, "for such. They are as well in the Islands, unless in Europe, as anywhere; but think of the cases there, in the past, when, through vicissitudes of fortune, prominent families have been thrown into slavery."

"Slavery has done much to shape opinion here," said the Doctor. "I was once in a carriage bound for Paris from Rouen. A lusty-looking negro, with family and attendants, insisted upon a carriage for himself. He was told the train was about to start, and he could not be provided for, except by accommodating himself to circumstances and riding with us. Seeing no alternative he entered the car. But such an air of disgust. He was accustomed to what he asked for. Every article they used was the nicest—jeweled toilet articles etc! I did not know before that such things were made. I forget what country he represented. I saw him afterwards, riding with the Bonapartes and some dukes. He was presented to the foreign ministers at Paris."

"I suppose the blood of the Dumas is never thought of there," Colonel Stanton said.

The Doctor asserted it was the æsthetic element they derive from that source, brought to a high state of cultivation, which makes them such artists. "But I must be off," said he, in his usual abrupt manner.

"Wiedersehen," said Mr. Herzman. Then, turning to the Colonel, he asked what he was going to do in the fall's nominations.

"I suppose we shall have to lop off Norris and put on Stenson. It's too bad. Norris is a good fellow, and every way better fitted; but Stenson has the stamps. The party can't carry without them. That is the way the thing is run. We might as well own up. If we run the ship, we must officer it with those who will pay her expenses."

"And put into the other pocket what they take out of the one, though it be indirectly. Why not try the experiment of letting the ship sink, first as well as last? You may depend upon it, it is a rotten hulk that requires to be run in that way, and will find her place at the bottom."

"Oh! the Republican party has proven herself. She'll stand. Where she's wrong she'll right herself."

"It's not every gift of God that is for all time," said Mr. Herzman. "When a party has fulfilled its mission, you may soon look for it in history and among rubbish. Has there ever been a party which was permanent? Every one has had a distinct mission, from the execution of which it did not lap over long."

"Perhaps you would have more faith," said Colonel Stanton, "had you always lived here."

"People are not altogether different in one country from those of another, nor those in one century from those in another. We may not be able to count the pulse of the present by the arteries of the past, but we can know something of its condition. Whatever interests America interests the German people. You have just begun to manufacture your own products and probe your hills. The German people, who are here and who are coming, are as much interested in a healthy condition of your institutions as they are in sharing accumulations. They do not as a rule come here to harvest and go home. As their children are dear to them, so is the political condition of the States."

"Could you ever have the same reliance on an American's statesmanship as you have on Bismarck's?"

"Show me a Bismarck and I will say yes! One thing you can do now. You can exact of your office-holders thorough care of your asylums, and of what should be reformatories, your prisons. Now is the time when you can look well toward changes which will give comfort to the unfortunate inmates. Without it you cannot do much for a lame body or soul. The causes of crime, if understood, would often turn blame to pity. Crime is more often the result of a neurosis than is dreamed. Thank all that is good, we are slowly coming from torture to healing."

"My God!" exclaimed Colonel Stanton, "when I think of the torments that this world has witnessed,

my blood chills! There can't be anything more Tartarian on the other side."

"Beside some scenes, wild beasts would be more human than man," said Mr. Herzman, rubbing his head, as if he would erase from his mind such pain-giving knowledge. "We're not all the way out yet; not far enough that we are ready to share a brother's misfortunes in order to ease him. That is the Christian, the Buddhist, the world-saving principle."

"People's misfortunes are most often the results of their own folly; and they have no one to blame but themselves," said Colonel Stanton.

"When in our experiences there is no such thing as blame, but sympathy, we approach the great example, be it Christ or Buddha."

"Some of our prisons are greatly improving. Things are written to draw people to that side in viewing matters."

"There is still room for improvement, one would think, from reports of the border and Southern States."

"That's good. The first symptom toward improvement is reporting. It's like atmospheric law. When bad air goes out, good comes in to take its place. When a man like Pinel gives all there is in him for unfortunate humanity, he earns a crown. His was of the shackles he had broken. Crowns are made of what we do. Christ suffered. His was of thorns. A king's crown should be to him a symbol of the one he is to make for himself."

"I do not remember to have heard of Pinel. Who was he?" asked Colonel Stanton.

"A Frenchman, and he had the ardent temperament of his race. He used to centre, with others, at Madame Helvetius' in Auteuil. Among his companions there was Cabanas, who was appointed administrator of hospitals. I tell you, Colonel, it speaks for a woman when such men frequent her parlors."

"The chances are she is 'cheek by jowl' in whatever they do," said the Colonel.

"Cabanas appointed Pinel head physician of the Bicêtre. This you know was a madhouse, jail, hell upon earth. It could eclipse the Bastile. Lunatics were there who had been chained in dungeons when young and grown old unbound. Brutal treatment was the method par excellence. It was in 1792 that Pinel went before the Communal government begging a change in the treatment of the poor beings. With all the feeling of a great-souled man he pleaded, and won with most of the members. As an instance of the meanness of the jealousies that creep into and out of professions, a rival physician circulated a paper saying, 'Pinel harbors aristocrats.' Couthon said, 'I will visit the Bicêtre to-morrow.' His inspection was thorough. He saw those yelling demoniacs. Couthon said, 'You must be crazy to propose unchaining such beasts.' Dr. Pinel said, 'I am convinced that these poor creatures may be tamed, and they are now intractable because deprived of air and liberty. I have fullest faith in a contrary system.' 'Well,' said Couthon, 'do what you please. The republic loves virtue and humanity. But I am afraid you will soon be a victim of your daring.' A decree which enabled

him to overcome the opposition of his subordinates was promulgated. Pinel lost not a moment in bringing his patients into a garden where they were soothed by soft music."

"I think such subjects," said Colonel Stanton, "tolerably well-treated here."

"We must never consider an improvement a perfection. Those who live by and by may look upon us somewhat as we do upon our great-grandfathers, certainly as susceptible of improvement."

"You must not forget that this part of the country comes nearer worshipping the manes of its ancestors than any other of the new world."

"It is agreeable to duty and self-respect that the fire never goes out on that altar. All the kinds of fuel formerly used are not necessary to keep it alive. That which once fed its flames may quench them."

Colonel Stanton looked at his watch and said: "I want to talk more of this another time. I must go now. Where is Charlie?"

That was a pointed question. He was in a swing with Miss Virginia, talking about the beauties of nature.

Just then Jonathan Crane came up the road in a manner savoring too much of levity to be considered becoming to a deacon. The bones of his poorly groomed horse upon which he was mounted were making a lively stir. The safety of horse and rider would not have been imperiled, every third moment, at no very good shot between the two. Crane's long, angular form showed its defects, to the merriment of

the boys, who, it may be surmised, had planned his little escapade while he was at some afternoon country school-house meeting.

"It is not a bad idea for boys to find their entertainment Sunday afternoons with their families," Mr. Herzman said.

"Yours seem to be having a good time with their mother," said the Colonel, as he saw them rolling on the grass, around her easy-chair, under what they called mother's tree.

Mr. Herzman called Carl and told him to fill a basket with those peaches the Colonel liked for dinner.

"We are going to ride this evening, and will take them to him," said Carl. "Mother is to take some fruit to some one she knows who is ill."

"Count me in," said the Colonel. "I am very ill if I can get such fruit. I hope you will help me to many such days, Mr. Herzman. Come over and try it at our house."

"That days never repeat themselves is both regretful and salutary. We are left the privilege of improving upon them, to which, in the direction of your enjoyment, I hope I may be able to contribute in return for the pleasure you have given me to-day."

"If we all feel restful in what we have derived from the day, we may count it usefully appropriated, not lost. Rest has a wide significance. Freedom from what taxes is not its end, but the calling up of our best instincts. There is nothing so conducive to that as harmony, and there is no harmony like that which comes to us when with those we love."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. VALENTINE'S EMBARRASSMENT.

AT the time of the American civil conflict Mr. Valentine's son was engaged in milling in a western town. His father had just established him there, in a stock company, by giving him one-third interest. He had hoped to keep his son with him, but his preferences were not for farming.

An estate adjoining Mr. Valentine's came into the market. The price was large, but everything was in proportion. With wheat at three dollars per bushel, he could in a few years "let himself out" and not experience any embarrassment. His desire to add this to the homestead land was largely due to the hope and belief that some day his son would come back and settle.

Some communities regard the most fitting aim of a son to be "to hold the fort" as their fathers have; others admire the ambition that seeks new fields.

For years Mr. Valentine had looked longingly over those meadows. If he allowed another to purchase them now, he should not again have the opportunity to acquire them. To be sure, there was no calculating how long war prices would prevail, but it was probable for years. He purchased by part payment and mortgage.

Louder, more appealing to patriotism, came the call for volunteers. Three of the stockholders of the mill, among whom was young Valentine, joined the army, to be rushed undisciplined into the long march and to the front.

With the loss of his son Mr. Valentine yielded his wonted ambition and energy. Things slipped through his hands which once he would have been keen to correct.

The stock in the western mill changed ownership. Under judicious management, it would return a handsome income. Mr. Bernard, one of the new stockholders, had taken his interest, not with an idea of keeping the mill at work, but to place himself where he could manipulate. Mr. Bernard was never known in a continued business. He frequently talked loudly of going into something, but never did anything with a view to steady industry. If he made a move in any direction, it was because he saw that something valuable was likely to be embarrassed, and he might force the control into his own, or a poorly paid colleague's hands, when after a time, according to his intentions, the property would be pressed into idleness, and, to suit himself, upon the market.

There are some constitutionally incapable of straight business. They never think of acquiring, except by another's misfortunes, and as for any sense of interest in the industry of a people, it could not be theirs.

The laboring classes, whose hope is in the prosperity of industry, suffer through such crookedness more than capitalists. To the latter it is the yielding of

possessions, to the former their daily living, which the earth promises the laborer.

In the same city on the Board of Trade was a Mr. Brown, who wanted the mill, and had been watching, hoping it would be forced upon the market low enough to be within his reach. A prominent member of the Board of Trade, Mr. James, was a brother of the cashier of the bank where the mill did business.

Now, if by adroit managing Mr. Bernard could press this mill upon the market, Mr. Brown would take enough stock to enable him to devote himself to running it, Mr. James enough to make it profitable for him to watch the tide in the wheat market, and the cashier would serve his own interests in recommending bank accommodation to the Company. It was a part of Mr. Bernard's generalship that, when they should come into joint possession, he would bring his double-dealing to bear upon the stockholders, until they, in self-preservation, would be compelled to buy him out at his own figures.

The successful culmination of the plan depended upon the ability of Mr. Bernard to squeeze Mr. Valentine out.

For awhile, when profits were enormous, the mill was held idle, and the stock assessed. Then, for a few times, the Mill Company bought heavily in grain, just when the price of wheat had been quietly run up. It was followed by a decline, which meant so much loss to the Mill Company. When it was judged the moment to strike, the cashier of the bank refused to discount the Mill Company's paper.

Mr. Valentine had buried the proceeds of his lands in the hope of saving his first investment in the mill. It now was for sale, amid a great cry of good-for-nothing. This was serious to Mr. Valentine. But his payments due upon land were made for a long time and had been extended. In the meanwhile a half lethargic condition was stealing over him, partly the result of disease, but indicative of the yielding of life's forces. He clung to his manner of living, never having known any other, with an inherent sense that his honor depended upon it.

Like many others, Mr. Valentine had been educated to look upon women as beings to be provided for; and, as he loved his daughter, he was anxious to assure her an honorable position in the world. Until lately it had not occurred to him but that with him, in his house, she could have all the independence she would desire. Now, pressed for payments he could not meet, another view of things continually presented itself to him.

Helen had one wish—to serve and make happy her father. In her burned that filial affection which the pens of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* have so well drawn. She had the noble, tender and loving qualities of *Alcestes*, which, if less heroic than those of *Antigone* or *Electra*, were more human.

CHAPTER VII.

A PROJECT OF MARRIAGE.

IT was evening, after a magnificent commotion of the elements, which had left its mark by felling trees. One old patriarch was shivered by the lightning, at whose brilliancy the children had covered their faces, in the little school-house, which was left open and a worthy teacher provided by Mr. Valentine. He could never leave the selection of a teacher wholly to a board which might not know the needs of the people, and managed by a liberal addition to the school fund to meet the wants of the community in that regard. Mr. Valentine had, with his daughter, been driving over Landsdown and Wunderschön estates long owned by the Valentines. Here, voices of nature, in storm and sunshine, had been as familiar to Helen from childhood as the buzz of factory wheels to many another.

"See, daughter," said Mr. Valentine, "the fire still lives in that 'lord of the field.' But for the rain it would have burned the near wheat and the cottage yonder."

Pensively, Helen said: "I loved that grand old tree, whose branches even when tempest tossed moved gracefully. I comprehend the feeling of those who

have worshiped them. In a certain sense, perhaps, I may be said to."

"My sympathy is with you," said her father. "It is as if the life power, in the tree, stretched its branches in obedience and veneration to Divine Power, but, when its arms are swaying and lashing in the fury of the storm, it is God in the tree. Here, in that fallen monarch, is a lesson of the insecurity of all earthly strength."

"But it was a part of us," said Helen. "It gives me pain. I feel so linked with every tree, which I have played under and around all my life, that to separate I have something of the feeling I would experience were I surgically losing a finger. Father, I feel God more in quiet nature; I do not want to recognize him in wrath."

"My child, you indicate the spirit of the coming time; I have heard far more of the wrath than the love of God, and have felt both."

They were silent as they drove home, but the winds were not busier than their thoughts. They entered the house by the door at which Mr. Valentine had a few years before parted from his son, who never returned from that strife which rent the hearts of millions and gave back to earth its gory hoard.

As Helen brought his cigars and lighted his lamp, she noted, not for the first time, the settled sadness in her father's face. When he said, "There, dear, good-night," she felt that he wanted to be alone with sad thoughts.

"Do you not wish me to stay with you?" she ventured to ask.

"I should think you would be happier thinking over your pleasant times in New York than with such poor company as I am," replied Mr. Valentine.

"I should prefer your company to any one else's, though you never spoke," said Helen, as she kissed him good-night.

This kiss Mr. Valentine received half-regretfully. He had wished her more one of the world than she inclined to be. Now he was disposed to regard it as more important, since Mr. Titus had sued for her hand.

Mr. Valentine's sister's husband had for the past few years been in business relations with Mr. Titus, and it had come about that his name was on Mr. Valentine's paper, which if pressed would separate him from his old home, in which case, what could he do for his daughter? He had never looked upon her as other than to be cared for, had never thought of her as able to care for herself.

There is nothing more indicative of a better understanding of life than that parents, whose circumstances do not make it imperative, are having the providence to educate their daughters to be self-supporting. In this Queen Victoria has had judgment for which all women should honor her. Time was when woman was born for sacrifice; she had no will, no choice. It will come to be considered, as it should be, a disgrace to marry for other reasons than because parties are necessary to each other's happiness.

As the wife of Mr. Titus, she would be secured in

a home, which would give her a position with which her father would be satisfied. She would be independent, and her native inclination to charitable work could be indulged. In short, she could make her life what she chose. Thus thought Mr. Valentine, and he further felt that not often in a woman's life does such an opportunity present itself. But, even everything considered, he would not urge her to marry against her choice. He hoped she would choose Mr. Titus.

If she had ever especially admired, she zealously guarded the secret, for they had taught her that the weakness of love was not altogether commendable. Many parents thus try to hold reins over their children.

Certainly Helen had never manifested any decided preferences. Had he studied her, as he did later, he would have known that few could have been happier with one her whole nature would select, no matter where; and but for her philosophy, few would have suffered more, though her surroundings were palatial, unhappily associated.

It is not surprising if he were biased by his sister, who ran down from New York for a day or two, "just to see how they were," but in reality to urge the matter to a contract. She was selfishly interested. It would suit her husband to have Mr. Titus in closer business relations; besides, he was a convenient endorser, and as her daughters were in society her demands upon her husband's bank accounts were frequently exhaustive.

She spoke much of Mr. Titus' strong position in business and particularly so in the church and society.

He was generous and noble. She painted the prospects of Helen in brilliant colors, should she accept him.

In this unsettled, doubtful, threatening period of his life, Mr. Valentine could but look upon Mr. Titus' suit as a kind Providence.

Aunt Peggy said, in her usual snapping bug manner: "Most likely the girl will refuse him and marry some one we know nothing of."

Mr. Valentine believed that in time Helen would be a devoted wife, and distinguish herself in society.

That she was ambitious he knew. Did she not belong to a proud family?

Strange that we marvel at nations, we choose to denominate heathen, compelling or contracting their children's marriages!

Disinclined obedience is sometimes effected through the best impulses of a nature. False aims of life, toward which the education of families is too often bent, are brought to bear to effect a willingness, even a desire for a marriage, which, if left to natural preference, would never be consummated.

With eyes half-open people will sacrifice the best God has given them to social position, whose stilted foundations speak little of permanency.

The world learns slowly, and looks hopefully for its strength from those who do not take up their gifts and depart from the Giver. but abide in Nature, which is God.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIETY.

THE day was a busy one at the Titus mansion. The next was to be a reception for the bride. Helen, now Mrs. Titus, had been rearranging the parlors, and by a naturally artistic taste had given them a more attractive appearance. There was a stiffness about the rooms, which affected her somewhat as the company rooms of small homes, which seldom are treated to sunshine or persons.

Just as she was about to give the last direction for the morning, Mr. Titus called to her from his room. He was much excited over not being able to find something. He said to her:

"It is your business to look after such, Mrs. Titus! I expect you to keep things in order! After to-morrow put everything in its place and keep it there!"

This was the second time she had seen him unpleasantly excited. While on their journey, the distance being a little greater from the depot to the hotel, than he had anticipated, he created an unpleasant scene with the hackman.

Now, in a young wife's heart, there is no thought but of nobleness and goodness in her husband. Helen had seen much to praise in him, and was trying to

be sure that she loved him. The impression she received from such unlooked for occurrences was much like the astonishment of a person who runs against a wall in the dark. But she would put it out of mind. Nevertheless, to one who from childhood had had a keen sense of nobility of action, there was a humiliation, a feeling that such doing was beneath him. Had she stopped and measured him as she would any one but her husband, she would have decided that a small soul was finding ways to exhibit its dimensions. In that she would not have been fair. He was not on all sides small. It did not yet occur to her that this was an established disposition. But she was pained that there could ever have been anything but tenderness from him, to whom she had trusted her happiness. Yet, her woman's nature, shut off from other channels, flowed to him.

With Mr. Titus, the feeling was that he had a young wife to train into his service. She was for him. Thus far, he had supposed that she would always think as he wanted her to. He did not seriously consider women's thoughts of much importance outside of household matters. His house must be run in the manner he wished it. It was for him.

Now, in so far as Mr. Titus' nature would admit, he was kind to his wife, but his consideration for self was so much greater and his disposition so fault-finding that it did not seem so to her. But with Helen there was a determination to see nothing but the best in her husband. She had yet to learn that to be equal to the bulls and bears on change and to daily pass

upon the commercial paper presented at a bank, to its interest, or to correctly judge in a stock market, where navigation, railroads and mines are represented, did not mean to be equally fair in judgment concerning a wife.

The evening following, the house was thronged with guests. There was a large representation from Mr. Titus' church; also from others. Engineers and machinists of the business world, with those who oil the cranks. As usual those who bore the weight of business were not particular to air themselves in the assembly, but their flies continually buzzed. Learned gentlemen were few, and talked little. There were women whose aim had been to "keep up in society" and to which end everything had been sacrificed, the painful story of which was written upon their faces; anxious fathers whose bills payable had furrowed the foreheads which might have been smoothed by unmistaking daughters. And among all were those who felt it their duty, as well as pleasure, to contribute their time and income to "society."

Now and then, one who sought an opportunity for conversation with Mrs. Titus, noticed that she seemed more familiar with the weighty topics of the day than with the usual drawing-room chatter, and felt that there was material in her which would make her an acquisition to society in its best sense.

It was an opportunity for people to survey the house, which they freely did; some with all the air of a man not worth \$10,000. Mrs Bell thought that such a palatial mansion, so well calculated for large

entertainments, would be open frequently. Mrs. Titus hoped that she would see those whose acquaintance she would enjoy informally, and pressed a few to come and finish a conversation they had commenced.

Several representing benevolent societies hung around her. One lady said aside to her:

"Now you must join ours. Do not go to any of the others; we need you, and expect your support."

"What is your charity," asked Mrs. Titus.

"The Protestant Orphan Asylum."

"I feel the deepest sympathy with helpless children. I shall be glad to serve them in any way I am able to," said Mrs. Titus.

"But we want all that you can do. We have a yearly election of officers soon, and will be glad to put you on the board. We are behind in funds."

"That should not be," said Mrs. Titus, "in this part of New York."

Mrs. Smith watched the opportunity to tell her as a friend that the institution she represented had the best chosen board. Its members were very select, and it would be a good chance for her to establish herself on their calling list; besides, they had very enjoyable times.

A sweet-faced, gentle, Christ-like woman spoke of being interested in a foundlings' home, also in a home called "The Open Door." She would like to call upon her another day and talk of them. They were not popular, but she felt that they needed her.

One lady, with a huge diamond cross, said to Mrs. Titus:

"I am glad you are so nicely located on this street. In going to a new place your church and street are all important."

"I came to my husband's home. I know I shall find friends among his," Helen replied.

"I am going to put your name among the members of our scientific society," Professor Amesbury said, "and trust you may find both pleasure and profit. We have a lecture Thursday evening on Anthropology, by a person who has given much time to its consideration; and a week from that time one upon the Origin of Species. We can only hope for a condensation of what Mr. Darwin has furnished upon the subject."

"Which would be all one could ask for," said Mrs. Titus. "I should like to refresh myself by going. I thank you for asking me."

To Helen the air was oppressive. There was not the genuine, hearty feeling that she had left at home. Of course her husband had friends she could meet as she did her father's.

Of some things Helen had much to learn, but she was an apt scholar. Like many another business man, true fellowship, for which the heart naturally cries, had with Mr. Titus been for years left out. He met men regularly, as he kept his accounts, but always with business armor on, ready to clash.

If that be necessary in some of the twenty-four hours, men have a right to exact of the remainder some society in the abandon, trust and happiness of which they can reset themselves in harmony with mankind. The man who ignores the necessity of this, and goes

home maintaining the same strain in which he has spent the day in business, will soon be incapable of harmonizing.

There were the usual bon mots; the little flatteries which with the weak reach so far and count much, and are the tools which those who wish to ingratiate themselves into others' favor and realize they have little else to offer, or who think others weak enough to be so pleased, and have designs upon them, use deftly. There were the usual candles and moths, with a few lamps whose light, fed by the popular social oil, could never compare with the luminaries of an intellectual gathering.

But there was a compensation for the hollowness and weakness, partly understood by Helen, in the pride of her woman's heart, that her husband was so much honored in his home.

The many compliments Mr. Titus received for his wife were accepted as so much to himself. Was she not his? His wisdom had selected her. Her equipments represented his standing in Wall street, as well as in his church. That part in his make-up was touched, that, in a man, is satisfied when he drives out an elegant newly-purchased horse to exhibit to his friends.

When the guests had withdrawn, Mr. Titus expressed great satisfaction in the evening he had spent. He said the house was best to entertain in of any around there, and its appointments were certainly as fine. He had purchased it in his bachelor days, when he first thought of bringing her there, and fitted it up that

she might have an advantageous introduction. He thought it due to himself that his position should be recognized through his wife. She must now return her calls and always, in calling hours, be particular to dress especially well, which invariably included jewelry. He was displeased with her omission of it. A lady is never dressed without jewelry, particularly when she is to meet her husband's friends, he said to her. She was no longer Miss Valentine, but Mrs. Titus, emphasizing the last word with relish.

How much one pays for a society position, if he take an active place in front rank, besides time which comprises all there is valuable or longed for in life! To the business man, it is money; to the ignorant, it may be learning; to the mother, carefully reared children; to the idler, an elegantly trimmed wardrobe—perhaps, a marriage conquest, which easily fits into, or is drawn from the shallow gayeties of life.

Give to Society all the votive offerings she claims. She'll receive them without record. If you lose a friend, she will excuse you the more readily if you are a brilliant, that some one else's lustre may not be dimmed by contrast. For what you have given all your energies to grow old in, you may leave and you go alone.

How much one loses who lets an opportunity of gaining a friend escape or misses occasions which friendship enriches.

It is not the gilded social event, which society items file, that is remembered, though it cost the giver his accommodation paper.

The Salons of which Aspasia, Olympia Fulvia Morata, Vittoria Colonna, Claude and Henrietta Herz were the centres will ever be honored, even above those of the Marquise de Rombouillet or Madame Recamier, for, from them radiated the foremost thought of their times, which were periods of revival.

A reflection upon every moral and intellectual renaissance which history indicates finds woman an inspirator in the van. This not only gives encouragement to those who would be active in all honorable progress, but shows a responsibility, which only the deeply meditative comprehend. Many an admired woman in the glittering halls of large assemblies would exchange her homage for an influence with the few leading minds of her period. If she be strong enough she can have it. Such are selected. That which immediately succeeds material prosperity in a community or nation aims at display; that which answers the demands of reason and understanding, which stands upon all that is and looks ahead, forgets to dazzle; it appeals to more than the eye.

For a little time, Helen gave each day largely to receiving. One lady in a motherly way said to her:

"My dear Mrs. Titus, I know how much you are occupied just now. Of course, after you have returned all these calls, you will select those whom you will keep up strictly. The others will do once a year, some even once in two years. You always hear a society lady excuse herself to some, that she seldom makes calls. She knows whom it will do to

neglect, and whom not; where she may send her card, and where appear in person. By the way," she continued, "I will tell you, out of the real interest I take in you, that those Belisles are not in our set. They came here two years ago. Mrs. Belisle is rather independent."

"Oh, yes!" said Helen; "I remember her sweet face and superior manner. Do you not think them so?"

A scornful smile, which is as sure an indication of a narrow, selfish spirit as a certain expression is of a gunshot wound, passed over her face. Half-conscious that she had been a little too presuming in implying that Mrs. Titus was of her own calibre, she ventured to say:

"She is intellectual, does not give much of herself to society. Any pains would be lost there. The Edwins from Colorado are likely to become popular. They are very wealthy."

"What is Mr. Edwin's business?" asked Helen.

"I do not know. I heard my husband speak of his stocks. I do not know what he meant. He said he was negotiating for the Smith mansion. It is a magnificent place. I must call there soon. Will you go with me?"

This was, in fact, the real object of her call—to secure Mrs. Titus' company in making a visit which she hardly wished to make alone. It would be so much to her advantage to go under the wing of one whose prestige could cover her deficiencies.

Helen, clear visioned enough not to allow herself to be made a tool of, said:

"I have many things to occupy my time besides devoting myself to society. Many things which come under the head of duty, and some which may be called partly selfish. I can never keep pace with the world's movements unless I give myself some time."

"Your husband will tell you all that you need to know. Women are admired for agreeableness rather than wisdom."

"In some regards I expect my husband to keep me posted, but certainly wisdom ought to add to agreeableness, rather than detract from it."

"If you expect to give only half of yourself to society, you are mistaken. You'll be drawn into it. Mr. Titus will be desirous that his wife contrast favorably with his acquaintances. How is any one to be jealous of your handsome outfit, if you do not appear in public? You will not be spared to yourself; besides, if one falls back, he must make all the more effort to regain his hold. It never pays. I did not see the Mills people at your reception. Were they not invited?"

"Mr. Titus is not acquainted with them."

"Too bad. He should have begged an introduction some way. They will give a splendid wedding. They are just back from Europe, and are enjoying the éclat of a baronial engagement in their family."

Here too she was on the lookout for an introduction and hoped to find an easy stepping stone in Mrs. Titus. She took her departure, in that little nipping walk, which always suggests a character which calls for a magnifying glass.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. TITUS' ADVICE.

“**I** AM going to Chicago to-morrow night,” Mr. Titus said to his wife one day.

“Cannot I accompany you?”

“Certainly not; your business is to care for the house.”

This was in strange contrast to what he had said before their marriage:

“Miss Valentine, I shall value your company in traveling. I shall want you with me. You can easily arrange to accompany me.”

She looked upon such assertions as something to be followed out. He made them, for the moment thinking them, without regarding them again. She was learning that, among respectable and honored people, a promise is sometimes as easily forgotten as made. Helen had been bred where every vertebra was united with principle, and lines which divide the ignoble from the manly are by the latter never neared. How sensitive the well-reared are to approaching distinctions, which the ill-bred cross and recross without discerning. In those niceties, as well as points of honor, the place to test one is the family.

While she had pride in her house and also in

making her husband's home after his liking, it had never occurred to her that it could be made a place of confinement, or constant labor. No one would more honor the mother of a little group, who daily exhausts her time, strength and wit in making the laborer's wages meet their necessities, than she. But she had not seen any necessity of such a burial for herself, for such it would have been to her; but in a humble home with love in every chair and corner it would not be thought of as such. She wished to give her housekeeping its due attention, but did not think it the first, highest purpose of living.

Some women are so intent upon keeping well what is within their walls that they never entertain an idea that, in a whole lifetime, anything could be of more importance to them than polishing silver, arraying china and hunting moths. If it be a necessity, any woman can honor herself and find pleasure in doing it. If it satisfies, she is at her best. But if there is anything in one that dusters and brooms do not answer to, and she has enough circulating medium, and a genius which will subordinate labor and routine care, she has the advantage of one who does not look outside her home society, for she gets to herself a richness and freshness which the other wastes, and which with thinking people is ever in demand.

Many people prefer to be pinched in a castle to being free in a modest home, and use their time as a gift of God. Little mice live in brown stone

fronts, though you do not see their teeth marks on the door-plate.

There is a genius of living, commensurate with a desired expenditure, in consultation with taste, and in which individuality need not be lost. But sometimes a "Thus sayeth the Lord" interferes. The mandates of her liege sovereign were beginning to be felt.

Under the will of Providence we sweeten, strengthen; under an unreasonable will we weaken or it loses its hold upon us.

Every true woman wants to be necessary to her husband; not altogether as a valet, but affectionately, intellectually and socially.

A man who regards his wife as a servant, and becomes conscious of any superiority in her, manifests that sense by a tendency to tyrannize.

"I want you to attend the prayer-meeting," Mr. Titus said to his wife, "not leave it for any scientific lecture. Your lecture will do you no good, and I must not let Allen and Edwin, or Smith get a hold upon that society which shall weaken mine. Spend anything there that is necessary to make you prominent, but be careful of other charities. Some things a man must do, in connection with the church, or some one else will do them and take the lead. You can help me. Look after my interests there."

CHAPTER X.

A SECRET AND PICTURES.

No matter how we reach the Perfect, whether through men, saints or Gods.

"The highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the breath of humanity was that of Jesus."

MRS. TITUS had come to her old home for a few days. Virginia's no longer doubtfully happy face appeared in the hall, fresh from the freezing air. Her bubbling spirits found vent in frolicsome gamboling through the rooms, until she caught Helen, and together they stepped to a song adapted to the "Carnival of Venice."

"I am glad you are in such carnival tune," said Helen, as she was waiting to take her wraps, which were removed with many turnings of a delicate shapely hand, whose movements were accompanied by the jingle of a dangle ring. A metallic rattle is sweet music in the ear of vanity.

"I should think I ought to be, in your presence, or have the wedding bells died and left no music? What pretty diamonds!"—another ring of her finger bell—"I always knew you were deeper than any of us!"

"Does your ring bear the letters C. S.?"

"I'm so happy, happy, happy! I've something to

tell you, tell you, tell you! Nobody but you, my dear," she sang to her resumed dancing. "It's a secret, and must be. Charlie and I are engaged. It's a long way off, but I'm very happy since he told me."

"Did you not know it before? I'm sure had it been placarded on all sides of him it could not have been plainer. Teach him to hide anything. His large heart is too transparent. Is your life full now? Does the sun shine brighter?"

"I do not know whether it be ever cloudy! But it must not be known."

"Then remember Aunt Peggy is always within ear-shot."

This caution was not untimely, for her lank form appeared point first, which rodent nose always introduced itself first into a door and halted before the rest entered. The accustomed hesitation was more brief than usual; evidently, that her presence might check the unwonted hilarity. When fairly before them she asked some indirect question as if in excuse for her appearing, which, as her expressions usually were, was punctuated by a nod of her head, as a prairie dog emphasizes its bark by a jerk of its terminal brush of black hair.

No sooner had she disappeared than in a low voice Virginia said to Helen: "His father says he is only a boy, and will not listen to it; Charlie says he knows it will be right soon," and she brightened as if the soon were now.

The facts were not half given to Virginia by

Charlie Stanton. When he told his father of his love for Virginia Bernard, Colonel Stanton said:

"You shall never marry a child of Mr. Bernard. It's too common stock for Stanton blood. You stay away from there. Young man, hear what I tell you. A few years will show you your foolishness."

"Do you not like him?" asked Virginia.

"Most assuredly," replied Helen.

"I know what you think: that he will never be the shrewd business man to 'gain and keep position.' Have I quoted you correctly? I have often heard your judgment of young men. It's pretty severe, too, if you do read character well. I love him, and he will care for me, and I for him."

The last was emphatically spoken. It did not occur to Virginia that Helen's heart could be unsatisfied. She had so constantly thought of her own wants that she did not habitually entertain sympathy for others, though her nature was kindness toward all, and she had rare affection for those nearest her.

Helen, restless and not satisfied, did not understand herself. She quieted on the pill of filial duty, which she had swallowed so well covered that she did not know what she had taken, and she found consolation in the pride of having won the man whom many people honored and esteemed, and picturing the life he would make for her. She had not yet learned the man. The proud blood in her father's race coursed her veins, and her mother's family had been prominent for too many centuries not to have shaped opinions in its descendants.

With Virginia there was so much love that there was no room for a question of or satisfaction in pride or ambition. Helen looked upon her husband as a man who would tower above most others. Virginia did not count Mr. Charlie Stanton's stories, or care whether he was a cottage or a meeting-house. He was all she wanted to make her life more complete than she would once have dreamed it could have been. There was nothing she would not willingly sacrifice for him.

"Mr. Stanton's father," Helen said, "is wealthy and he is an only child. You can afford to enjoy his happy nature and not test him in coping with the business world. A man may be no less the valuable man at home, if he does not appear on 'change.'"

A little piqued, Virginia said: "You think he had better not risk himself with the sharpest?"

"I do not think he would enjoy that life; and he has a beautiful home here. What is the use?"

Looking out, Helen saw her father approach upon his majestic steed Mars. She thought she never saw so knightly a picture. Even in his declining years he was at home on a horse. Everything of the place was never so dear, but most of all that father. At his signal, she ran to the gate to meet him.

Mr. Valentine said: "I am going over to your Uncle John's. Colonel Stanton just told me he saw the Doctor drive up there this morning."

"Then I will not look for you back until tea."

"Yes; I will soon return, if he be very ill, for you; if not, I will come back soon."

The time of his daughter's stay was precious to him. He did not wish to remain long from her.

As if conscious of the honor of bearing his burden, Mars' light, martial step and proud mien spoke of care, responsibility and pride; while his arched neck, intelligent eye, dilated nostrils and patterned limbs no less indexed his quality than did his outstanding veins. The slightest tone of his rider was a communication to him.

Helen watched them until the crackling of the frosty covering of the earth was lost in the distance. She was feeling the pain of pulling up and transplanting her roots.

When Mr. Valentine alighted at Beaulieu, the home of Mr. John Stanley, Mars turned his head to him as if he would caress and be caressed. He was not disappointed, and a contented gratitude looked from his eye to his master.

As Mr. Valentine left the hall for Mr. Stanley's room, Billy, a house-servant, said: "It's mighty hawd trav'lin' to-day, Judge. Mars is a little wam. Shall I send him to the bawn?"

"Never mind him, Billy. I'll soon be off again."

Five minutes later, Mars was walking to the stable, while Billy remarked: "I know dat haws ain't gwine to paw de post out dis day. Judge nebber go out dis house shawt five 'aws."

Mr. Stanley was better and talkative. If there be a strong characteristic of this section, which reaches south and west, it is the people's hospitality, appreciation of friends and disposition to let thoroughly alone

those whom they have crossed out of their social ledger. The husbandmen here have leisure until the grain fields are waiting. The typical New Englander's or Western man's time is not at public bidding. To hang over the fence and talk is to some what the town meeting is to others. The diplomat in trade or politics first learns to lean long and gracefully on a board or rail where the political pots are heated and the social yarns are worn smooth.

Mr. Stanley, Mrs. Valentine's brother, had lived too much by himself to maintain a popularity which had never been of the most robust quality. It was not that he did not have warmth of soul, but a few circumstances in his early life, particularly one in which the finest part of his nature had been most active, had crusted him over. He had tried to lock himself up from individual interest with the living. He could never wholly freeze to Mr. Valentine; and Dr. Alexander had always kept the key to his better self, which the Doctor declared was, if you could get to it, like sap, the sweeter for its icy crust. The ice chilled his exterior which the world saw and felt, and took no pains to sweeten his cup while he assiduously devoted himself to money-making.

After greeting Mr. Valentine, Dr. Alexander resumed the chat. Looking at a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," he said, in his rapid, positive manner:

"I suppose that picture and the sacrament itself have a different meaning for every one. You know I am sometimes counted among the heathen because I do not often go to church."

Mr. Stanley said: "That is the offset a physician has for his disturbed hours. He is freed from customs which bore him, and society must not proscribe him."

Mr. Valentine asked if there were sufficient balancing, enough earning and paying in each life to even its whole, that looking back from the end the would appear pretty level.

"That depends," replied Mr. Stanley, "upon whether a man works out his own road tax. If he pays his assessment and trusts to any one else, he has a rough road. If his hills are smooth, it is because he does it; and if he wants what he earns he must be there among the first on pay-day, or some one else will claim the title to reward."

"I'm thinking, John," said Dr. Alexander, "that looking at this picture, all these years, has not kept you in the soul of it. Although, as I said, I am not often at church, I hold that the more people, that would eat and drink together in bond to be just to man and obedient to God, the better. The trouble is it does not always mean that."

"True enough," said Mr. Stanley. "To one it is a sort of respectability, or places him where he may demand notice; to another it is the blind obedience of a slave to a priest; to another it is right because his father did it——"

"Let the remainder come in because they think it right and be fair, John," interrupted Mr. Valentine.

"A man," continued Mr. Stanley, "who has any money had better join one of the churches, or he'll be tormented by all, until his pockets are emptied;

not that the deglutition of one is not that of a cormorant. I like the art of the picture. Vinci was wonderful. I saw a copy in crayon of each head, when I was last in New York."

"Yes," said Dr. Alexander, "Leonardo was a veritable genius. Such children are not generally forgotten in history. The old Romans considered size of family indication of degree of love. I should put it that the quality of offspring, everything else being equal, was the indication. Love is not always equally borne out through a lifetime, as the dead and living prove. If a man, in the palmy days of Greece, were above his cotemporaries, he was born of the gods. Not so much out of the way either. Plato's and Pythagoras' lives contrast too favorably when compared with some of to-day. The world may be responsible for its present dearth of Saviours. Venus is potent among the Olympians to-day as the Athenas and Junos know. We all know a great deal, but learn little; too many babes and sucklings; more of the former than the latter. Perhaps a bachelor transcends his privilege of speculation. Put me down as a kind of witch-hazel that blossoms late, and fruits in the next life."

"I thought you were married to all of us," Mr. Valentine said.

Dr. Alexander replied that a physician of virtue, humanity and nobleness of purpose, and no one else has a right to the profession, feels so. Not that a man naturally wedded might not better fill any vocation.

"Here is something new," said he, as his eye fell

upon a beautiful copy of Raphaël's Sistine Madonna. "That is enough to neutralize all 'Last Suppers' and 'Christs Rejected.' I have no use for any art which does not enlarge man's sympathies. Those hard works, be the art never so perfect, do nothing for the world morally or spiritually. To work in that direction you must soften first. Now get one of Millet's peasant pictures and a soulful genre piece where children are playing around the door, and you'll soon be converted. Pictures draw our thoughts as does the sun the leaves of plants. The appropriation of mediæval art by the church was not short-sighted in its own interest. It was to that period what music has been later, particularly that sung by the congregations. John, your symptoms are favorable!"

Mr. Stanley said: "Men are supposed to have their Madonnas in their hearts; mine is on my wall."

"This may light the fire inside," said Dr. Alexander, "so one would not get cold, if she got there. I tell you, even the picture of one is a power. It was a mistake in the church when she cast woman out of the god-head; but it is all right, a trick of Providence, that she may demonstrate what she is by reinstating herself as the divinity through which the world is perfected. Illustration is so much simpler than reason. She'll do it." With a nod of his head which forbade contradiction. "I have fellowship with some principles of the Roman Church which permeate all creation. I've no wish to be sacrilegious enough to interrogate the shade of Zachariah or Mary, or unearth the secrets of the Vestal fires to know if among them played a

flame of love. It's a good thing for people to have perfection before them, be it Madonna, God, or man. That the world possessed a personator of the excellences of the best religion, who for all time remains an example, is sufficient for us. It's our ideals that lift us. I recommend them, and as often as your idol falls from its pedestal replace it with another, and preserve its head as long as you can. The system of sainthood is to us the same that the polytheism of Greece was to her. It simply separates the attributes of God. If one wants to pray to the Almighty of whom he stands in fear and awe, it is St. Dominic. If to the kindly, loving Christ, St. Francis comes nearest. If he wants aid in industry, he addresses St. Benedict. Until we realize that God is but one step from us, we take several to reach him; and since he must be divided into all nature, it is well enough to commence with the saints. Get some more portraits; I prescribe it; build into them souls to suit yourself, a godhead, sainthood, or brotherhood, from your instinctive wants. That is what all men have done in all time. One must do something by which his genus may be proven."

"Give me your portrait and I'll install it," said Mr. Stanley.

"A portrait painter can never do well for one for whom he does not feel an affinity. In the study of the face, if the soul please him, he can learn to thoroughly love him. I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with a good portrait painter, so do not care to trust the job. You will have to hang mine in your

imagination. It is a protected place, not liable to damages by remarks of the unfriendly. I keep the pictures of those I love best where no one enters uninvited. Here is your punch in this bottle. Take it and get well."

"Just as you say," said Mr. Stanley.

"I'll see you to-morrow," said the Doctor. "Good-day."

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOCTOR AND EUDORA.

AS Dr. Alexander, driving from Mr. Stanley's, rounded the point for Captain Morgan's, he overtook Mr. Herzman, who rode with him to the turn that led to the Captain's.

"There is no such fruitful cause of unhappiness," said Dr. Alexander, "as a mind a little out of balance. One violently insane is understood. Curse the ignorance of the world! Little ones born never to blossom. There is that Arch who will bring sorrow to the Captain. Yet I do not marvel; that there is not proper understanding on his part. The wonder is the family is not all broken up. The daughter, Miss Eudora, has been the pivot around which all have swung."

"Such a centrifugal force is beautiful; but not many have the strength to bear it," said Mr. Herzman. "That is the way many songs of life are sung. First verse in tune, last out of harmony. I suppose the matter was the chord was never perfect."

"Too great tension on certain strings throws the instrument out of tune," Dr. Alexander said. "It is only in perfect harmony that nature selects best material for her subjects."

"Pythagoras knew more than all men think," Mr Herzman remarked. "I can venture his esoteric philosophy, if found, would astonish most of us. We are apt to think the world has something new for us. Most of to-day we find in Homer; and those old philosophers link very near modern speculators in the chain. What a long time for people to suffer in every way for all kinds of ignorance! Do you think that you physicians give all to the world, that it will take, of what you know, as well as of drugs?

Some of us have not much but prescriptions to give. When not wisely made they may yet aid in faith cure."

"Sadly true. But there should be teachings which are not. What right has any party or parties to send out their wards, candidates for the natural responsibilities of life, ignorant of nature's simple laws? What wonder if on every hand there be complaint against such daring dispensing of duty? Must every one learn for himself? Is there no such thing as standing upon others' experience?"

"We have been taught that this life is nothing," Dr. Alexander said, "the next all. 'Supposing we change our standpoint to the ground that the object of each life is its completeness, its perfection. Would we not get a different view of everything which bears upon this existence?"

"You have struck the key-note which all will be willing to echo, when it is sounded in the churches. Do not be afraid of its being heard outside. All progress of any society will come from the force of what is without, as well as from what is within."

"But progress is slow; meantime the law that ignorance sows the seed of misery is fulfilled."

"Could the giving of a life bring all good and expel all evil to the living; to do it would be the happiest moment of all existence."

"Such is not the plan of Creation, though over and over again lives have purchased much to man."

Mr. Herzman left Dr. Alexander with an engagement for the next evening, which, as the Doctor always made his, was conditional.

Dr. Alexander found Mrs. Morgan with relaxed muscles. She yawned frequently. For some time she had been improving, but Miss Eudora lay exhausted upon the sofa. The mother would not leave her, unconscious that that was what she needed. The imploring look of Miss Morgan was understood and Dr. Alexander said:

"I am going over to the village and back again. Will you not ride with me, Mrs. Morgan? The air will benefit you; plenty of ozone."

"Oh! no! I would not leave Eudora."

Mrs. Morgan had been persuaded into a few rides, and Dr. Alexander was now satisfied in her convalescence, but apprehensive of Miss Morgan's condition, who looked despair.

"Well then," said the Doctor, "I shall take Miss Eudora. Get her something warm for a wrap."

"She is not able to go," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Get her something or I'll take her without!"

The nervous draft and depression upon Eudora was killingly exhaustive. That morning, in spite of her

affection and reason, she found herself growing fretful, at no more plausible excuse than the littlenesses that were continually bubbling from a dear, kind, faithful neighbor, whose radius of thought measured the distance from her own lane to Mr. Morgan's, and who, out of sympathy, came in for the day. Almost any neighborhood can represent the whole animal kingdom, from little mice up.

Dr. Alexander knew that there was no weariness like that which comes from the continued dropping of nothing. As he took her to the carriage, he said:

"If some one would do this every day for you, you would not get sick. This is about two-halves of what our celebrated cures and mineral springs mean—a place that offers change of scene, air and people. As the world is made up, it is a good thing for many people to get away from home. The nerves will bear about so much strain, when they will commence to crack. That is all that some people's impatience means."

This was consoling to the poor girl, who lived in continued self-chastisement for her "proneness to fretfulness," as her mother called it.

"You must will to resist, and go out a great deal if you do not wish to get down. Willing to keep well, sometimes, is willing to get well. If you understand your limits of endurance your chances are better, for you will not passively drain your life drega, without considering that it will be more to those you love to save yourself."

When, after an hour's absence, they returned, Eudora

was ready and willing to make the house happy in any way.

As the Doctor bade her good-bye he dropped this remark:

"It is the too free giving out of limited store that exhausts. That applies to sympathy and strength, as it does to corn. It is easier to make corn laws than to apply rules to the other."

He did not know how much it was best to say. A free expression would, most likely, be lost; if not, she could give this liberal translation.

CHAPTER XII.

VIRGINIA'S ERROR.

Forgiveness is womanly.

Virtue flies before hatred as birds before a plague.

Hatred eats like a termite and destroys its lodgings. How can hate feed upon love?

ONE morning, Helen was agreeably surprised to find Miss Bernard in her reception-room. Virginia did not appear like herself. She was restless, easily startled, and her face wore an anxious, troubled look, which pained Helen.

"What is the matter, Virginia?" asked Helen.

"I come to you in most humiliating circumstances," Virginia replied. "I am not altogether wicked, am I?"

And, amid agitation and tears, she told a story not new.

"You feel for my shame. Where is the one who will feel for my wounded love? From a child, I longed for the near affection I did not have. Charlie was to me perfection. I worship him now. For one sight of him I would cross the ocean where he is."

"Fled from you! The wretch!"

"Do not say so." And with a long, deep sigh Virginia continued: "I must go through the valley alone. Do you think he will ever marry me? I would wait

forty years. For one year with him I would give all the rest of a lifetime without him. Ah! to be killed by what I cherished! Is there a God? Is there a God? Why does He not hear me?"

"Virginia," said Helen, holding her hands and supporting the poor, stricken child, "what reason have you to expect him?"

"He often said he could not live without me."

"Then why does he?"

"He did love me, and he must. His father sent him away."

"Yes. He wants his son to bring rank and money to his house, and if he does not think lightly of the dishonor, he walks over it. It is the way of the world to wash all hands but the feeblest, and send them away with the cry unclean. Charlie lacks manliness."

"He was manly."

"Then he had not the stamina to do what he knew was just to you. It is a diminutive soul which willingly obeys, against conscience. God has given to every one to know what for him is right and wrong, and to no one else the dictation of others' actions. Circumstances may hedge one, but it is a small man who would not stake everything rather than be instrumental in destroying a woman's reputation, in this bitterly harsh and unfeeling world. If his love had been commensurate with yours, he would have sold even his soul for the privilege of being your protector. He was not what you thought him."

Looking pleadingly through her tears, Virginia said:

"Do not judge him thus harshly. I feel he is right. Something compels him. I only want to know that he still loves me, and that I can yet live with him. It would help me bear all!"

Woman's love and forgiveness are like the love and forgiveness of Christ. They are strong enough to save. Still listening to love, trust and fear from the poor, bleeding heart, Helen said:

"There are occasions when self must be made second to the interest of another. That time is yours just now. A whole life is to be considered. Yours is probably one quarter spent. Now turn your ability to work for the whole which is already an existence, and will soon ask what there is for it. As your happiness has rested in Charlie, know that this child shall rest in you. Be wise."

"I can never carry the responsibility. Who will help me?"

"Where is your father?"

"Somewhere west, I do not know exactly. Madame thinks I am visiting here. I have no money."

Helen saw that she rested every movement or decision on her. Some people are so central that their centripetal force draws all responsibility.

"Child, I cannot use money where I would like. Dr. Alexander would never harm you and would help us if he understood. Yes, in more ways than one. If your father decides upon a sensation, the Doctor could manage him. There are circumstances in his life which can be held over him as threats."

"What?" asked Virginia.

"No matter. Dr. Alexander can hold the whip, and be silent as the grave."

Helen knew that nothing must reach her husband. He would see sin and disgrace in rendering assistance. She felt that she would be unworthy the name of woman if she withheld a kinship aid, for fear of the world's dictum. What she did must rest with herself. Of herself she asked: "Can I do as I ought, as my conscience tells me?" A woman's natural instinct to look for co-operation and hearty sympathy in her work is often unrecognized. Helen had resolution to stand for her friend, suffering because of a nature which, well placed in life, would have outshone her own and many another's. It was the best of her—her devotion, which in measure for a smaller soul or better balanced would have preserved her.

"Do you not wish you had never seen him?" Helen asked.

With an expression of a sorely punished child, Virginia said:

"How can I wish never to have seen my soul's idol!"

That afternoon Helen wrote the following to Dr. Alexander:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Did I sign my own checks, I should not ask you for the \$100 I do. Put it down in your accounts against 'For the unfortunate, in the name of every good example.' Virginia came down for a visit. I will endeavor to persuade her to remain in the city this winter and take some vocal lessons.

Her eyes are weak, but stronger than they were. Look out for pickets and scouts. I know you will never throw stones. Try and save Charlie Stanton. Such a one at sea will not float long. Come to New York soon.

"Always Your Friend,

"HELEN."

In answer to this letter she received the following:

"MY DEAR HELEN: I thank the Good that you are. May you always act upon the right. It is as foggy here as the banks of New Foundland; barometer indicates a continuance of same weather. I will be in New York next week, and find you Wednesday P. M.

"ASA ALEXANDER."

The following Wednesday Dr. Alexander said to Helen:

"The motive that moves one to act regardless of comment is praiseworthy. It is paganism to act expecting praise. How can one's friendship be tested who never risks anything of self for another? Do you know that most women would have left her to herself, and many would have thrown her to the harpies, through their vile tongues?"

"It is less to me what others would have done," Helen replied, "than it is that I do the best for the protection of a young woman, who has little joy to look forward to, and the young life which takes up its burdens involuntarily. Because the mother's guardian angels have been off duty, shall the child be ever

scorned? Would that such unfortunates could to-day be fathered by the gods!"

"We dropped that," said the Doctor, "but we have maintained the killing custom none the less sure, if in a more refined manner. A Vestal was buried alive; a criminal placed in an open grave, and the atoning blood flowed from the sacrifice over the doomed. We have taken to open air burial in one case, and in the other we omit any atonement by not helping the convicted to atone for himself. Be wise. As you would wish the well-being of your own child guarded, guard this. I know you despise dissimulation. Carry it through without. They will both have their way to work in the world. Mr. Bernard is going to the dogs where he belongs. I think if you can get the child cared for here for a few years, I would try the Colonel's good-heartedness by taking him out there upon some pretense, and test the thickness of blood. Call on me for what you need. There is something in the girl's life we do not know. To you, she is not Mr. Bernard's daughter."

"I hope she is not," said Helen.

"Do not torment her by any denunciations of young Stanton. It will be of no use."

"I have erred in that."

"He has been kept from her except he stole a visit; and with his nature you can now expect him to go to the bad, become reckless. Probably he will drink himself out of the world."

"Too bad for Virginia! A person separated from the sympathy of others is like an ear of corn depen-

dent upon the wind for fertilization. He is lucky, indeed, if he gets pollen enough to produce kernels, which will add anything to the harvest, which is to return usage to the master and furnish his own sustenance, for his silks are covered by the heavy leaves of his neighbors."

"To preserve her from contempt is your first consideration; then build her up strong enough that she may not lose the object of her own life. Our examples have all taught love, and we cling to condemnation." This Dr. Alexander said as if bearing the throes of the suffering. "Every one who earnestly feels existing misery is a prayer for the hastening of a better coming, is he not?" asked he.

"We cannot tell how far longing may reach," Helen said. "If we are soulfully thinking of a cherished friend, he is not forgetting us. If there be a spiritual telegraphy here and there, be an individual hereafter, how do we know the wires are down between here and there? What do we know?"

"So long as one man's truth is not another's," the Doctor replied, "let each in his own way reach up. I love the companionship of one whose humanity and reason make him congenial to me. I would prefer not to know just what his tenets are. The more of those he has the less he is to me."

"I know," said Helen: "by his deeds is man known."

"Sometimes; but always by his motives. That is the highest criterion by which to judge. Was it not your instinct that Virginia had never been actuated by wrong motive that enlisted your heart?"

"I did not reason it out."

"It would not have been feminine to have done so. Nor, sad 'tis, but true, is your position to her feminine."

"In that I have your help, my friend, it is."

"A realization of the responsibility of womanhood—Isis—Mary—would trample all jealousies and foolish, selfish living to death. I named you Helen (light) with the hope that you might fulfill your name. Every deed which shows a noble actuation in you joys me. Be conscientious in much light, and make your whole life a blossoming time of good to others. That living will continually reinforce and increase your strength for better work. My child, you will not disappoint me. Every one's mission here is as great as he can fill."

"But I cannot always do as I would like," she said, regretfully.

"If ever we feel hemmed in and narrowed down, it may be a wholesome leveler to remember that the fates never finish a life thread without testing its fibre; and if we can find excuse in circumstance for much inaction and omission, the cause may lie in the quality of the thread you are spinning."

"I will try and be worthy of my kind Mentor. I wish destiny had not driven me from your moorings. I am so poor in strength as to be always in a begging or borrowing condition."

"The conditions of asking and giving are good for both parties. They are a mutual building up. Do not wait for life to bring much to you, but try to make a great deal out of it yourself. What you have

done for Virginia has reacted for yourself more than can now be reckoned. It goes to make you up. I am as thankful for it for you as I am pained for her. Do not let her be lost to herself and to others. Every life should be a jewel. Every experience should polish it."

As Dr. Alexander passed out from the hall, he said to Helen:

"The sky is as peaceful and beautiful as if in its whole stretch it did not recognize the misery of mistakes or sin."

"If all were mirrored there, it might shut out from us the above. That it is not shows a consideration of losing and importance of keeping faith," said Helen, "that the above may never be screened from us."

"However it is, keep to your best, child. Good-bye."

In closing the door Helen felt that she closed it against the best—a friend of exalted purposes and kindly interest, and the beautiful outside ceiling, which was always to her an inspiration. Lately she had felt as if "walking in the dark." This call had helped her.

There is nothing heavy when in the presence of a strong, sympathizing, understanding friend. One even feels, I am willing to carry more; but alone is like pulling up hill with the wheels chained.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAXIMS.

There is more that bears the world's stamp than should.

All philosophies pale before the one of perfect living.

Few men think, but all have opinions.

THERE was a small dinner party at the house of Mr. Titus. Among the guests was the Rev. Daniel Mills, whom Helen had met in her husband's office; whither he had gone to show maps and plans for a new church, and get a calculated subscription of thirty thousand dollars. He told of a wonderfully successful mission, at the commencement of which he mortgaged his house to help it.

"Oh! that is too bad," Helen said. "I am sorry you did that, Mr. Mills."

"I'll take care of that," he replied, in a manner which could not have more plainly said: I have the right to your husband, and do you not interfere.

"I should think Mrs. Mills and the children would regret," Helen ventured.

His closely drawn mouth, compressed lips and lowered brow told of his displeasure that even a tiny spray of cold water should be let fall upon his efforts to bring a conclusion to that thirty thousand dollars.

He soon lured Mr. Titus into an adjoining room, where, seated upon a tête-à-tête, Helen could catch a glimpse of the picture of his earnest and adroit efforts and of their success.

Helen soon found herself the centre of a knot of ladies whose items of conversation were sewing society and missionary society, sandwiched with bits of gossip, which she could but feel were foreign to her education.

"You will, of course, join our society," said Mrs. Smith, straightening her bracelet, fingering her rings, and then pulling at a stiff little curl to see if the bandoline twist were in place.

"I have never worked in such a society," Helen replied. "I regard such an organization as valuable, and its work as praiseworthy. All cannot do equally well at the same post. It is a part of church work that is always done. I prefer to do my part of benevolent sewing by myself, and for the poor whom I individually know, being under the full assurance that the other will not be neglected. If you lack hands, I will pay for some of the work being done. I would like to give a woman who was here yesterday some work. But I always give myself the privilege of working for what appeals to me strongest."

"But how is a church society to be built that way?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"By the many who see in it the greatest opportunity of charity."

This seemed to astonish the company, and, in some way, Helen felt that she was not with sympathizers and longed for the evening to close.

Some people never recognize a necessity of benevolent work outside of the line in which they persistently and unfalteringly stand. They are supposed to look after that line; but sometimes they see only work for other people.

Soon Professor Amesbury called; and, electrified by some one with whom she could measure opinions understandingly and amicably, she forgot her discomfort.

The Professor spoke of the Society of Science, which was hoping to secure a collection that would be invaluable to it. In fact, he had called to confer with Mr. Titus and trusted he would aid them.

"Not until after our mission has secured a church," Mrs. Guniver said. "You know church is first duty."

"Well," said the Professor, "how would it do, if, when you get your church, you would give us the basement for our collection and meetings? You could have your society evenings and we ours. Would that not be an effort at making the most of means which it is difficult for either organization to obtain? Whatever teaches, or brings us to thinking of God, is in itself a work of God, and, I maintain, gives a basis to a trust which faith alone cannot."

"That would be considered a desecration of the temple of God. The more one looks into science, the less apt he is to cling to the Bible," said Mrs. Guniver.

"The more one looks at the truth, the better he knows it, and is the more able to distinguish," the Professor said. "That which is true of any religion can never die, inasmuch as truth is lifted above

death. What strikes me as noticeable is that the important points of all are as similar as one could expect from dissimilar civilizations; different gropings of different casts of mind after the same end. No, science kills nothing upon which death is not already written, but helps much in living. Do you think you will never sit over science? What if it should be not only your basement but your corner-stone?"

There was a fluttering as if the silence meant no conviction, but inability to contend.

"Is your society in immediate need? How strong is it?" Helen asked.

"Not as strong as it would have been had it been more worldly. There is a tendency with all scientists to forget the importance of dollars through absorption in their subjects; hence I advocate, of all organizations, a business direction entirely outside. We read of those wonderful scientific societies in Europe, and imagine those world famed men, at least, not subject to bread and butter consideration, when, in fact, many are supported during their investigations upon some one's kindness. Nothing succeeds so well as that which has an eye cocked to the world. The church is the most prosperous organization that ever existed."

Helen thought so, as she saw her husband coming from their recess, looking the picture of happiness, while the face of his companion was unmistakably a mixture of the triumphant slink and the all-glorious I, Your Majesty! Mr. Titus had been flattered and lauded until it would have been quite easy for him to have subscribed for a larger sum. How well he had

been understood and his weak and strong points played upon. Rome was neither the first nor the last to weave her web around subjects. Church officials are chosen with a view to ability in human understanding and manipulation. With the church upon its present plan, it must be so. If the present plan be the best, the method need not be criticised. If it be destined to a better fulfillment, criticism will assist it.

There was a pang of regret, a sense of helplessness, in Helen. The thought of debts which her business sagacity deprecated tortured her, while she realized herself helpless to free her husband from his willing bonds. She must maintain a semblance of cheer, and, the better to do it, she looked to the Professor for some thought akin to her own, the recognition of which relationship always gives a tingle of pleasure to one's blood. They talked a little of the philosophy of the day, but more of art, particularly the sculptured records of thought of which Helen had been reading, as suggested by Professor Amesbury.

Mr. Titus looked upon his wife with pride, which had recently been so cunningly touched. Did not her stately form and carriage effectually display his silks and diamonds? She was a magnificent woman! She was his wife; and in admiration of her that moment he really looked fondly upon her. She caught his expression and thankfully returned it. What woman's heart does not crave fondness? She was ready to believe that he was proud of her because of some recognized merit of her own. Perhaps she had not

quite understood him before, and had not been strictly just. She had felt that he had appreciated himself above every one else, and had been pained to see him take precedence, deferring to none, when mere politeness certainly should have suggested it. She did not wish to be unfair, least of all to her husband.

They remained in the library after the guests had departed.

"What have you got there?" asked Mr. Titus.

"I was looking at Buckle again. I cannot hold all there is in it at once, so take occasional draughts. Let me read awhile to you."

As she was deep in "The Influence Exercised by Religion, Literature and Government," Mr. Titus suddenly said, looking through the portières to the drawing-room:

"Is that not an elegant room? It is my taste. I furnished it. There is not a more desirable one near here."

"Are you selling it?" asked Helen. Then, taking a book of selections from the table near, she said: "Let me read you some of these, and see if you take them as a child would a box of bon-bons, as handsome, charming and timely. I am not familiar with them. They will have one quality to recommend them to us both—freshness."

She then read:

"Is there a home in the wide world, it is the heart of a friend. There let me fold my wings and rest until eternity. I shall escape death. I shall live so insensible to ill that, passing through it, I shall only be

conscious of bliss. Other ways of ascending the mountain are rugged, winding and difficult. This is a continued feast, from the hands of the gods—a jubilee.

"Where will you come to meet me?"

"Only on the summit. Because in ascending we may lose each other."

"Then send me one I could lose and still live for thee."

"What is that getting at?" asked Mr. Titus.

"I am not its commentary," said Helen, and proceeded: "For the wherefore, let us not lose the essentials, but accept and use.

"The best condition provides no dead banks but working ones.

"Out of the lap of nature let us partake, and be nourished for her standard bearers.

"Deep into the bosom of the earth we reach down to make firm a footing for our reaching up.

"Strictly scrupulous in all regards, you need not fear a criticism. It may be the sound of a match scratching. It leaves a mark, perhaps, but makes a light.

"Let the whole world know that we are of thy own, by our mercy and charity—sweet charity.

"Strap tightly your prowess, lest in transferring you lose it. A man is often good on hard rock and worthless in soft bottom.

"Give me a pinch from your snuff. It will clear my head, and I'll see to demolish you.

"It is the cut of the world that looks best at a party. When you do not want to be squeezed down

and padded out, stay at home for those who like you in gown and slippers, for what is inside of all.

"Dance when you feel like it, as you sing.

"The programme is good, but lacks a supercilious clown."

Are the wants of creation to be met by tomfoolery?"

"How many pansies in a cupful? All the cup will hold.

"Have you persimmons? I feel the effect of one. Draw in your mouth and whine, if becoming.

"Who knows what stuff you are made of, if not your friend?

"I'd rather be a boot-black, a chimney-climber, than live alone.

"One can always find mice for companions. They are better than none, if you can keep them still.

"Ask and it shall be given, potatoes, milk, wine and money, but not common sense, unless its price be paid.

"Who's delving there?"

"I, master. I'm looking for sponges on the surface to see what they hold. They've sucked the springs dry."

"Dogs, rats and men—wire holds them all; some from mischief and others from serving.

"I would rather be a faithful dog than an unfaithful king.

"I would rather be a man of war than a maid of despondency.

"Either will do, but always take the best, if you do not sell yourself in the choosing.

"A nugget of gold is worth more than one of copper only because there is a difference.

"How can I tell a little waterfall from a cataract? Wade under and see.

"How many homes in the valley? It takes more knowledge to be comfortable on the mountain.

"Despise not the humble, but try to be that yourself in spirit.

"Hold on and never let go, when you are holding for a friend.

"Never go where you would not invite an angel to go with you, or do anything you would not ask an angel to help you in.

"Alone look at a friend's fault. If another approach, put out the light.

"Who knows you? No one until you have tested yourself.

"A wreath of roses for the fairest, and a crown of granite for a pilaster in the temple of reason."

"What short-sightedness it was," interrupted Mr. Titus, "for our people to plan so cheap a church. They should have erected a building that would have answered fifty years from now. They should, in fact, have anticipated a generation. Just so it was in the erection of that hall. I advocated a largely increased expenditure, anticipating years to come."

"But," said Helen, "money invested costs an interest. It might not always be for the people's advantage who pay taxes."

"What is that difference to the people? Then they would have had something to be proud of. If I had a little stronger following, I would have carried that. I'm always in advance."

A whine caught his ear and he quickly left the room.

"Poor little Fido!" thought Helen, and she ran to be his protectress. She had given his care to a servant at the hours when Mr. Titus was in, with the direction never to let him into the parlors, or allow him to cry. Once she had seen Mr. Titus kick him, and she could never forget the pleading, wondering look that Fido cast to her. Now the servant had gone out. Fido was lonely for his mistress. As Mr. Titus opened a door the dog shied in and ran to Helen.

"There is one thing certain, Mrs. Titus—you can send that dog back where he came from, or I'll call the dog-man. I'm not going to have dogs in this house!"

She thought it was as well to have a friendly dog by her side as for him to make friends with hounds on his track, but said nothing. Fido, with drooping ears and tail, tried to tell his mistress that he did not want to submit to the situation. She called him out and quieted him before going back.

When she returned, Mr. Titus said:

"The idea of a woman sticking to a detestable dog!"

Helen felt the tears start, but commanded herself and said:

"I value his tender faithfulness. The trust one can put in a dog's friendship is sometimes refreshing."

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. NICHOLAS.

WHEN one morning Helen called upon Virginia, she read this letter to her:

"DEAR VIRGINIA: That I may keep good my name as patron of boys and of young ladies, let me throw this purse at your feet, for which liberty I find the prerogative in that I am patron saint of New York city. Let your aim from the first be to educate the talents entrusted to you in him. By that you gratify me, who was born in Asia Minor, the hot bed of Athens. To that end I shall again claim the privilege of reinforcing your stamps whenever it will extricate your boy or yourself from a pickle.

Veritably,

"ST. NICHOLAS."

"You see," said Helen, "he is true to himself. He knows where he is needed. For fourteen hundred years he has been devoted through pity to those who have been destined to live under those terrible Ivans and Peters. Holland has held him through interest and admiration. It was all that brought him here. How sweet the childhood that can believe that

Heaven tells him its wants. Growing older, the mythical agent is dispelled while we cling to the heavenly power, and later learn that all things are agencies."

"Does life dispel everything, even love?"

"No. That is all there is of life."

"Helen, you wrote that letter."

"For Dr. Alexander. You must know the friend you have in him."

"I have been saved the worst. I can hope to keep near enough to my child to protect him. To have given him up would have been worse than all else."

Helen tried to be comforting and strengthening to her, and felt the sweetness of self-forgetfulness in seeing how much she could bring to her, whose fault could never be to harm another.

When she arrived home, she found waiting for her this letter from Dr. Alexander:

"DEAR HELEN: Hoping that you are strong in all that is right, and happy in being mercifully kind, greeting. Be a song to the weary, a prayer to lift the fallen, an arm to help the faltering, and an engine in the progress of all that is bettering humanity by being. Let nothing eclipse duty. Enough will pass so near you that it may. May your thanks for what has always held you be expressed in pity for the less fortunate. There is a responsibility in living, which, realized, makes us surgical of what we see. Analyze for yourself, always leaving out an impression which is borne on a popular breeze, unless your analysis con-

firms it. Do everything you do with an idea that you are insignificant, the work-all. If you cannot lose yourself in the work, you do not honor it. If you float on the surface of what you are doing, it is because you are light. If you do less than you can, you fail in a degree of the purposes for which you were created. What you cannot carry cheerfully, manfully, you are not worthy of bearing. Let the light of wisdom be your light, and can you stumble? Anything that is not worth prefixing with a prayer for successful completion is not worth undertaking. As you hold yourself in temptation, pity those who have not strength to hold. It is not always the person with the grandest sentiment that is most often heard; he may prefer being felt. If in sticking to duty you lose the adulation of the world, console yourself that your work may be felt. Never lose sight of this—that much is expected of you by those who know you best, and use every experience as a wave upon which to rise a step higher. Let all that is within you be lofty seeking and righteous longing, that in viewing things you may get in the line of Divine Wisdom. My dear child, live to fulfill the best that you are capable of attaining to, and I shall feel that now and then to come to you in companionship, though it be worth my living, is to be considered after the fountains you may make to flow and the streams you may clear.

“Happily, your friend,

“ASA ALEXANDER.”

CHAPTER XV.

UNAPPRECIATED.

MR. TITUS had been ill, and at his request Helen had written some business letters for him. She read them to him, expecting his approval, but each must be changed to his dictation, sick as he was. She could not help feeling that they were alterations, not corrections. There was a little business which she was anxious to have attended to, and she greatly wanted to do it for him. She had often done much more for her father. "Let me go to your office," she said to him, "and bring home the papers and fill them out, as Mr. Brewster will be waiting for them. You once said I would be a help to you when you saw me writing for father."

"You cannot do it. Every one is not capable," was the reply.

"Will you not draw a check to meet that payment which must be made to-day?"

"Never mind."

"But this is the last day of grace."

"You may send for my clerk. What do you know of checks?"

It was his disposition to hold her as if in ignorance; but it was a great relief to pour into her ears

his annoyances, particularly so since she gave him sympathy without considering the wear and tear of self. Again he found pleasure in narrating what he called "good business." Thus she was kept tolerably posted in his affairs; not from any appreciation of her comprehension or wisdom in counsel, but just as a barrel of fermenting liquid relieves itself at the bung-hole.

As the world goes, it is not unusual for a wife to share in the rasps of business, without having the healing lotion of planning something better. What is left for women in which to give their activity and ambition play? They must do something; and if in vying with each other in display they minister to their weaker natures, it does not deserve wholesale censure.

Men emulate each other in business, in benevolent gifts, grandeur of home and appointments. The average woman, with a spirit of emulation, endeavors to popularize herself in and by church, public charity works and her position in society, which is understood to mean her entertainments at home and invitations out. If she possesses a little shrewdness and money, she can easily maintain a position which society will recognize. But how often to the social altar are brought sacrifices, purchased with every available resource. And it is only to the inferior gods that they are burned. A change of circumstances or location, death, physical debility, will demonstrate how easy it is for the stream to rush on and leave one here and another there, and the busy whirl not

miss them. The world is an open book from which we get what we are capable of understanding. Ability is not blind.

Helen's growing disappointment in her husband was not soothed by what entraps most women. She felt that each day was a gift, which she would use to her own benefit, or to that of any of God's needy children. By her the earnestness, the weightiness of life was each day being better understood. She did not wish to ignore what is called society. However one may criticise it, and justly, too, he is never ready to be entirely left out. Helen recognized its offices even in weighty considerations, and, at the same time, that, as it is crystalized, there is in devotion to it no growth unto the highest, the noblest of one's capacity. It neither leads upward nor satisfies the mental or spiritual powers which have attained any marked development. Its design of introduction and recreation is often lost in its plays to the inferior ambitions of man, which attract the multitude. A mind active in enlightenment cannot, in the interest of humanity, be spared to so cheap a service.

Society is a human product. In some form it has always been sustained, not always with as much credit to man as to-day. Whatever is of man's creation indicates his degree of enlightenment during its formation. In a survey of history we see that when civilization has been at highest tide, out of the whole, a few chosen minds have found each other, and society in its true meaning has been realized.

There is in man's intellectual and spiritual powers

what will not be satisfied with husks. The want will create the means of satisfaction.

The greatest barrier to rapid intellectual advancement has been the position the church took, or did not take. It carefully and guardedly directed the energies of its body in other channels. The church wanted money; not a little as Christ taught, but enough for its ostentation. It would play for it by strife among its branches, which in the best explanation of the word Christian could not live. It allured people of means, and, that they might satisfy its demands, it taught limited reason. Conscientious reasoning is not easily controlled. Christianity in its best sense, leaving the body for the spirit, finds its strong support in understanding, and by the light which knowledge and faith reflect upon each other, we are evolving from what could be bettered into the best. But all that has been has its place in the unfolding. If the jingle of some men's coin in the contribution box has a tone of spuriousness, the coin has none the less a mission. If the sound of some people's obsequies teeming with praise makes a discord in other's feelings, ill fitting a dirge, it does not prove that that person's life had not an errand. Because a few have been able to attend church from childhood to old age without experiencing the softening of entertaining such a love as that of a brother, does not prove that it is not the core of the true faith.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARITY, MUSIC AND PAINTING.

Never condemn one for what he is, before asking what made him so. You may wonder he is not worse.

HELEN was preparing for luncheon, when a maid rapped at the door and said:

"Sure, ma'am, that boy you had worken in the cellar must have taken Ella's dress and apron that were in the laundry. It's meself saw him paken round, the spalpeen!"

The boy referred to was one whose bright, earnest face, in which was written a struggle for existence, had touchingly appealed to Helen, who, accordingly, had contrived a little work, thinking it the best way to help him. Every manifest feeling spoke of a fine organization, which made a life of poverty the more galling. That morning he told her of a lame sister at home, when she gave him a flower from her boutonnière. The admiration and care he gave the blossom showed that he was as hungry for the beautiful as for bread.

"I'll take it to Sissy," said he, as his eyes glowed with the thought. "Isn't it pretty? She'll be pleased." Then he added: "She never gets out." And his face put on a saddened, careworn expression, which when

in the mature person appeals to our sympathy, and in the child is heart-probing.

As he proceeded in his work, she saw the tears falling, though his worn cap was pulled forward to hide his emotion, and only when he thought she was not looking did his little, slender, bony hands go to his face. His whole manner said that he asked nothing and hoped for little. But in the expression of his movements and face there was something that would say to you that he could suffer more for want of what some never feel than from hunger and cold.

Helen thought that she could understand how love and pity for his sister, in his kindly, sensitive nature, had overbalanced the judgment and honor of the boy. She resolved to go to him, and reason with him, warning him of the danger. She saw clearly what should be done in the case. Perhaps through him she could make a beneficent thank-offering for her own blessings. In swift punishment for the deed, the child could and would be made in heart a criminal, which as yet he was not. The impulses which actuated the deed, by kind guidance, might be made a protection against any evil-doing.

It is a comforting thought that the All-Seeing does not with the same judgment pass upon the same crime, but goes to the heart of it. Necessarily man's decrees fit the letter of the deed. To the children let the statutes be motherly. Give them even the last chance to be saved from the list of criminals, from which no one can withdraw. Make the most of that mercurial element of human nature which is addressed

when we say, "I trust you, I have faith in you, I expect of you," before putting one where his captivity would give the lie to such an appeal.

Unfortunately, the maid spoke of the subject in the presence of Mr. Titus. The child, whose clothes were missing, was a guest in the house.

Mr. Titus said he would have the boy arrested and sent to the reform school.

Helen saw the picture of the lame child, whose joy was in that brother, bereft that the law might be satisfied.

"Where do they live?" Mr. Titus asked.

"I'll tell you another time," Helen replied.

"I want to know now."

"I cannot tell you now."

"You mean to harbor the vicious and protect them from the law."

"I saw nothing vicious in the boy."

"You shall not set yourself against all righteousness in aiding and abetting thieves. What is law for? Any one who assists in evading it is a transgressor!"

Mr. Titus was in a rage. The fact was he was annoyed before coming home, and it was such a good opportunity to relieve himself. The more Helen heard the more bitter it became. She left his presence for her own room. She was beginning to understand that she was convenient flax for his disposition to hatchel, and the more so, if she did but vary from him in opinion.

Why do people ever take a difference of opinion as an order to present arms?

Some time subsequent to this conversation Helen had finished reading the morning paper to Mr. Titus. The day before, a little child whose father had worked in a mill, in which Mr. Titus was the mainspring, but had endured a long and severe illness, called at the door of the kitchen for the oft-asked-for "cold victuals." Her face haunted Helen. The cook told her where she lived. Helen found her amid want, but dividing crumbs with a pet kitten. She thought that sweet act, inspired by love, with no thought of the world's eye, was beautiful. The little one engaged her heart. She knew it would be difficult to secure her husband's co-operation in an individual charity, but tenderness and pity for the poverty-stricken household spurred her on. Carefully she spoke to him and solicited his help to the extent of ten dollars. This she thought absolutely imperative, if the prostrate father was to recover strength. The great need of the sick poor is the wherewithal to procure the renewal of strength when medical aid is no longer necessary.

"You have been on A—— street? That I will not permit. I am not going to have my position compromised by such conduct. I am proud. My wife shall sustain my position."

"I think my duty was to go, particularly as her father was so long an employé of yours."

"I do not wish you to know my workmen. If you run after one you may run all the time and where? To A—— street! Hem! Your duties are above that. My wife shall keep her place. If it were anything

that must be done, your servant could have appeared for you."

"I consider it a duty, which could not be delegated."

Putting on his overcoat, he said:

"No! My contributions have been large lately. I do not feel called upon to give ten dollars. Let them go to their church."

"Does every church take care of its poor? It would be a very good insurance if it did. The churches that try to minister to their spiritual wants have many equally needy, yet who struggle to keep out of the public crib. They suffer."

"Our church takes care of its poor. Let theirs, or let them go to the almshouse. I pay taxes."

"Your church is composed of classes who are not expected to be poor, but their churches, built out of their mites, are for the worship of the poor."

"Suppose you did help them. They would turn round and steal from you."

"If it were bread, I could forgive them."

"No. I have no money for you. You spend your time in the house, or in some other street."

Before, she had had reason to conclude that his charity, so much lauded, was narrowed to church gifts. Where was her independent life, of which she had so trustingly dreamed? How was she to get means to comfort in a substantial way the needy, who seemed directed to her? It were as well to wall herself around from all that is. Had she a right to do that?

She threw herself upon a sofa, trying to "see through." For a long time she did not move. Hers

was not a weeping, gushing nature. The waters of her soul were too deep. She saw that to please her husband she must lose her own character in his. Already her individualism was retreating.

"It cannot be!" she mused. "I will try to do the best. I am his wife. I will please him. He shall be satisfied with me. Did he really ever esteem me? I will do my duty, if I die!"

When in a balance oneself occupies one side, it is safer to add too many weights to the opposite than not enough. But that can be overdone. One should not let go personality through fear of making too much of it. She had felt most distressed that he whom she had given highest esteem should be receding in her reverence. She now felt greater pain that in all his connections the soul of a great, a perfect man should not be displayed. Her commendable selfishness in the matter, which was first active, was growing into an honorable unselfishness.

She arose, and took her hat and gloves to go out to walk, think, and shake off what she did not want to cling to her.

As she passed out from the entrance to the door, she heard the piteous cry of a swallow. She paused and said:

"Even the birds cry!"

A painter, retouching the cornice, had taken down a nest of younglings.

"I tell ye, ma'am, I hated to do it bad enough. The nest is on the ruf and there's the mether."

"What made you? I never would have done it.

Poor little thing! Bereft of home and offspring, your world is blotted out!"

"She'll forgit it, ma'am and build anether."

Passing on she thought: "Forget and build again! Is that of life? Must our experiences be such that we would wish to forget, and be happier in the oblivion? Oh! that what we live were so sweet that we would wish always to remember it. But 'tis better to build again than not to have. Upon the ruins of temples are erected basilicas which wonderfully exceed them."

Hers was not a nature to consecrate a lifetime to ruins. She would build again, though the grace of love be left out of its architecture. She was thus shaping her thoughts to the conclusion that, somehow, her life must count.

Passing a window of flowers, she said:

"These blossoms seem happy, yet the plants' intensest life which produced them was an exhaustion of itself to add to the cheer and beauty of the earth, which ever need replenishing. In adding to joy and subverting sorrow I will find some means of laboring, and in that labor happiness." She was yet unreconciled that in all that is there should be so much to regret.

"Little bloomings, you have been a sermon to me. I will make my most intense life count to the sum total of good."

When she returned home she was met by Miss Morgan, who quite frequently visited her. It had been one of Helen's pleasures that she could assist her

to art lessons which not only added much to the filling of her life, but contributed to the delight of her mother, who found pleasure in seeing what she would like to have done herself fulfilled in her daughter. Miss Morgan had an easel in Helen's study, and sometimes Professor Amesbury would read to her from selected studies while she painted. She did her best work then. It was getting to be an expected visit to them.

This afternoon when Professor Amesbury came, Helen said:

"Miss Eudora is in my study. I see by the book under your arm that you mean to unite science and art."

"Do they not belong together?" asked the Professor.

"I like the results so far," said Helen.

"If you unite science and art, you will be the fulfilling of a prophecy."

"If science and art be joined, they have wonderful responsibility," said Helen. "Together they have a work."

"I know it," said he. "If we find our greatest happiness in preparing for a work, it must extend through the labor and sweeten existence. Is Miss Morgan in your study? Will you play some of your low, sweet pieces, which will be distant music, and see how she paints with that?"

"I could never be the inspirer you are."

"Let her have both."

So Helen tried to lose all that music will heal, when best used. Later when she went to the study she saw

upon Miss Morgan's canvas a dove balancing itself as if it would rise above mists which were settling in a valley.

"Is that the escaped soul of some poor mortal?" she asked.

"Out of all trial there may arise a spirit which shall through its purity and upwardness poise above the clouds," said Miss Eudora.

"It is very sweet to take life thus," said Helen.

"It is easy, supported by friends, to take life at advantage."

"If you are well-propped, stick to your support, and paint away," said Helen. "If art has not an elevating expression, it is empty, the body without the soul! Never paint without a soul for your picture, and make all of the body you please, only let the soul see out."

CHAPTER XVII.

CONSOLING SENTIMENTS.

To get out of your furrow and stand on even ground changes the angle of your vision.

“**I** HAVE purchased some new works which I want to read, and hope you will also,” said Helen to her husband, as a mother might lead a child into what it really does not want to do. “Shall we commence now?”

He sat down with a dissatisfied expression and took from the table a missionary journal. At length he said:

“You would find much information in these if you would read them.”

“I am glad for what I get from them,” said Helen, “but the real condition of whole countries is better given by those who are not enlisted in any special service. There are other reporters; for a country to-day that is open to them is open to commerce, though it be very limited. How can the barbarian be capable of comprehending the religion of Christ? Commerce will aid most rapidly in fitting him for such an understanding, when his religion will shape itself to meet ours. Of course, we can build churches, coax, hire, or drive them into them, but after great

effort and expenditure the real condition of the natives is not so much better as if different sides of civilization were at once "brought to bear upon the subject." They need a preparation for a successful engraftment of a new religion. Bring the countries in contact with civilization and they will prepare themselves more rapidly for the acceptance of Christian teaching, despite the vices they absorb."

"Do you not think our missionaries do any good?" This was asked with a glare of the eye and a look at her as if she ought to be annihilated.

"Undoubtedly. But it is a mistake to suppose that the hearing of Christ is to lift the child-man from the valley of his existence to the benign heights of civilization," Helen said.

"I do not know what you are coming to!" This he said with a face increasing in redness, as he put on the appearance of a man who wished to clash swords.

Helen had long ago learned to avoid his temper. In fact she seldom expressed herself; for if it did not accord with his views, she received an uncivil rebuke, which she would willingly escape.

"It's your books that are leading you out of righteous paths," he added.

Just then Mrs. Bryan and Professor Amesbury were announced. Helen greeted them, as always, warmly, but was more than usually thankful for their visit. It was getting to be more and more difficult for her to spend her evenings in weak converse, silent, or in controversy. She felt it too expensive to her gain in living to let her life so ooze away.

Soon Mrs. Bryan said:

"Professor Amesbury was just speaking of the hardihood of our forefathers. I join Hawthorne in being thankful for his origin and for every generation that has passed between his early ancestry and himself. That cold, resisting country needed their stern, unflinching character to fell the forests, and plant homes upon the rocks, and the soil did not yield them so bountifully but they need care for their mites. Living as they must kept bright and hard their theological metal, and it reflected upon them in strengthening their firmness and determination in all undertakings, without allowing any of the finer, softening qualities to weaken them. Those were heroic days, but a preface to something better."

"Their inclination to society, as seen in their support of church, school and town meetings, gave them a civility which their critics did not always share," said the Professor, then continued: "Yes, he did things smoothly, the old New Englander! If he saw an opportunity of making twenty-five cents he would 'bring scripture to prove it.' From those littles he has built the manufactories which reach to various quarters of the earth in trade. That which went out over the seas seeking exchange has been the means of civilization not less than the so-called missionary."

"But," said Mrs. Bryan, "I can't but pity those who have made theology take the place of spirituality."

"Against their hard theology people may grind their surfaces into angular sharpness, if they assiduously guard their hearts against the entrance of anything

warming. Religion brings back to a man what he gives to it," said Helen.

She dared this expression as a self-defence, for she knew she would be supported.

"The high state of spirituality attained among the Buddhists and other sects has a wholesome lesson for our egotism," said Mrs. Bryan. "One who thinks that by teaching that Christ lived and died he is going to bring man to a sense of his relation to God and man must be unenlightened. We can be sure that our best sense of that relation is very imperfect."

Mr. Titus seemed to notice little of the conversation. Strange that with all the tenacity he held to opinions he never fortified himself against argument, which he always met by a bold assertion. Shortly afterward he left the room.

"Does spirituality naturally keep pace with our understanding?" Helen inquired.

"Not always," said Mrs. Bryan, "and separated from it, it may be eminent in humility and trustfulness, but, in some regards, partake of the character of early worshipa."

"Were I," said Professor Amesbury, "to devote my life to the redemption of Africa, I would ask, first, to have the missionary fund turned to support commerce and cultivate their lands. That is the key that Livingstone was looking to reach. There is power in commerce that outstrips everything else. It is market and the missionary's partner. Man must grow by littles, but he will grow faster by what he sees around him, as a child learns quickest by illustrations. The

early fathers give us a gleam of kindergartening in their putting the image of the Virgin Mary in the sacred trees, that she might share in the worship which she afterwards absorbed."

"There is a long space between the worship of the image and what it represented," said Mrs. Bryan. "The early reformers did not take cognizance of the principle behind the sign, and cast all aside. To-day we are reaching after that divinity which the word mother implies."

These sentiments were inexpressibly condoling to Helen. Not that she questioned her correctness, but it is so sweet, so natural, for a woman to want support. To some casts of mind it is indispensable; hence the source of many a pastor's woes, and many a physician's calls, while some unpropped-souls find in the church a husband father or brother, a worthy solace."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. TITUS' SICKNESS.

ONE morning, as Helen was passing through the hall, she heard a fall in Mr. Titus' dressing-room. She hastened to him and found him prostrate upon the floor. The servants, summoned by the bell, assisted her in getting him into bed. She was frightened at the purplish look of his face, which, with the flaccidity of muscle, slow full pulse and uneven pupils, told her unmistakably his danger.

For several days he was confined to his room, and it afforded Helen a satisfying pleasure to be necessary to him. In his weakness, he appeared to consult her judgment more than she had expected he would.

With the return of strength he became himself again. In three weeks he was at business, but Helen noticed that his mouth had lost its natural expression, the left side dropping a little. His left hand was a trifle weak. She said nothing, but watchfully attended him. There was not exactly a dragging of the left foot, but he stepped somewhat more carefully.

Gradually these resulting symptoms disappeared. He was at work again with more than usual earnestness. Still, she could not dispel an ever mindful feeling. But one becomes accustomed to anxious watch-

ing, as he does to being lame. Mr. Titus lived in that peculiar nervous condition which oscillates between an extremely irritable and a foolish humor. Helen thought him safest as to business ventures in his fretfulness, though it naturally would bar opportunities. She was bearing his burdens without the power of carrying them easiest to herself.

If we could see the whole of our circumstances, and, by stepping from cause to effect, judge pretty correctly of our lookout in life, we might be saved complete disaster very often. But it is so unpleasant to face an unwelcome truth that we too often let hope play for us, and so lose the promptings of probabilities. Again, one's judgment may be defied. Helen foresaw the extreme uncertainty of all their worldly possessions. It was wholly beyond her control. She had only to wait the grounding. But even that was of little moment to her when compared with the sacrifice of herself in the consideration of what she might be, but was held from attaining to.

Very soon after her husband was taken ill Dr. Alexander paid her a visit.

"You are mercifully sent," she said to him. "The sight of you puts me in better running order."

"Your mother once thought so. Child, your mother was my ideal woman. I look for you to fulfill what she died too young to accomplish."

Helen read in his face what she had before guessed—that he had loved her mother and that that love still burned and was a light which ever guided him in high places. She felt the subject too sacred for

her to speak upon; and, looking sympathetically into his face, waited for him to break silence.

"I need not tell you more. No matter how two lives were divided. She is there and I am here; but I would, could it be, follow you through."

How clearly she could now see that he did love her mother, for every great interest which would have been hers had she lived he had made his own. What a grand soul! She had never seen jealousy creep into a feeling. He had been, to all that was dear to her mother, love. The quality of the man had been tested and she felt that he became more and more to her.

"My child," he said, "anticipate care and perplexity. They will come to you with your husband in this condition. Be brave and ready. I would save you; but let it be your making, not your crushing."

"I love you for your kindness," she said. "You are my stronger father. I always pray for you."

"I would like to make my life a prayer for you," he replied. "Always call me when my coming is best."

"You are a rock that no storm moves," said Helen.

"Remember it when you need a resting-place above the reach of tides. I preserve myself for you, child."

"I must be more than a speck of creation, to be so worthy," said Helen.

In a manner she felt that she had stronger claims than she was before assured of, and with that feeling came the sense of responsibility in her position to him. If her life summings should be small, what a waste of providence!

CHAPTER XIX.

HELEN AND MR. TITUS.

It should concern one more that his own sheaf stand upright, than that others stand "round about."

Do you get hold of Christ, if his teachings do not put you in harmony with the universe?

“ARE you ready for church?”

THIS question came in a fretful tone and the rapid walking in the hall below told Helen plainly that Mr. Titus' usual Sabbath morning irritability was aroused. She had studied most carefully to avoid it. The anxious nervous tension, in which she lived, simply to try to ward off the least thing which would arouse his unpleasant disposition, and to stand between every one and him, was beginning to tell sadly upon her.

One feels belligerent to see a soul that is princely obeying toward self-annihilation one who is not worthy his consideration, except in the sense that he be capable of improvement.

Helen sometimes wondered if what she lived for was all for which she was good.

According to custom, she hastened; and they were among the first seated, waiting for the strains of the voluntary. Mr. Titus' face wore its usual Sunday

morning disturbed expression. How Helen longed for a rest from all thinking; a self-forgetfulness in music that calms and words that speak for us. She would wing herself anywhere from there, where the quills of her husband's porcupine temper made her sensible of his irascibility. She wondered if the radius of his electricity described the whole congregation. Her discomfort was so great that she did not hear the music; and not until the sermon commenced did she command herself.

It advocated renewed energy in missionary work, God's command to save the world. She thought of their coachman who could not attend service, although they were distant from church only a few blocks, which, if they had leisurely and quietly walked, would better have fitted them for service. She had received from her husband some time previous a scathing rebuke for wishing to walk. No doubt a converted heathen would be an offset for a servant lost, because held from "the established means of grace" to support a wonted pride.

After luncheon, at which Mr. Titus discoursed vehemently upon his usual Sabbath topics, they went to the Sabbath School of which he was superintendent. Many factory children were there; many others who work, which means the employment of nearly all their time six days out of the seven.

His prayer was such as his father had repeated for forty years. One never tires of a soul-raising prayer, but one, principally made of trite repetitions, has tempted ridicule.

When the contribution plate had received his usual ten dollars, and the school his accustomed consequential dignity, the work of the session was largely over.

Helen wondered why those pupils congregated there, Sunday after Sunday. Any of them could learn more at home. For herself, she was beginning to feel that she could not bear such waste of her precious time. For the others, it was the human instinct to congregate, which is strong as the intelligence is low; besides, many are taught, as was her husband, that the church and the observance of its sacred customs are to be used, not as an aid, but as a train which, if they could board, no matter in what spirit, they would be carried into Heaven.

A visitor was asked to address the school, which he did, his kid-gloved hand flourishing a gold-headed cane. This offense to good taste even the pupils felt. There was nothing educating or elevating in his remarks; but then they helped to fill the time. A reflective mind would have concluded that the good of assembling was that it afforded an opportunity for them to meet each other in clean clothes, hands and faces, and to respect the christianity it represented.

When they had returned home, Mr. Titus rested upon the sofa, waiting for the evening service, with no idea that he needed to make himself ready to meet the wants of those whose time he employed.

Helen ventured to say:

"Is there no way of improving upon the teaching in the mission school? There is a responsibility in occupying the time of people. Think of the number

there. There should be something taught that would fit them for usefulness and make their lives profitable as well as easier. Without a sense of what life means, how can a person be a fit teacher to those who have no reliance but self, and in that self should industriously add to nature's capital. Those teachers, with two or three exceptions, are not intelligent upon common subjects. They are not thinkers. The young ladies come and take classes because the young gentlemen will meet them there, and in some instances accompany them home. Thereby a social want of their own is met; but a responsibility is stepped upon, which only one unconscious of it would near."

"What do I understand you to say?" asked Mr. Titus. "They are Christians. Will they not teach them to come to Christ who died to save the world? If they teach that, they teach enough."

"There are some who do not know well how to read," remarked Helen, "and who know nothing of history or geography. It would be of service to them to know how to cast up accounts correctly. It is my firm conviction that they would be better people if taught something besides the same, over and over I speak thus earnestly because I feel much more."

"You are departing from what you should be, if you would desecrate the Sunday School with week day work," said Mr. Titus.

"But to those children Sunday is the only day," said Helen. "Certainly those who command that time should make it rich to them. Anything which would make them better, happier workmen would be a sup-

port of the law, for, unless they are unfortunately made, they will in contentment be good citizens, which means a sense of moral law, and conformity to it, which should never be lost sight of in such a school. It is the very place to whet their ambitions. We need responsible workmen in every field. To be such is a security to them, a capital. By your position to them your influence is great. I beg of you think seriously of this. Begin by teaching them responsibility. That has no peer in awakening manhood. It should commence in childhood. Give them pictures of the lives of men and women who count in the action of the world. Give them contrasts. Be sure the very best qualities are theirs, and, if made active enough, the condemnable will never be self-asserting. Let alone that they are sinners, but so fill them with an understanding of what is due to themselves and the living that they will use their powers for the best. Depend upon it, their possibilities are great. Regard them as unlimited, whose experiences may lead them beyond yourself."

Helen did not know why she spoke so to him. She could not expect him to accord with her views. She had so much feeling it would be expressed.

"The church is right," said Mr. Titus. "I do not know what you will come to. Only the other day, you spoke advocatingly of evolution. Now, you criticise the church work."

Mr. Titus arose and paced the room in a disposition which showed that the day had not sweetened him. As for reading anything of an intellectual char-

acter, that Sunday might complement what a busy week had lacked, it was not his custom.

Live peaceably she must and would. It had been her aim to make much of herself before coming there. She now felt that being accountable for what she left undone, and which was her debt to the whole, was of more consideration than what she could accomplish for self. So much was exacted of her time and strength in ways that in a long life would count little. Would it be always so and she be sensible that her living bettered few?

She was drawing in from the world, though it offered her all she could have of value, since love as had been conceived by her could not be her attending goddess.

It is a bitter experience that says love is not made and repaired to order, and conventional vows cannot perpetuate that which does not exist.

That evening she wrote in her journal:

"Weary, weary! Despair, despair! How can I live and be so pent up, crushed down in spirit, and forcibly held, but at the expense of all growth, development, all reaching out, and up to God, who created me to grow, and, worse than all, the sacrifice of all I might be to others? I feel like a seed swollen ready to send out its seed leaves, but whose case is clasped. Oh! refresh me by a little of heaven's dew, that I may not die, that my spirit, which feels for every living creature, which in its own way reaches to its All-Good, shall be a servant, though humbly, to the highest life, nothing beneath."

CHAPTER XX.

HELEN'S AFFLICTION.

A sorrow that does not quicken into better action or awaken sympathy is lost.

I would prefer to go wearily laden to the end, than hopelessly alone.

A LITTLE child, in the love of which Helen's nature was freshening, brought the joys which only a mother's heart knows. How the world widened and filled. She spiritually hugged every neglected child she saw and longed to give the best to each one. How thankfully it comes home to us that the best of earth's inheritance—health and a well-constituted mind—is often that of a little waif. But Helen's quickened sympathies thought Paradise hardly good enough for children. It is outside of Paradise that they find the way to positions of trust and emolument, but every heart wishes to screen childhood, beautiful, innocent childhood! The little one, whose "Mamma," electrified her whole being, awakened her to the realization that it is the mothers who need assistance. God pity those who, with arms and heart full, tread the way alone. Yet in and through her joy came the knowledge that this little spirit would not stay.

Mr. Titus was in England when she, alarmed lest the time for the little one's going was nearing, took

it to her father's, there, with those who belonged to her, to watch the loved blossom fade away.

If the gift of a child has a broadening of all the qualities we possess, so has the yielding of its keeping a test of our hold upon the unknown. We can lose mature friends with a feeling that they make their own way in the beyond; when a little child, whose every want has been through us supplied, goes, we ask, Into whose arms?

It was an autumn morning. Dr. Alexander and Uncle John had slept at Mr. Valentine's. Just as the sun was rising they with Mr. Valentine and Helen took the little casket in the old family carriage and rode to the cemetery, where into their family vault it was borne by the four, who before the entrance stopped, as the sun shone upon the casket, as if prophetic, for a silent prayer. The funeral was as Helen wished. Mr. Valentine thought Mr. Titus would wish to remove the remains, but Helen meant that what was so sacred should rest with the mother who united the four who bore it to her resting-place. They had services the evening before. Helen wished the last offices to be performed by those dearest to her. There was a thankfulness in this that made her feel the privilege of burying her child thus as an indulgence of Providence.

In the early morning, when Aunt Peggy did not arise from illness, she said:

"I can then keep from the little darling all but those to whom I would have given it had it lived."

How mockingly the sun beamed upon Helen as

she reluctantly returned to the carriage. She felt that there was no light or warmth for her. That by which she had looked and felt was extinguished, to her, at least. She did not know that often the going hence of what is a part of us is the ingredient of our lives which crystallizes our spiritual outlook.

She returned to her home to take up duties more alone than ever.

Months passed. With Helen there had been a long time of suppression of a strongly affectionate nature, a fresh growth and a blighting. Her health was being undermined. She realized that if she could not summon will power enough to prevent, she was in danger of irremediable nervous trouble. For a time, one impulse possessed her—to go away from everything living. Nature's relief, the natural fount of tears, was dry. She would go to her boudoir and in a little while rush from it, and shut herself in some other corner, vainly trying to read or write. Sentences would not complete themselves. She felt herself on the edge, almost stepping into dementation. There was stealing over her an idea that she would live but a little longer. This would be agreeing with her disposition. Assuredly, she was less and less to any one else; why not just as well?

At this crisis, Dr. Alexander said to Mr. Stanley, who was very ill: "I wish you would send for Helen. It will do you both good. I do not like the state she is in. She needs her will aroused. Let her feel that your recovery rests with her. You are now helpless enough. Shall I send for her to come?"

"If you will, but I should not like to disturb her, if her presence is necessary there."

"There has been too much of her presence there. There is too much in that woman to lose. All there is in me cries against such a sacrifice!"

Accordingly she came to her uncle, and in ministering to him was growing out of her morbidness. Mr. Stanley had through years of ill health become wondrously kind and charitable. She found in him another uncle from the one her girlhood knew. She liked to smooth his long gray locks and quiet his palpitation, so troublesome in his difficulty, endocarditis. One morning, when she was trying to position his feet comfortably, Uncle John said:

"I have always needed the like of you. With your quiet judgment, I might have been saved this."

"You will be better soon," said Helen.

"For a little while. This is with me established."

He spoke with a catching for breath which distressed Helen. His breathing was best when not moved by any especial thinking; the least emotion produced a painful palpitation and regurgitation.

"I needed to come to you for my own sake. I am afraid in my morbidness I was selfish! The presence of your spirit smooths the wrinkles out of mine."

"Get out of yourself," said her Uncle, "and think of the whole world as one, and see if you are willing to be a defect in it. 'Take all you can from me; there is enough left; for which I should live all I am able each day,' is a good saying of some one; do you remember who?"

"How can I live much if there is little of me?" she asked.

"Then you have not kept all that was given you," he replied.

"Has any one the right to lose loaned capital? It is not left to the decision of will, but is an obligation to creation, the disregard of which places you under forfeit. Instead of withering and pinching, transcend and live above."

She was strengthening. Her better self conquered. She roused and determined that everything floating within her grasp she would seize and build for herself a life-boat. It could carry but one. She could live alone. That forlorn word, alone, which is to all the impulses of the heart what a zero blast is to a house-plant. Retirement is sweet to one who has known many ambitions and realized the denial of their fulfillment. But that could not be. She must be ever present, where expected, and act though automatically. She would prove herself. She had resources, and upon them would she feed. Upon philosophy, in the close study of nature, she would live. Never should any one know her as alone. She would delicately and faithfully attend to every duty, even more carefully than before.

Grasping what is within reach will gather too much timber for a small craft. So Helen found that onto her raft there came many; some for convenience and others because she was there, for the lines of many lives overlapped and intertwined with her own.

Dr. Alexander said she would never have gotten

into that abnormal condition but for ill health. A metaphysician might have looked at it from the other side.

One afternoon Helen had gone out into the neighboring forest to refresh herself in its air and beauty. She found a clean mound of moss by the side of a little waterfall. Did she sit upon it and dip her feet in the stream, as she once would have been inclined to do?

She knelt upon it, and with the flowing of a great soul said:

"Mother, I thank you for bringing me here. May I be as peaceful, pure and bountiful in spirit. Oh, Nature! I worship thee!"

Patting the moss, she looked upward and pushed back her hat as if she would receive a benediction from above. Then she proceeded to gather some flowers for her Uncle. She ran down a slope to pluck something she saw in a little dell, and came almost in the face of Mr. Albrecht Herzman, whom she had before met at Mr. Stanley's. He was gathering plants and rocks for study. After the first surprise, she asked if he found much to interest him.

"This is not a rich field for specimens; but I enjoy all there is," he replied.

"I have always wanted to spend a spring in Germany," she said.

"They are delightful," said Mr. Herzman, "but your autumns are quite enough compensation for what you miss in the Frühling. Each season has its inspiration. We lose that we do not live more out-of-doors. The

out-door life of the people of Southern Europe has largely shaped their thought."

"It gets us out of ourselves," said Helen, "and holds us above anything groveling."

While Helen was holding some leaves in the little stream which coursed the valley, to see if their sil-
vering appeared as sheen as formerly, Mr. Herzman called her attention to a storm cloud.

"You are too far from home to escape a wetting if you attempt to return," said he. "Had we not better take shelter in that dwelling?" And he pointed to an old homestead, still inhabited.

Agreeing in its advisability, they together sought its hospitality. The grandmother was occupied in shoveling light spongy bread dough into an oven prepared for its baking. Three little motherless children, whose care devolved upon their grandparents, left their play to be entertained by the strangers. There was so much gentleness and respect in Mr. Herzman's attention to them that Helen watched him while she remarked to the woman

"I did not know that those ovens were now used."

"My stove draws poorly," she replied, "and my old man likes a loaf from his mother's oven."

Helen regarded with interest the labor-stamped hands and careworn face of the woman who late in life had taken upon herself the task of raising those little ones. While other lives were crowded, her own was too poorly filled. She asked herself if it were just that one be bowed with labor and

others idle. She felt rebuked that time she had spent in sadness should have been filled by other's needs.

"You catch anything?" asked the little boy, looking at Mr. Herzman's basket of specimens.

"Catch what, little man?" asked Mr. Herzman.

"Squirrels, or rabbits. I could kill them, if I had a gun. Uncle Bob does, lots of them."

"Oh! you think I've been hunting. Would you want me to kill them? I would not choose to hurt anything. Do you see this on this stone? That was a little animal once."

"How did it get there?" queried the child.

"I cannot tell you now. You take this, and when it has hung long enough in your window a butterfly will come out of it. You can find more of these in the trees. Remember, little fellow, never to kill what you do not need to, will you?"

The shower passed; they set out for Mr. Stanley's.

"The homes of the poor interest me more than the homes of the rich," remarked Helen.

"I am always glad to see some sign of a desire to beautify them, no matter how simple it be," said Mr. Herzman. "The instinct to ornament comes before the instinct to gain wisdom. Often the appearance of the one indicates the coming of the other. Anything which says its owner is trying to keep pace with the world's progress is an indication of healthy growth. The condition of the laborer is the real condition of a nation. What matter the few, when the many are in degradation?"

"Would that some fairy would wave her wand over Europe and turn her war funds into comfort for the people," said Helen.

"Europe would then be Edenic, Atlantic. Were it not for the unbalancing of the universe, it would call Atlanta from her waters to witness such a Paradisaical vision. Think of the oppressed Russians. Should Russia witness revolution, which would chronicle like that of France, it would be but at the cost of liberty and representation to her people."

"In spite of her gross faults of government my sympathies," said Helen, "are with her success at the Hellespont. It seems to me that by gaining a seaway she will civilize herself. I feel that her strength will be needed for civilization when it is trained. It will work itself out. But in the near interest of all that is vital to progress, and of all that nations have worked out, through ages of struggling, may the Germans and their scions, the English, be preserved."

"America is sufficient unto the keeping," he remarked. "This is a savings bank for their treasure, both in people and knowledge. But over there, the iconoclasm of that horde which pressed upon Italy may be repeated in Asia before Russia shall have left the gain of territory for internal improvements."

Helen saw and felt his depth of understanding and human sentiment. She recognized a soul loyal to humanity, manhood and self, whose judgment had been trained in long and clear vision. He made her think more highly of the whole human family, and separated her from her own foibles.

CHAPTER XXI.

A KINDRED NATURE.

MR. STANLEY was better; and Helen was spending a short time with her father before returning; though, while she remained, she gave each morning and evening to her Uncle.

One afternoon Dr. Alexander and Mr. Albrecht Herzman called at Mr. Valentine's. When they entered Aunt Peggy and Helen were present, but there was the usual bound of the rubber spring upon which Aunt Peggy always sat, and she made her exit. Helen greeted them warmly, and was thankful for every meeting with her old friend, Dr. Alexander, who was delighted in seeing her recover herself. He thought there was too much in her to die. She would come out of it all the stronger for what she had suffered and not always carry the same touch of a Niobe expression. He was glad to see her in thoughtful conversation. That does more sometimes to divert than the lighter pleasures.

They had been discoursing certain political questions, when Mr. Valentine said:

"When a man arrives at my years, he is inclined to look upon everything that is as having its part to play in the great drama. I can condone things which

once I would have fought against. It is better to accept things, nationally as individually, as, in a measure, a destiny."

"That is a happy stand to take," Helen said, "but I must give up a little of my cause to effect, and vice versa, if I am with you, Father. It seems to me, if we were wise enough to see clearly, we could avoid and bring to ourselves at will."

"There is a shade of fatality in every one's life," said Mr. Herzman. "Fate clings to us, like invisible garments, underneath our robes of reason; yet it remains with every man to stand as he wills."

"The fates cannot fasten him to the wrong pole *nolens volens*, with a Ku-klux command," said Dr. Alexander. "Why not let the fates sleep?"

"The weary, the overburdened want the sleep," said Helen. "Let them sing the *schlummerlied*. Among the humble I often hear the expression, 'If it is to be.' It seems a universal consolation. I wish I could make it such."

Dr. Alexander said that whatever is consolation is acceptable. What is consoling to one is not to another. Fatality pushed might palliate crime.

"A man kills. The murder was to be committed, and he was the only one to do it in its appointed time."

"It could rebound," said Helen. "The man was a murderer. The opportunity was given him that he might be brought to justice. It seems to me that fatality tinctures the human race. We refer it to our ancestors; but it has crept down from ages;

yet it is apart from reason, and I leave it to the 'unknown' and try to find God's laws, which we trace by the light of understanding, since all logic concerning the fates will fail in satisfactory conclusion."

"If we live up to our light, agreeing with known and established laws, we have done well. We need not question too far," said Mr. Valentine.

"If established laws of man and nature interfere, God's must regulate man's sooner or later," said Dr. Alexander, "but I'm thinking the day far away when nature's, which are God's laws, will be strictly obeyed. I would like to live later to witness the increased happiness."

"It would be a happy thought," said Helen, "to know that all that the Earth attains toward perfection of living could be communicated to other inhabited worlds, ere she becomes dead. She is now in her perfection, while the 'primeval fires of Saturn still burn.' Does it not seem as if, in the economy of nature, the life period of one world might in some way serve another?"

"That the life period of one world be offered to the 'Saturnian times' of another is certainly a happy conception," said Mr. Herzman.

"Saturn's length of years will suffice for her without swallowing our insect lifetimes," Dr. Alexander remarked.

"To think of the living beyond our earth," Mr. Herzman said, "is only following the lead of our predecessors, who at one time confined their interest to their own city and its limited territory. With

Socrates they learned to consider all Greece. Yet even Plato and Aristotle looked with prejudice upon a foreigner which the Cynics cast aside; but Zeno, Cleanthes and Crysippus regarded the race of mankind as one brotherhood. The poets of 'the new Greek comedy' testify that it was a popular sentiment."

Helen asked if the change with them had come by thinking.

"No doubt in part," replied Mr. Herzman, "for thinking well will accomplish all evolution of opinion; but thinking is helped. Theirs was by their civil and foreign wars and their mingling with strangers."

"Some characters never feel a kinship to others unless by common misfortune," said Dr. Alexander.

"The Roman idea of citizenship so enlarged its circle that, before it broke, they entertained friendliness to the race, and held each man as under obligation to another," said Mr. Herzman, "but their idea of race did not extend beyond the old world. Now, when a new is added to that, and joined by cables and steamships, if we are still to enlarge our humanities we must take in other worlds."

"I like that word humanities," said Helen. "It was a hit to name classical and polite literature what comes from their study."

"From any study," interrupted Mr. Herzman.

Dr. Alexander remarked that the leading thought of the extensive political sympathies of Greece was

less the union of mankind than the freedom of the individual from the bonds of social life and the limits of nationality. The results were questionable as time proved.

"I have passed my gushing youthful fervor, the venture and expectation of middle age, and now entertain the conservatism of the grandfather. Life needs them all, and with life I'm satisfied," said Mr. Valentine.

"That I am not," said Dr. Alexander, "means that I have more furrows to plough, though only tares may grow. Your life and others may be unexceptionable as to comfort; but there is a factor of the human race, on whose lives is branded the word misery; and a larger part, with whom the struggle for existence would not warrant the assertion that the being is desirable. I agree with Shakespeare that there is a deal in this world disjointed. It's more than the times that are out. It's all creation."

"You mean that the world is not made right?" asked Mr. Valentine.

"I cannot say that," replied the Doctor. "There seems to be a system of law, which, if complied with from the beginning, would obviate some extant woes."

Mr. Herzman said: "A system of law to suit a barbarous people must be more strenuous than that best adapted to the enlightened, if we have any such. It follows that nature's laws to suit them must be differently interpreted. It is best that the child fear fire, which the man makes a servant.

Until Reason accompany Liberty she must be held waiting. Liberty and Ignorance would be disastrous to all good. Because the checks be unnecessary to the few, they are not the less important to the many."

"What are the few to do who feel crippled by the harness?" asked Helen.

"That is a question for each one to answer for himself," Dr. Alexander replied. "How to make most of his life is a problem for each one's solution. We have no right in crossing a stream to disturb the waters for others; neither do we want to lose out of life what will make the most of ourselves as valuable adjuncts to the whole."

"We have not yet got beyond what Goethe has so admirably expressed in his 'Faust,'" remarked Mr. Herzman. "Is not that 'incarnation of the spirit of the middle ages' a most beautiful 'parable of its impotent yearnings,' its 'passionate aspirations,' its 'fettered curiosity,' combined with the conscience-stricken desire to pluck the forbidden fruit? Those of mediæval times saw that only the joyous freedom of the nature-worshipping Greeks could have assisted them in making their lights brilliant with sacred fire. It was agreeable to them to conceive of a Paradise this side of the river Styx."

"The doctrine that to enjoy is to obey is as attractive as honey to flies," remarked the Doctor.

They were preparing to go when Helen received a telegram from Mrs. Bryan that she was coming to spend a day with her, and would be in that evening.

Helen felt ready to prolong her stay a day in con-

sideration of the benefit of being with such friends. Despite all she could do, it was not possible to bring the same freedom of thinking and enjoying in her own home. She knew that guests felt the atmosphere; and since she had become confirmed in the opinion that her husband was growing more and more fixed in certain characteristics which made it difficult for her to make her home a centre for social, thinking people, she feared that ultimately she might be obliged to greatly narrow her social life. This understanding made her time at home precious.

Mr. Albrecht Herzman was a great deal to her. She could hardly see how his thoughts should always come out to meet her own and complement them. He was learned, without an air of having studied the past at the expense of living the present. She felt refreshed in his sympathy with everything, and his glowing spirits. When they talked together, she felt that there was in him a reliance that his scientific thoughts were a basis for her more airy ones. His presence was to her a quickening of thought, a new hold upon everything important to her best being. How much she had gained by meeting him, but she would go home, and he return to Germany, and probably she should meet him again only by kind chance. She would be more alive for having known him.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANOTHER VISIT TO REMEMBER.

THE Valentines and Mrs. Bryan were at Mr. Stanley's the next day, when Dr. Alexander called with Mr. Albrecht Herzman. Helen's blood warmed in her veins as she saw them coming, and she said to Mrs. Bryan:

"I shall have another visit to remember."

Mr. Stanley had just come in from a short walk, and was necessarily quiet, because of labored breathing.

"How happy we are in such a day with our friends," Helen said. "The outside is reflected in here. Sunshine is reviving and cheering. I think it has been an aid to your digitalis with Uncle John, Doctor."

Mr. Stanley gave her a fond, caressing expression, which they understood to mean: "My child has helped us much," and Dr. Alexander said:

"Your coming has been opportune, Helen. I have seen that your uncle has enjoyed the days."

"That is flattering to you if he be, like myself, inclined to reverence those whom he thoroughly enjoys," said Mrs. Bryan.

Helen asked if enjoyment be not a natural condition of reverence.

Then Mr. Herzman remarked:

"Since the gods shared the joys of earth, nature-worship must have been to them a pleasurable duty."

"To make duty a joy is our highest conception of it," said Helen.

"Enjoyment is a condition requisite to progressive civilization," said Mr. Herzman.

"Think of the twelve hundred years of interruption in progress sustained by the coming of Buddha, who proclaimed the antithesis of that, the worthlessness of earthly life and the renunciation of earthly sympathies."

"We learn to see gain in loss," Mrs. Bryan said.

"Yes," said Mr. Herzman; "for the Greek the supreme hour of destiny had closed. To preserve from the pillaging of piratical tribes was the first in interest of good. The Greek church preserved, though ignorantly, in manuscripts which were dead to it, through the middle ages, what was left of Greek wisdom, and bore them, fleeing from the Turks, to Italy. Meantime, the new creed which endeavored to suppress natural science spread over the west."

"Perhaps, in interest of the whole, they must go back and wait," said Mrs. Bryan.

"That is not a pleasant idea to me," said Helen.

"What would man have done in the middle ages without Roman law and Church authority?" asked Mr. Valentine.

"That," replied Mr. Herzman, "is to be thrown in favor of conservatism, which has indisputably been essential."

"But," said Helen, "the geniuses of the times are those who lived apart from the accepted faith."

"Geniuses live in worlds of their own," said Mrs. Bryan, "and bring much to their service. Their keeping is sometimes expensive. Think of Goethe. He endeavored to command, and usually did, whatever want suggested without counting its expense to any one. It is the price paid for such a man. He well knew that 'the secret of enjoyment' was the ancient's strength the purchase of which was considered to be by one's soul and the censure of the Church."

"Faust illustrates that," said Mr. Herzman. "In its author's own life there was first sentiment, in which he drifted; then art, which is ever democratic. His stay in Italy and close study of the arts were necessary to bring him in line with mankind."

"I think the crowning beauty of the whole poem is that Marguerite saved him," said Helen.

"And that not until humanity is so dear to us that we can give an infinite time in its service have we accomplished life's purpose to ourselves; that is the seed of the core," said Dr. Alexander.

Mrs. Bryan remarked:

"There can be nothing more beautiful of conception than a perfect life which has a two-fold errand: fulfilling a duty to man and a perfection of self."

"Is not that perfection of self rather ideal?" asked Mr. Valentine.

"All ideals may be, must be realized in the possibilities of development," said Mrs. Bryan. "When we try to fill our beings with divine attributes, the divinest of which is love, we are but giving the God that is within us room. Can we limit its power?"

"Whatever permanent good there is to man," said the Doctor, "comes from within him. The acting upon may make a pretty repoussé work, which is only for the surface. That which most thoroughly works within is love."

"If the possibilities of a life are so great," Helen remarked, "its completion, which is but the finale of a creation, cannot be the end, but the beginning of a purpose."

"The idea old, yet ever new, that life is but an opportunity for progression, and if it be not sufficiently improved, the soul will in another, or other incarnations complete its perfection, ought to be a strong prompter to brotherly love," said Mrs. Bryan, "because we will look upon every one as having unlimited capabilities."

"I am not inclined to look upon a dog as embodying an old acquaintance," said Dr. Alexander. "I wish him treated well because he is a dog; not because he is anything else in a dog's skin."

"I can thoroughly appreciate that," said Mrs. Bryan; "but those who speculate in that direction have it to ruminate upon that Pericles, whose first work was for art and literature, and had only begun philosophy, died the same year Plato was born."

"Newton was born the same year Galileo died, and he developed his work. Those who do not regard exactness of time necessary to the notion, or belief, speak of Luther being another life of Huss; of Genghis Khan being again incarnated and continued in Tamerlane."

Mr. Herzman laughed as he asked if any thought Bismarck an incarnation of Blucher.

"Admitting the correctness of the idea, it would not be a far-fetched instance," replied the Doctor.

"One could imagine a succession of incarnations," remarked Helen, "in Cyrus, Alexander, Napoleon and—"

"And who else?" asked Dr. Alexander. "That must have finished him, whoever he was."

"Unless," said Helen, "he came next in some humanitarian to make amends for his war cries."

"Napoleon did not live in vain," said Mr. Herzman. "There has never been such despotism in Europe since. 'Those petty heads needed to be shown dependence.'"

"I suppose," said Mr. Valentine, "Mr. Herzman recognizes what Prussia owes to Napoleon in making the King of Austria give up the title of Emperor of Germany. It gave Bismarck an opportunity to make Prussia."

"It is easy," Mr. Herzman said, "for the German people to forgive Napoleon for his attempt at reorganizing the Western Roman Empire upon a French basis, though he did dismember their empire and humiliate their royal heads. At Versailles, while they were waiting for Paris, their son was crowned."

"I suppose Russia and Turkey are the only absolute despotisms there," remarked Mr. Stanley. "But I wish you would talk about education in all its bearings."

"Then we should begin at once and never stop," said Dr. Alexander.

Mr. Stanley wished to gather what he could. He had a large property and felt anxious to provide that it be well applied to the best use in case of his demise. He had freely talked with Dr. Alexander, who knew that his request came from no casual interest, as he remarked:

"It is every man's duty to interest himself in general education, in which may be found a panacea for most of the ills of the race."

"Each owes a gift to education according to what he possesses," said Mr. Stanley, "which he should give, not feeling that he gives it, but that it belongs there. If one has more light upon a subject than another, he should give to the other."

"If you thrust your light to meet a tempest, it goes out; better wait for a calm," said Helen. "Did Bruno's recklessness of life do more for the cause of science than Galileo's retraction and reassertion?"

Dr. Alexander said: "The premium on sacrifices of that kind had not then gone down. To throw one's life away did a deal for a cause, which was sure to build him a monument though self be his farthest thought."

Mr. Valentine asked in what our system of education was most wanting.

"It is yet imperfect, if throughout it be a system," replied the Doctor. "Each denomination fosters and patronizes its own colleges, endeavoring to force them into competition with the universities, of which we have but few. For some pupils they may be the most needed; but give them their place. This degra-

ding of the universities, in order to give the colleges a place that they do not deserve, is certainly not in the interest of highest education.

Does the church still fear the broad education of the university?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"It ought to be getting over that by this time. The world, nature's open book is free to all and its humble unbiased students are our discoverers and broad thinkers. Let a man be free from educational bendings; he will fit his keys of knowledge into nature's locks and see God for himself, not as the blind see pictures, by being told they are there and believing. I am deeply interested in our universities."

"They will gain and maintain the position they deserve," said Mr. Valentine, "as does every idea, every principle."

"What I regret, always regret," remarked the Doctor, "is the time."

"Time is nothing in eternity," said Mrs. Bryan.

"But," said the Doctor, "it is something to poor mortals who only know the present."

"Mr. Herzman, do you not feel congratulatory towards Prussia when you think of her gymnasiums and universities?" asked Helen. "How many of the latter has she?"

"One in Berlin, Halle, Breslau, Bonne, Gottengen, Koenigsburg, Grifswald, Marbourg and Keel. Nine stars in her intellectual heavens," he replied.

"The German people have a good record as active supporters of education," said Dr. Alexander. "Charlemagne, the first of their Emperors, lent his power in

that direction. His successors have favored education, though it placed them at variance with Popes."

"Charles the Fifth," remarked Mrs. Bryan, "gave the University of Paris the title of 'Fille aimée des rois de France,' and rank and precedence in the kingdom immediately after the princes of the blood. The consideration given the student in Germany has been an incentive to learning even in America's children; but I always gravitate to France. Abroad, Paris is my home. Germany is protector and promoter of knowledge, but France beautifies what knowledge it possesses and can borrow. Her natural instinct to make pleasant what she utilizes captivates me. Had the French people been more successful as colonists, I think we Americans would regard them as stronger compared with the German. Unfortunately, they failed in their attempts to settle along the Atlantic coast from Acadia to Brazil. Where she planted herself strongest, she seems to have questionable permanency; while the German people have entered into our national life. We have much to learn of both. Therein this country has the advantage, that in its mixed composition it may take the best that all have to offer."

"I am inclined to think," said Helen, "that the force, which would be most telling, must be directed to early education."

"She's right," said Mr. Herzman.

"Condition the child that it may develop," said Mrs. Bryan. "That is education. An unhappy child's growings are dangerous."

"The very words, 'unhappy child,' sting me," said Helen. "Childhood has a right to happiness."

"The treadmill and hammering in directions to which the individual is disinclined," remarked Mrs. Bryan, "will make him unhappy and lessen his chances of being a good and useful man. We are beginning to think that the best education for one may not be for another. The first and last rule for a mother to follow is to make her child happy. It is only thus that he best overcomes, and draws to himself good. Years spent in acquiring facts may be years which defeat something worth more. For what are facts valuable, except as material for reasoning? Draw out the mind to deduce for itself. One of the saddest pictures imaginable, is Dickens' schoolmaster in power over little children."

"Humanity, yet in its childhood," said Helen, "is to make upon earth a kingdom of heaven. It will free us from jealousies which embitter, of spite, which matured is revenge, and of strife, which rules evilly. In place there will be child-love, innocent of blemishes in another, and thoughtless of self, except in the action of love."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Bryan, "that people who have worlds of their own have little disposition to criticise other people's doings. They cannot care for what is so far separated from them, when their souls, hearts and hands are employed."

"I should like to see a myriad so employed among the poor children, who have little outlook to anything better than poverty," said Helen.

Mr. Valentine remarked: "For permanency, dignity and best work, schools should rest under the ægis of the state."

"If a man wants to give an amount to education, he had better present it to the state," said Dr. Alexander, "that he may ensure its protection. Stephen Girard showed in his testament that he anticipated denominational strife over his bequest enough to guard against it."

"That clause always shows its claws," said Helen.

"I take it that Stephen Girard meant no antagonism to religion," said the Doctor, "but he saw a disposition to clutch and wrangle among the theological schools, which is a confession of form, not spirit."

"There is always a giving up of form to the spirit when religion is vital," said Mrs. Bryan. "When in any special form it has spent its best usefulness, you may note its digression by increased deference to form. It is exoteric. The esoteric or spirit is buried beneath symbols. Religion, if that be its name, as it was with the Borgias, was satisfied with form. It was simply a hierarchy of the middle ages, which was an era of authority."

"Yet," said Helen, "miserable as it was, it was something to the ignorant. Their wants should be first met in a crystalizing period; and they are."

Mr. Herzman sat near Helen and gave every attention to her expression. He was gratified to see his own thoughts in her, as was she to have him express hers. He wondered if she were not another Paula. She was really a little too serious to suit his

convivial nature, but she wonderfully attracted him. Her presence in spite of her staidness gave to a company that which his people expressed by *gemütlich*. Had she a little more of glee, which is the natural freshener, she would be his idea of a woman for a friend. To a man of large head and heart there is no rounding of his life without a friend to meet him intellectually. She attracted him as no other woman did. Her quiet pensiveness, however, seemed too excessive to be in keeping with the rest of her make-up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SCHEMERS' MINE PROJECT.

Sir, look at that rainbow.

(Aside) Hold his gaze while I relieve his pockets.

MR. TITUS' devotion to business was assiduous. Those who knew him well thought him very risky, at times hazardous, and marveled that he had ever been successful. Mr. Cross, his clerk, saw his accounts drifting against him. Perhaps Mr. Titus' irritableness had been the cause for many a person to dislike him; particularly those who did not understand that the shock he had sustained had seriously dealt with his nerves. Moreover some peoples' dislikes amount to hatred. Certainly, had Mr. Titus been of former perception, he would have noted that any business embarrassment or disappointment added to his clerk's gratification. Helen had perceived this and had put him down as vicious. What grieved her greatly and made her apprehensive was that Archie Morgan, who now superintended one of the factories Mr. Titus controlled, was particularly social with this clerk, though she had noticed in Archie a shyness about it, which did not speak well for the young man. Helen had now and then noticed expres-

sions, such as did not belong to honest men, passing between Mr. Cross and certain men who had endeavored to get into business relations with Mr. Titus.

She was convinced of underhanded work. Mr. and Mrs. Titus were invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin. They there met Mr. Allen. It was a luxurious home; newly built, and furnished with good taste and the latest devices of art and invention. The host was escorting Mrs. Titus from the dining-room, when she asked to see his library. They accordingly entered a room, in which the handsomely carved cases, yet empty, were made to fit the spaces designed for them.

"This is called a fine room," said Mr. Edwin. "I have not many books yet. I do not get time for any thing but the papers. I shall have the books, though. I have given several houses orders for their best. Harpers are to send me two hundred volumes. I intend to fill these cases. They will not look complete without, but whoever will read them is more than I know."

Mrs. Titus remarked that it was a very beautiful home. "Did Mrs. Edwin participate in the planning?" she asked.

"This? Bless you! no. This was done by the best architect in the city," replied Mr. Edwin. "The pictures I ordered for the places where they hang. Do you not think they fit handsomely?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Titus, "this is a copy of one of Correggio's. It is beautiful, almost sadly beautiful."

"I am glad you like it so," said Mr. Edwin. "Here

is one I like better," leading the way to the drawing room. The painting, out of drawing, neither finished in execution nor well colored, was of no more inspiring a subject than a feast, at which people of decided flesh and blood composition were entertained.

She looked at him a moment and thought it evident that the picture would attract him.

"I don't care much for that fiddler," said he, pointing to an exquisite Apollo. "I got that with the others. This," said he, directing her attention to one of Schreyer's, "is a good picture, for that kind of a horse. No Hambletonian blood there, though. Flora Temple made a good picture. You could tell by her points that she could more than skim the ground. This," pointing to a picture after Bougoreau's 'Nymphs at the Bath,' "my wife objects to, but then such pictures are all the fashion. Any woman will give in for that."

"Anything which honors art is fashionable or should be," said Helen.

While with a pure, elevated mind, Helen would have enjoyed the picture, she was not willing to look at, with Mr. Edwin, what would touch a coarse nature's grossness. He lingered before it, while she advanced to an exquisite little statuette. Soon Mr. Edwin came to her side with the remark:

"What beats me is how so many girls swimming together can keep still enough not to scare away a deer!"

It was with difficulty that her bubbling nature suppressed a laugh; and the effort was noticeable. Mr.

Edwin interpreted it as a struggle with laughter at the nude. So little does one know of another. A nude form spoke to her reverence, which she always brought to the shrine of art.

Helen had one distraction to her enjoyment, beside. Mr. Allen had, for some time, been on the track of Mr. Titus. His sharpened roguery saw in his condition good fishing; and he was a professional angler. Helen kept one eye upon him, while she proceeded to look at the virtuoso's collection, evidently secured in the lump.

"How much excellence in that piece!" said she of a *Venus de Milo*.

"What there is of it," said Mr. Edwin. "I am going to have that changed. A mistake or they would never have sent me damaged goods!"

"Well, here is something that is not damaged," said Mr. Allen, with an understanding look at Mrs. Titus, as he faced a statuette of Denecker's *Ariadne*. Mr. Allen's manner was offensive. Helen had accepted the hospitality of the house; she would at least be free from ridicule while under the roof.

"That's the last place I'd put a handsome woman," said Mr. Edwin, "on a panther's back. Clothes don't seem to be the fashion there either," with a chuckle which spoke of grossness.

"If the dry goods merchants do not raise a war on art," said Mr. Allen, "they will fail."

This was willingly thrown in, knowing that while it disgusted one, it fitted the humor of the other, whom he meant to bind by every opportunity. He

would please her another time. Women were easily flattered. He should need her too, or at least did not want her opposition; though he judged Mr. Titus a man who highly esteemed his own counsel.

Helen stepped away from the statues to speak to Mrs. Edwin, who was endeavoring to entertain Mr. Titus, hoping to find in her, if nothing attractive an absence of sensuality. Mrs. Edwin had evidently spent her early life in labor to the expense of that part of education which the school-room offers; but she felt no lack in herself for any position in the world.

"Here," said Mrs. Edwin, pointing to a small piece in mezzo-relievo of Night and the Fates, after Carstens, "is something that was sent down with the others. That woman with a cat is going for those children. This one is trying to cover them. That one back there with the sheep-shears, says, 'I'll cut your ears off.' This is got up to scare children, to keep 'em straight."

During these remarks a low conversation was carried on between Messrs. Allen and Edwin, who now drew near the others.

"I tell you, Edwin," said Mr. Allen, "it's too bad we can't have Titus in this company."

"I never share in a pudding after it is dished," said Mr. Titus. "I've made a rule to be first or not at all in such things."

"It would be exceedingly gratifying to me had you been first in this. I wish we could have you now. We want your counsel on the board," said the wily Mr. Allen.

"Has the mine been worked?" asked Mr. Titus.

"No," said Mr. Allen, "for we will not have it, at present. It is all ready for operation as soon as those stockholders whom we want to get rid of are tired out. We've just held back and assessed stock, in hopes of sickening them. You see they are a dishonest set, and we want men there we can trust for the protection of our interests.

"This is the richest lode ever struck in Arizona; no horse, easy vein to work. This is a specimen of it," showing a rock, which he produced from his pocket. "I'd give more for that mine scratched than I would for any other I know working!"

"Mr. Titus, I think we had better be going," said Helen, but Mr. Titus was too much interested to withdraw at once, and the two gentlemen so guarded him that there was no opportunity.

Mr. Allen was a large, fleshy man, of keen penetrating eye. He told a story well and knew when to bring it in effectually, and was withal a good laughier and could control the humor of a company. Just then he narrated some wonderful stories of mines.

Mr. Edwin watched with apparent indifference, but at any interlude wedged a parenthesis intended for effect.

"It is an advantage to see with your own eyes where you put your money," said Mr. Titus.

"There are men one could trust in that as in other business," said Mr. Edwin. "I have them," said he; "and I never tasted salt yet. Yes, I wish Mr. Titus could be with us. Suppose, Allen, you go around

to-morrow and see if those fellows would sell, and at what figures."

"Very well," replied Mr. Allen.

"It would be no harm," said Mr. Titus, "but I am not at all sure I should invest, if I got hold under water."

"You would, if you understood its importance," said Mr. Edwin. "Its prospects are better than the Emma Hill's were. Indications are that it is worth double. Here are some of the crystals of a comb, in another mine that I have," drawing from a spacious pocket a handkerchief, gloves, and at last some quartz. "I shall not part with it except compelled to; but I do not regard it near as good as the first. This runs in pockets; that in veins. I assure you, Mexico and that section north is the metal repository of the world. If those Spaniards had not been so lazy—"

"There would not be this chance for us!" interrupted Mr. Allen, with his shaking laugh. "We'll go in and fatten off them, and while they are keeping up their Castilian honor, we will exhaust them."

"But," said Mr. Edwin, "these mines are, by the best experts, pronounced inexhaustible."

From this they directed their conversation to politics.

"You ought to run for governor, Titus," said Mr. Allen. "You are shrewd with the leaders, and popular with the people. We were talking about you for the place down at Hoff's. He agrees with every one else that you should run."

For some time there had been germinating in the

breast of Mr. Titus a hope of this, but it had been a dream for the future. He was intensely interested, and showed that this would be more grateful to him than the discovery of a bonanza. They at once perceived that they had caught onto the right chord; but Mr. Titus remarked:

"My business would not permit a digression into politics."

"That is very humble," said Mr. Allen. "I admit it is a caution that an ordinary man would do well to adhere to, but you could manage a state and half the territories too, without growing old under it."

"A man does not want to work alone for money all his life," said Mr. Edwin.

"No," said Mr. Allen, clapping his hand upon the table, "he wants a little honor, as capital to his pillar. Now if you should make a few millions in mining, and then get the governorship, you could easily secure the United States Senatorship. Think of the honor, the pleasure all the way up, in the hom-age of men!"

"And the adoration of women!" interrupted Mr. Edwin. "If a man wants to make an announcement that he has his eye on office, he has only to subscribe for some institution or another largely. That fixes him. He has attention enough after that."

Mr. Allen adroitly turned the conversation:

"The man who takes hold of this mine is sure to make millions. There is no risk in it!"

Mr. Titus' increasing interest showed that each stroke was driving the nail farther.

"Well," said he, "can you not come round to dinner to-morrow?"

Mr. Allen scratched his head, and said he was engaged to give a temperance lecture next evening.

"You better go and hear him, Titus," said Mr. Edwin. "They call him one of the best elocutionists of the day."

"I'll call at your office to-morrow," said Mr. Allen, "and perhaps dine with you the next day, if that is as agreeable to you."

Helen ventured to say to her husband the next morning:

"You have all you can carry; be careful."

"That's just the point," said he; "I want to help myself out. A man never pays a debt by sitting down and counting it over."

"My impressions are against those men," said she cautiously.

Many a woman's intuition has saved a husband from financial ruin; and many a wrecked business man has had a regret of unheeded admonitions. It is folly for men to ignore woman's business instincts. The records of ages sustain them. The best product of thought, either in business, literature, or any line of thinking comes from either masculine or feminine under the influence of its counterpart.

"If you were as interested in my advancement as you might be," said Mr. Titus, "you would think less of impressions. What is true is true; impressions have nothing to do with it!"

Helen had slept little. She saw by the one weary

eye-lid, and one corner of the mouth drooping that he was over-wearied. With him it had the effect of making him obstinate. She regretted that she had spoken. His left arm trembled and from her heart she pitied him.

The evening following the next, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Allen appeared in the reception-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Titus were ready to receive them. They said Mrs. Edwin was not well and sent regrets. It was understood by Mrs. Edwin to be a business visit; which would better serve them if she sent regrets. Mr. Allen entered the room with a familiar greeting, which, for one so nearly a stranger to her, offended the delicate instincts of Helen.

At dinner there was continued effort at mild compliments, which Helen parried, as a practiced fencer with his sword. As they withdrew from the dining-room, Mr. Allen said to her: "Mr. Titus is a man to be envied. There is nothing in this world like a woman of sunshine. I congratulate him that it is never cloudy where he is."

"Fire is sometimes mistaken for sunshine," she replied, "and if the secrets of some fires were revealed, they would be found explosive."

"Ah?" said he, as if he had not expected to find her so flinty.

He soon was sitting near Mr. Titus, and said: "What do you think? I can get you five hundred shares of the Pedro mine for one hundred and fifty dollars a share. I would not have believed that it could have been done. You see Starr and Dodds were getting

sick; and I didn't give them anything to cure them. They came around and mentioned terms."

Now the said Starr and Dodds were imaginary characters. This mine was a paper scheme to delude some one to the inflation of their pockets. Allen was employed by Edwin, and received a percentage on his transactions. Mr. Edwin said: "It will pan out as much as you can get crushed, and the rock has been assayed at ninety per cent. You see it lies this way," showing a drawing. "Over there is a plant turning out one thousand dollars a day; and here, at the left, is one valued at twice that much." Then, in a half meditative manner, said: "There is a party determined to get this, but out of preference to you as a business man, for, depend upon it, this is going to be worked, I give you the first opportunity. I put him off for two days. To-morrow I must answer him."

Mr. Edwin then walked across the room ostensibly to look at a jardinière, but really to give Mr. Allen an opportunity with Mr. Titus alone. Looking at a picture above he read the name, "Jupiter and ten. Ten what?"

"Is it not Io?" asked Helen.

"I say, Governor," said Mr. Allen quietly, "what do you think? There is going to be some stock for sale in one of our leading journals, for your purpose it would be the one, before the next campaign. The man who gets it can carry the next election, because he can purchase the control of enough other stock to run the paper in the interest he chooses. I came to know this through a friend of mine. I just put it up

here," touching his head, "for whatever it was good for. Upon the ground of merit, you would be elected easily enough, but to-day things are done differently. Of course the only way is to control the right journals, send your men out, and before nomination is talked have the thing cut and dried. It's the only way. Money will do it. Now if you think you do not want so much money in here, just now, I'll tell you what, put your name down for the amount, and we'll water it, and put enough stock on the market to bring yours down to what you wish to invest. If you'll take the stock, I'll feel enough indebted to you for your business assistance on our board—I'll feel enough indebted to you for the increased value of my stock, to hold myself at your service in anything you may wish."

It was his desire to hold himself ready for anything that should pull toward himself.

When finally the evening was passed, and the guests were departing, Mr. Titus warmly shook hands. His wife managed a dignified *au revoir* without desecrating the sign of friendship. When they were seated in their carriage, Mr. Allen shrugged his shoulders and said:

"That will be all right. Wonderful days these; paper dolls, paper napkins, paper mines, and more cry for paper wampum."

"Easier to draw a mine on paper than the water off one you have flooded," said Mr. Edwin. "I'm in that scrape, but Bernard is out. He stuck like a crab, and drowned about as hard!"

After their exit from the Titus house, Mr. Titus

said: "I have had a plan for some time. If I can get inside of this mine, I ought to do it safe enough. We can sell enough stock to relieve me. A few millions would be about what your husband could comfortably stand on, if he should get to the United States Senate. A man never accomplishes anything without plans. I'll see, I'll see!" said he, bidding her good-night.

Helen's belief in their iniquity was confirmed. Wretched, and feeling portentions of evil, she retired. Sitting by her window, watching the moon's calm, thought-drawing face, she mused:

"Wasting my life for no purpose, I feel myself sliding, heavily burdened, into the arms of my friends, or to reach the declivity's bottom alone. I am being dragged to the inevitable, but I will be strong. I must be to care for him. He has plucked my sprouts, clipped my branches on all sides. I now feel that my stem holds its branches above his reach. I can grow without in any way affecting him, and by and by my shade must protect him. He has tried to keep every tree from my garden that I might know no shade but his. It has been a shade. I shall always be alone and I shall be strong enough to walk anywhere alone, and never fall by the wayside."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MUSICIANS AND THEIR WORKS.

IT was in the months, dreary in themselves, but gay in what we appoint to them, which enlivens and cheers, as the snow and ice with the sun upon it.

Out of her benumbing sorrow, which had succeeded the death of the child, Helen had awakened to a comprehension that she had part in earnest living. She had newly determined not to let her faculties rust. She had devoted several evenings in her house with a circle of friends to different entertainments. Sometimes it would be art; again music, or politics, or literature. This she hoped to do regularly, but Mr. Titus was so much discomfited that she only took opportunities of his absence. His manifestations of displeasure were so apparent, that her friends at length sought her when they were assured of his absence. Helen was naturally philosophical. She had gotten to the place in her reasoning where she meant to use all that, for the time, was available to her, and to awake to duty in every form, expecting less in the future, to which she tried to close her eyes. Everything that was educational she tried to foster.

Mrs. Bryan had just returned from Europe, and a few friends had come in to hear a fine pianist; and

were agreeably surprised to find her with Mrs. Titus. The conversation naturally turned to music, after they had listened to some most exquisite symphonies and nocturnes, which were creations by those great musicians whose works never lose grandeur by time.

"What did you hear fine, in music, while abroad?" asked Helen of Mrs. Bryan.

Mrs. Bryan was one of those who, without the least originality, drank unceasingly at the fount of learning. That Emerson had ever expressed an opinion was sufficient to make it her own. Upon any subject which interested the cultivated world, she always knew what opinion the best thinkers in that line held. Her walks were always by the great sea of thought, and every wave, no matter from whence it arose, whether from India, Egypt, Europe or the States, rolled until it touched her feet. She always waited it expectantly, and never lost what it bore her. Thus she was more valuable to those who knew her than an originator, for no matter in what direction any one was searching, she would always hold a light. She would oftentimes illumine an idea or opinion, as a copyist a picture, for he endeavors to express the sentiment of the artist and often illustrates. It is a mistake to suppose that a copyist's work is not of the highest importance. One who cannot thoroughly appreciate the artist's sentiment upon its creation, put himself in the same mood or reverie, has no right to attempt a reproduction. Mrs. Bryan had the rare gift of wasting nothing upon shucks and hulls, but went right for the kernel; and

she freely and generously gave of her store to all. Of course, some subjects interested her more than others. She eagerly seized upon anything, which traced or illumined the paths which the various religions had marked in the history of man; and as art is to religion an electric light, she abided much under its rays. Music was to her a study for others, not so much for her own pleasure.

Once, listening to the same musician, she praised the execution and interpretation of Mendelssohn's 'Früling's lied,' and 'Hunting Song,' when he rendered Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,' in its wealth of beauty and tenderness of passion, which she restlessly heard through, and, after a minute's pause, said:

"Now give us 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The musician good humoredly narrated a story of a young lady attending a concert and, seeing the names Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert upon the programme, asked the gentleman accompanying her which one upon the stage was Beethoven and which Mozart; upon which he designated individuals as those to her.

Now Mrs. Bryan had striven to understand and judge music, feeling that it merited it. In her composition there was too little sentiment. She could study music as she studied art, historically or nationally. She could extract the lesson from a piece of genre art. The "Transfiguration" was volumes to her. That painting or marble which depended upon sentiment for its creation; and music which owes its birth to that, and can only be interpreted through it,

could not reach her soul. Some one said of her, 'Never had a hand passed over her well-strung harp and taught her its meaning.' Whether it be possible to so spend a life is open to question. Yet all that is written of music she knew; not that she might seem to know, but that she might be something to others in its appreciation. Helen knew she would try to hear something excellent while absent, if only to tell her, "I have heard it;" therefore she asked;

"I heard," she replied, "Italian opera once; but being wearied and knowing that in the evening, when I returned to my room, there were a number of letters to be written, I did not remain through."

"It seems to me that operas, which use for subjects, national myths, must be confined to national popularity. I think Wagner, who has devoted himself to Teutonic myths, will find it so with his 'Parsifal.' Particularly, do I think it will be true of the French opera, since France is the most national of all countries. Lord Byron said the basis of drama must be history, but it might not be true of musical drama."

"But," said Professor Link, "France gratefully accepts Gluck's and Myerbeer's operas."

"All the world," said Professor Amesbury, "gratefully accepts German music. Nations give music a place, deservedly won, above preceding arts. While Italy reverentially protects its Saint Cecelia, it pays homage to Bernardo Fedesco, a German, for the formation of the fingerboard and the invention of the pedals, which give depth and volume."

"Hayden too," said Helen, "the 'Father of modern

music' developed the form of the sonata quartet and symphony. Much of our music we owe to Germany. You spoke of the French accepting German opera, Professor Link. Does not the history of the opera centre in France? Is it not there that the German and Italian operas have been set to librettos, and produced for the public?"

"You are quite right, madam," answered Professor Link.

Mrs. Bryan remarked: "Some one had said that the 'French musical drama owes its origin to Italian genius, its consolation to German.' It is also said that 'Weber combines in more perfect proportions than any other whom the world has yet known the musical and dramatic faculties.'"

"In France, as in other countries," said Professor Amesbury, "the popular music is apt to be that which persons in power favor; hence the great effort to gain a court audience for an opera at its introduction, which may give it precedence of something more excellent. That Napoleon, not liking anything loud or animated in music, favored Paisiello's compositions was sufficient to insure popular favor for his sweetly feeble musical strains."

"Dynasties change, music never; and the meritorious will ultimately take its position," said Helen.

"Is it not remarkable," inquired Mrs. Bryan, "that that style should have been his preference?"

"Perhaps not," answered Helen, speaking as if by experience. "In it he rested from his pursuits. It

brought to him passivity, which is a necessary preparation for action."

"I cannot comprehend," said Professor Link, "how political perturbations should be productive of musical genius; except it be martial music, which is so distinct from other that one could not trace its nationality. What could be less Italian, than 'Garibaldi's Hymn,' or less French than the 'Marseillaise?'"

"The difference lies in their blood when cool, and when stirred to the defence," said Helen.

"Perhaps," said the Professor. "By the astonishing growth of music, immediately after the thirty years war, one would think that that war had been, for it, a school. Hardly what we should expect."

"Music is dependent upon emotion and sentiment," said Helen. "War creates both. It may have given it an impulse; but one would look for the perfection of art in peace. I should think a sonata written then might be lengthened, widened and deepened into a symphony in the rest of peace."

"I believe music to have powers yet untried," said Professor Link. "It is one of the regenerators of the world."

"The history of music marks civilization's progress," Mrs. Bryan remarked, "since the stones in the walls of Thebes took their places to the music of Amphion's golden lyre. There was music in Egypt. We find the three-stringed harp upon the historical walls of their tombs."

"The early records of music are that of struggle," said Professor Link, feelingly.

Mrs. Bryan said: "Only to think of the addition of three strings to the four-stringed harp being censured and forbidden as sacrilegious in the temples of Apollo, as if it were a sin to expand the music more than the hymns sung to the gods."

"This country had been as opposed to its advancement," said Professor Amesbury, "almost to its use at all, in worship."

"Apolline music must have been very primitive," said Professor Link. "There was nothing in the Greek character or education to foster or encourage it, so far as we can judge by their history and literature."

"The sentiment which you think necessary was wanting," said Mrs. Bryan, "in their days of drama. The only lovers Sophocles has pictured were Antigone, the Greek Madonna and Hæmon."

"That sentiment ever wanting in a nation?" asked Helen, low and doubtfully.

"He only showed the bitterness of their love, not any of its joys," said Professor Link.

"Euripides seems to be walking out from Greek life to universal," said Professor Amesbury.

"Homer's story of Troy was founded upon love," said Mrs. Bryan.

"Yes," said Helen, "Venus Polyhymnia; not Venus Urania who opens heaven's gates, that we may hear the music. It's the music in our souls, before which philosophy is dumb, that tells us the gates are ajar."

"I think the keepers of heaven's gates must be women," said Mrs. Bryan.

"Woman's sensations make her vibrate to the slightest touch."

"Woman's soul is a harp upon which to play," said Professor Amesbury.

"Her soul is more than that," said Mrs. Bryan. "When it is said of woman that 'she has more perception than thought, more passion than judgment, more generosity than justice, and more religious sentiment than moral taste,' I think her unjustly judged."

Helen asked her. "Is that not true of most women? Do not judge the world by yourself. It were fairer to take me."

She said this honestly. She always underrated herself. One advantage such a person has, he is apt to be agreeable to people, and does not undertake to fail, as does one who overestimates himself. One disadvantage, the world usually takes your own measuring tape in selecting a niche for you.

"It strikes me that in saying that woman's soul is an instrument to be played upon," said Mrs. Bryan, "you forget the active women of all ages."

"But, Mrs. Bryan," said Helen, "it is being played upon that makes them active."

"And, in turn," said Professor Amesbury, "the world moves to their time."

"That sounds well," said Mrs. Bryan. "Woman has been valued for her virtues, man for his gifts. His intellectual strength has been required. Should woman manifest the same strong, needful qualities, would her excellences be considered apart from deficiencies?"

"She has never been a composer of excellent music," said Professor Link.

Helen asked the Professor if he would distinguish for them between Italian, French and German music.

"Italian," he replied, "is voluptuous in character. French music is essentially frivolous and sentimental; German moral, philosophical, many sided. Such is the tendency of each to me; what is it to you?"

"I feel the trust and kindly sympathy of the North in German music. In the Italian the passion and fickleness of the South. The melody of the Italian is smooth and facile. I enjoy it."

Mrs. Bryan asked the Professor when he dated the beginning of modern music.

"When Italian painting had reached its acme," he replied. "About the time of Giovanni Battista Pergolese, who died in 1736, music seemed to pass from Italy to Germany, in the symphony and oratorio. Italian opera was left in Italy."

"Music must have been a power to the early Teutons," said Mrs. Bryan. "The myth of Lorelei used it. So do we find it in the myth of Arion."

"But the Greek," said Professor Amesbury "was unmotional and the emotion of the early Roman was that engendered by war. I feel that though one may not be able to appreciate music as it deserves, he must reverence it as the art of the nineteenth century, and of Germany 'that land of thought;' because it is the product of Christianity, who is supplementing her stiff reins by its sweet and docile influence."

"Yes," said Professor Link. "The monastery, pro-

tected and secured from poverty, encouraged that quiet reflection necessary to the birth of art."

"Gothic architecture and Italian painting expressed their reflection," said Mrs. Bryan.

"Though imperfectly," said Professor Link.

"The fusion of the church and the world, at the time of the Reformation, was at once the type and starting point of all those mixed and powerful influences, which characterize modern civilization," remarked Mrs. Bryan.

"Rome was not equal to the spirit of the new age which Germany may almost be said to have created," said Professor Amesbury.

"Then palms and laurels to those who were equal. Germany bears the sceptre of music, as she does of thought," said Helen, then pausing, added: "I wonder if the wind was not the first musician?"

"Caught by the Doric flute, it is passionate music, and passion was early as man," said Professor Link.

"But," said Helen, "it was the intellectual, the Apolline which won in the contest with Marsyas, even when the Muses were umpires."

"Is it best always to draw lines between the intellectual and the passionate?" asked Professor Link. "Impulsive, passionate music was Athena's, from which we may infer that joy of expression and feeling was pleasing to the gods. Music is expression. The more we have to express, the more we may expect of the language. What we will feel determines the music we will have. If the finest qualities are cultivated, the finest music will speak for them."

CHAPTER XXV.

AGREEABLE CHAT.

Did you ask what time it was to me or to you?

IT was the season when life comes back to gladden and beautify, inviting joyousness to all, which every people has embodied in some pleasing myth, into which gods, according to their climate, are introduced. We feel the origin of the old chosen bacchanalian in our own spirit of celebration. Mr. Titus was making a business trip to the Pacific coast, and Helen had come to her old home, a glad duty to her father and uncle.

In her journal she wrote. "I have come to lose myself again, from all that perplexes and harrows me. I must get out of myself and be free again for a few days, that I may go back to what awaits me, prepared to meet bravely the inevitable."

She spent much time out-of-doors. She chose horse-back riding, for alone in the forest she could be with nature. Who has not felt that the out-door world is a soul healer and rejuvenator? It has balms for all maladies.

Another note from her journal said: "I never felt my soul so near God. This is a revival of my best

self with nature. Imbued with the highest instincts which are mine, my soul is aflame with love for all that is good. I shall try to be less crusted and mouldy, for the lack of affection that my soul craves. All the world as well as heaven is love, from the tiniest blade of grass to the mountain, and so long as the sky smiles upon me, and breezes kiss me, I shall feel that strength is around me to support, in whatever is duty, and I will take what my life and my world offer for growth, and feel that in this beautiful world God will not make my life a cipher. In the midst of beauty, I have lost much in narrowing myself, forgetting how much there is beyond the little radius which circumscribes my circle. My soul has burst its bondage. May it never again contract into small thinking. So long as I can command enlarging and ennobling thoughts, I am sure of an existence worthy of preservation. I wish I could give this sky and air to every tired, hungry soul. I am blessed so much above multitudes, that I must in some way praise the All Good continually. My heart goes back to those many struggling ones. Oh, that I might give them of what fills me!"

One morning as she was riding she met Dr. Alexander and Mr. Albrecht Herzman who had just arrived from Germany for the purpose of settling in New York, and following the profession of law. His appearance quite surprised her.

"I am as delighted as surprised," she said. "What wind, lucky to our country, has blown you hither?"

"Out so early!" said Dr. Alexander. "It does you

good. Your face has not so plainly the marks of care as when you first came. Hope this air is not too strong for you." Mr. Herzman's noble form, frank, intelligent countenance and broad, manly brow made him in Helen's eye an Apollo. He looked a model before her, as she asked:

"Have you come to stay?"

"I wish he had brought me some one who would work into my work," said Dr. Alexander. "I need help. Herzman, you do not belong in law. Give it up for medicine. I'll wait for you."

Dr. Alexander's idea was to fit some one into the place who should be a worthy man and capable leader, when he was no longer able for arduous labor. It was a theory of his that a physician should be in the van in all that concerns the interest of a people no less than in medicine.

"You belong to science, Herzman."

"There is science in everything, and we all belong to it. It should work into every life; not into a few professional ones," Mr. Herzman replied.

Helen turned to Dr. Alexander, who had shared equally her reverence and affection for years.

"A physician who honors his profession has the opportunity of building himself into the hearts of his people, as in another position he could not. Practice will soon define his quality. If he be worthy the place, his manhood will develop. No better place is offered for the even, grand development of a man's best qualities."

Helen wished to express thankfulness for his kind

attention to her father, and her uncle, who was much better; but he quickly turned the conversation into the picture before him.

Mr. Herzman replied to something Dr. Alexander said by remarking:

"The lessons of the rocks are always new and acceptable revelations to us."

"Yes," said Dr. Alexander, "but times were and are not quite passed when men kicked against facts. Surrounded as you have been, you have not known much of that. I have felt the pain of it, not for myself, but for the people who would willingly close before them nature's book, the knowledge of which invariably brings to the human race benefits."

"You just told me," said Mr. Herzman, "that advance is always by steps, not leaps. You should have given your people art studies. That always precedes science, is preliminary to scientific or philosophical reasoning."

"Some men care more for barns and stock, and women for butters, jellies and fancywork," said the Doctor.

"That is natural, too," said Mr. Herzman. "It will all come, by and by."

"But that is an indefinitely long time," said the Doctor. "By and by, some one else will write prescriptions, and others gather the harvest in."

"We learn to think of the next generation," said Helen.

"It is that which makes me anxious about this," said the Doctor.

"Science seems to me masculine, art feminine," said Helen. "Art is to science what the trees and grass are to the rocks; take their existence from them and in turn beautify them."

"Throughout creation, in everything even to thought, which is or ought to be above all things," said Dr. Alexander, "there are the masculine and the feminine. Truth is solved by both. One holds the other in the proper circle, so that neither is a tangent."

"Man now reads the layers of the rocks," said Helen. "He is beginning to question the ether. When its answers satisfy, and he has tamed the Pegasus electricity, no one will be reproached for enjoying his service; but each will take gratefully what ministers to his necessities."

"The luxuries of this period may not combine all the necessities of the next, so profligate is civilization," said the Doctor, "but you talk like youth when you speak of gratitude. I find it pure in childhood and age, not so often between."

"Doctor, you are not the one for a misanthrope," said Helen. "I believe that in the heart of man there is power for all good. If it be passive it must be made active; if a germ, quickened. The seed is able to make perfect its home. The salvation of the world depends upon the development of what is inherent in man. Man's heart is not a garden waiting seed, and which in the waiting grows to weeds. The designs of creation are perfect, as evolution will demonstrate. Gratitude belongs to every one as much as hands do to help."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "but you will learn, that there are, nevertheless, certain tendencies, or weaknesses, which appear as if by rule."

"We must love our brother, notwithstanding. With a different fellowship we recognize those who approach our idea of what man may and ought to be," said Helen.

"We cannot tell to what even those in whom we mark deficiencies may attain," said the Doctor. "They may be capable of passing us."

"It is not safe to disdain anything human," said Mr. Herzman. "It is all royal blood."

"I believe you would both feel so," said Helen. "There is nothing to me more absorbingly interesting than to trace the workings of the divinity of man all through history. It lifts my reverence for him almost to a worship, without in the least exciting my self-esteem; since, beside the perfecting are ranged the effects of evil, which is often more prominent, as in the destructive wars, which crowd history."

"Knowledge holds evil in abeyance," said the Doctor.

"Knowledge brings us in harmony with the love which moves the world," said Helen. "Call it God if you will. It is that which is, or should be, the moving principle of our beings. It is inseparable from self."

"Was it Schiller who said, 'When our will is absorbed in the will of God we are divine. We do the works of God?'" asked Doctor Alexander.

"It sounds like him," said Mr. Herzman. "There is divinity in life."

"That is what I have been feeling here this morning. It has been pressing me for expression which you have so kindly and beautifully given for me. Will you always thus speak for me?" asked Helen, addressing both.

"I should only need your inspiration," said Mr. Herzman, with that chivalric gallantry and suaviter which stamp the gentleman.

"That was kindly put," said Helen.

"For one to express another's thought is an indication of perfect companionship," said the Doctor, "than which nothing could be more heavenly. It is the ether of this sphere, the source of all our good, and the lack of it the cause of much more misery than is whispered. Helen, your morning horseback riding is better than a dozen trips to Europe. We shall scarcely believe that you are not our own Helen."

"Which I am," said she.

"Come back to live with us again?" continued the Doctor. "I suppose," said he, "that you will be at Mr. Herzman's to-night."

Helen remembered that there was to be some kind of a social gathering there, and she had engaged to go with her father. She replied by the question:

"Shall I meet you there?"

"Quite likely," replied Doctor Alexander.

He was not habitually absent where others congregate, neither did he fully enter into the spirit of large gatherings. He could lose himself in companionship anywhere. To meet others socially was as

refreshing to him as pleasurable, and he gave himself the benefit always, when not conflicting with other duty.

The antagonism toward mingling with others, he said belonged to a decrepit, lifeless old age which need come to none.

Some remarked that, in company, his keen eyes were taking notes.

As it was near the dinner hour, Helen said:

"You had better dine with father."

Dr. Alexander replied: "I have just about time to do that." Helen turned her horse, and by the way-side path accompanied them, and in a short time they were at table with Mr. Valentine.

"Helen, I want you to read two of Hammond's works, before you return to New York," said the Doctor. "I'll try and get them to you to-morrow. How long do you remain?"

"Until Mr. Titus returns from the West. I take the opportunity of his absence to come home. It may be a week longer."

"It seems like old times, for you to tell her what to read or what to do," said Mr. Valentine.

"I should only be too glad to have him tell me what to read or what to do always," said Helen.

"Upon reflection, would you want to be ordered?" asked the Doctor. "Would you not prefer to act from selfish motives? I mean in the sense that all your motives belong to yourself. I think it a more praiseworthy actuation."

"I should not want your orders to be of a master's

command, perhaps," replied Helen, "but it would be difficult for me to take you in that way. In one thing, our thinking, we can never be compelled in direction. That is the air we breathe and what characterizes us."

"It is pleasant to put thoughts, which are our own, in the way of our friends, that we may think with them," said Mr. Herzman. "I have no conception of any greater happiness than that to be derived from friends thinking with us. It is mutual sympathy which stimulates natures into healthy activity."

"It is certainly the approved method of developing," said Dr. Alexander, "for it is the only condition in which the unfolding is spherical. Not many would have been as beautifully one-sided as Thoreau in his hermitage."

"Which proves how much the out-door, natural life can be to one," said Helen.

"The condition of life for one to aim for is that which puts every faculty into growth," said Mr. Herzman, "just as everything is budding and greening over the land. It is not more the conversation than the fellowship which has civilized France."

"That women have always been in the lead of movements in France shows that their methods of advancement were adapted to them," said Helen. "I think women are more dependent upon friends, associates, than men. You never hear of a remarkably intellectual woman who has not become so in and with a circle of friends. You do hear of philosophers living isolated lives."

"They show their brightness in taking their portions pleasantly done up," said the Doctor.

"It speaks well for every bright, intellectual woman that she has her galaxy," said Mr. Herzman. "It is blissful to congregate for mental nectar. In that France has outdone the world. The Parisians are naturally bright and dramatic."

"'Brightness is always at a premium,'" said Helen. "Just before coming here, I heard a man engaging a boy for some kind of work. After questioning him considerably, he said: 'If you are a bright boy I'll keep you.' The little fellow looked as if his existence began and continued with want, but no matter; if he did not expect to starve, he must be bright, though sleep, food, and a good start in life, which are its requisites, be denied him."

Looking tenderly at her, Mr. Herzman said: "Sensitive natures should not be much in the world's inevitable coldness. They chill to more suffering than the ones they contemplate."

That she should be protected, not blamed for her sympathy touched her like a beam of light from the sun. There is nothing to which a woman is so sensitive as manly protection.

"Mr. Herzman, do you think our progress in humanity which lessens suffering very rapid?" asked Helen.

"We have perceptibly moved in that direction," he replied. "The heads of kings and their vicegerents, who one hundred years ago would have been considered clement, would 'rest uneasy,' indeed,

to-day. Popular opinion is a pretty correct gauge for a nation."

"There is to me a barbarous selfishness, which knowing no honor prowls about and haunts our business centres," said Helen. "I tremble for young men."

"A lady whose acquaintance numbers any homeless young men cannot overrate her responsibilities," said the Doctor. "She can be a preserver to them."

Mr. Herzman asked if a life preserver would save one from sinking, who is made wrong.

"Do not intimate that any may not be attainable unto the perfect, in some existence," replied Helen. "'It's not all of life to live' sounds deeper and deeper, the farther you let out the line. It is so much to me that I do not expect in one lifetime to get to its end. There must be progress beyond. If spirit embodied in matter becomes individualized, enriched, an inference is implied that the Source participates in evolution."

"There is no dividing Creation from its source," said Mr. Herzman. "Evolution is the stamp of all from the lowest to the highest."

"I am as happy to proceed from protoplasm as from Abraham," said Helen. "We all arise from the earth and feed upon it."

"You are getting too fast for me," said Mr. Valentine. "That goes against my senses. Pass the apple butter, Helen."

"Maimonides said, 'When thy senses affirm that which thy reason denies, reject the testimonies of thy senses and listen only to reason,'" said Mr. Herzman.

"Friend Valentine, we differ enough from the lower in our capacity for improvement," said the Doctor.

"One thing father never does is to cry against his age. He is willing to let others believe what they must."

"Yes. I wish to bind none. Reason for yourselves; I do not care for the labor of too much of it."

"I think," said the Doctor, "that Mr. Valentine would interpret a cry against to-day as a sign of transition. If the moral and spiritual tendencies are not descending the intellect is working well, and the croaking is music to the ear of the man whose interest is in progress."

"Doctor, do you know," asked Helen, "that the string which, to-day, some are harping upon is that education is sharpening rogues and increasing their numbers, as well as the old one that it leads away from God? It is not a fit hold for the Middle Ages. They cannot comprehend the meaning of education. Did they, they would know that whatever expects an influence much beyond the present must stand with and for education in its broadest sense."

"I am happy to think that only a few people in America think it possible to drive other's opinions," said Mr. Herzman. "In that, some countries in Europe are woefully in the rear."

"I hope you may be so fortunate as to always think so," said Helen, with a bitter recollection of her own experience. But she dashed away the recall, with a determination to make the most of her day.

"By the crushing out of individual independence,

the dark ages would be invited to return," said the Doctor. "It is not just the North American Indian way, but nevertheless a successful method of braining people."

"It is not safe to give man the power of others. Will it ever be?" asked Mr. Valentine.

"A child is safe in the absolute power of a well-conditioned mother," replied Helen.

"Why?" asked the Doctor.

"Because of her love," replied Helen.

"Woman is at once the shrine of divinest wisdom and perfect love," said the Doctor. "Since there is no limit to progress except in perfection we may presume that mankind may attain to its ideal enshrined in its Cybele or Mary. Then, when Wisdom and Love shall together be enshrined, all overbearance or injustice shall be changed to protection and assistance."

"It will be spirit, not matter; love, not force; and both," said Helen.

"It is noticeable," said Mr. Herzman, "that the tower lights are, to-day, in the 'City of the World.'"

"That is hardly remarkable," said Doctor Alexander, "since the requisite freedom is there. All along history, periods of rapid intellectual growth have succeeded and conjoined those of abandon from restraint."

"These brilliant periods captivate me," said Helen. "I shall never be satisfied until I have a salon towards which the lights centre."

"Such have always been electrical workers," said the Doctor. "The currents have never been quite

lost. I suppose the greatest difficulties, in the organization of these circles, are that Mr. A., just the one desirable, happens to be wedded to one who would be most undesirable, and Mrs. B., who would in fact be indispensable, would feel obliged to bring Mr. B., who would, in all probability, defeat the object of the meeting."

"Pity 'tis true," said Helen. "Those circles must be small. If you enlarge them you are sure to spoil conditions. They must be so foreign to the tastes of Mrs. A. and Mr. B. that they would remain away, and that is not pleasant."

"Let the queen attract her own court, make her own Camelot," said Mr. Herzman. "This is inexpressibly delightful to me. Thirteen could not make it more so."

"Do you refer to the court or the geese?" asked Helen. "I hope not both at once."

"Geese have long been sacred," said Mr. Valentine.

"I suppose," said Helen, "that salons as they existed in the political tumblings up of Europe will never return. Ours must shape themselves to fit our times and wants."

"Helen," said Mr. Valentine, "there comes your evil genius." They looked up to see Mr. Crane's Rozinante in front, and himself approaching the house.

"I suppose," said Helen, "he still divides his time between funerals and vendues; which means that when he is not a Saint Peter he is a Peter Funk. Wonder if the robins are afraid of him as ever? His

face still indicates that his cerebral surface is as smooth as this apple."

"Shall I dissect him here and determine?" asked the Doctor.

"I suppose," said Helen, "that were his body in infinitesimal pieces, with numerous other bodies in like manner divided, his faith in the resurrection would be strong enough to replace each atom at the sound of Gabriel's horn. But we must be careful not to despise one for all his deficiencies. He may call for pity rather than blame, and contempt always harms the despiser."

"The clarinet, my dear, has superseded the old fish horn," said the Doctor, in a whispered tone.

As they arose from the table, the Doctor said in a whispered tone: "We'll have to take our cigars on the way to-day."

Helen thought that every day would be a treasure trove with such minds around her. She said, aloud:

"How much I have lost, wasted; how much has escaped me."

If half the world had stopped to think, might it not have united voice with her?

Mr. Valentine said as he took his paper: "You are getting back to yourself, daughter."

"Can we ever go back?" she asked. "Does not all we feel or see work to our moulding? It seems to me in our minds are wrought what we have lived. Too bad our faces will not discriminate in what they reflect."

"Child, the same careless, thoughtless expression which so well fits the youth, and has its own charms,

would be vapid enough to one who asks soulful companionship."

"The child joys and sorrows; but his emotions are to the feelings of mature years what the ripple is to the cataract," said Helen.

"As man ages," said Mr. Valentine, "he takes to himself a true fullness in all things, which tranquilizes his emotions."

"Father, was not I a child whose feelings were on the outside?"

"Certainly, you were very demonstrative."

"You do not know how well I hide myself, now. I can feel enough to turn the East river, and no one know it."

He looked at her, almost inquiringly, half-sorrowfully. She did not intend that her precious father should ever know how she suffered. Had she told anything?

Mr. Valentine was not the keen reader of human nature that some are, but that she was making the best of life, which might have been more, forced itself upon him, though he tried to repel it. Nothing was clearly defined with him.

"It's a pity to have one's nature locked," he said. "It's great injustice to the individual."

As a sortie, Helen said: "I have seen children so suppressed under the surveillance of their guardians that there was little hope for their crushed wills."

At that moment, the mail was brought in, and both busied themselves with it. There was one letter

from a Mr. Willis in New York, concerning a young Mr. Abel, whom Mr. Valentine had befriended. He handed the letter to his daughter.

"You are ready to recommend him, are you not? But what a pity that his life should be side by side with that man," said Helen.

"Yes, a pity," said her father, "but the struggle for place is so great that the question for a young man is what can, not what would, he do? He must be satisfied with what will provide a meagre boarding house, homeless existence, until he becomes necessary to some one. With Willis, he would improve in business knowledge. I do not think in other ways, unless he has it in him."

"But that means such a withering of other as important qualities," said Helen.

Mr. Valentine said, pensively: "Willis was something of a man before his race for money began. His children were nothing more to be proud of than was his wife. All his ambitions and desires centred in money. Yet I always used to think him pretty good-hearted."

"Perhaps," said Helen, "being disappointed in the first demands of his nature, he concentrated his ability upon what, could the best part of him have been satisfied, would have been of secondary importance. If he were strong in his propensities, naturally he would put force into what he did."

"That he was," said her father, "and perhaps, in proportion as he suffered for what was not satisfied, he rushed in another direction. Then, too, his business,

that of money lending in a 'scalping' way, will drag a man down to meanness. A man has much to thank his fortune for that finds his industry in commerce or manufacturing, or, better still, in the broad fields."

"A man who owns the broad fields has much more to be thankful for than the tillers," said Helen. "A man who controls an industry has a lookout; but think of these poor workmen. What chance has a child who must work himself out, every day, from the time he will be accepted in a mill?"

"There is a chance for promotion if he prove himself equal to a better place," said her father.

"But if a child, before he is physically or mentally developed, exhausts himself daily, in a tread-mill occupation, where is the chance for him ever to be fit for anything better?" she asked.

"But, daughter, you must not forget that these people rise from generation to generation."

"Do they? Then they must have a great deal of yeast in them. I should think they would degrade."

"Come, what shall I say to Willis?"

"If I recommended Mr. Abel, I should take pains to uncover his eyes; mix a few drachms of acid with his sweet innocence," replied Helen.

"He's had some sharpening experiences, since you have seen him. If I do not recommend him, the fact may some time injure him."

"Think of Mr. Willis, father. Do you not suppose that such men look forward to a time when their home wants will be gratified, and their longing increases the intensity of their efforts, until they feel

as a man would in building a temple, the completion of which would date the beginning of his glory, a bubble which he blindly imagines contains every desire of his heart."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Valentine, thoughtfully.

"I do not know as I shall ever cease to marvel at revelations," said Helen. "Many of the wealthy prominent homes are loveless. In the so-called middle classes there is a larger proportion of marriages of affection."

"And among the laboring classes yet more," said her father. "There is a compensation of life often forgotten."

"It has quieted me as nothing else has in my sympathy for them," said Helen.

Helen went to the kitchen to prepare something for a neighboring family. Mr. Valentine turned to his cigars. "Ah! there is more in that girl than I knew," he said to himself. A half fear that he had not done best for her in pressing her marriage came over him. "Had I been as conscious of the rock in her as I am now, I would have done better by her; but she had a good education."

Many things are in the line of education, which, if they came into early life, would enrich the whole remainder. Some lessons we obstinately refuse, even when older, as if knowledge of truth could ever be to one's disadvantage.

Helen entered the library, saying: "Father, Mrs. Bryan is coming to-morrow."

"You are attached to her?"

"She is, and has been, much to me."

"The old ought to be good companions for the younger," said her father. "She is a superior woman."

"I am very glad," said Helen, as she ran up-stairs to see that her room was in waiting order.

Aunt Peggy appeared to see what was in process; and, being told of a guest expectant, her nose went up and her mouth down, as she said: "Seems to me you own two houses."

"I'm going soon, very soon, Aunt Peggy; endure me a little longer, if you can."

How easy it was for her not to feel irritated, when she was so full of joy. There is nothing so sweetening as a touch of passion. Bear in mind there are many kinds of passion—the intellectual, the spiritual. Other passions, as holy as they are helpful, come into life, obedient to the highest. Life is never so interesting, both to the actor and the observer, as when an ennobling passion rules.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DANCE PARTY.

Light heartedness is the hard cash of happiness.

Without thirst we should not know that we needed refreshing.

IN the evening, as Helen entered the hall of the Herzman house, with her father, Dr. Alexander said:

"Her proud, dignified bearing is coming back, but it is tempered with that humble self-reliance one notices in people of deep thought. Where will you find her match?"

"I presume in her husband," replied Mr. Albrecht Herzman.

"Hump! You'll take a few more lessons before you graduate," said the Doctor in a low tone, then added: "She had a bruised, a drooping appearance. I mourned her marriage, but she is coming out all right, and has lived more than a life-time is to some already. A woman who understands all kinds of languages has an opportunity in the city, which the country does not afford. One never knows what the world may be to another. The muscle of that woman's understanding shows exercise."

Helen enjoyed the genial social air, which, despite

all effort, she could never sense with Mr. Titus. She was in an element natural to her, and her joyous, bounding nature found expression in her face and step. There was a mingling of girlish joy and womanly dignity, which quite astonished her father.

Dr. Alexander advanced to meet them as they withdrew from the reception-room to the hall, whose spaciousness invited dancing. Already, the library and parlors were enlivened by the movements which were timed by the music.

"Does this seem as of yore? Not so very long ago either," said the Doctor. "I should claim the pleasure of the first dance, since I have forbidden your father much exercise, but for an unmerciful stamp Don just gave my foot. If the music should before midnight act the part of Esculapius, may I consider myself engaged," taking her programme "for the tenth?"

"Certainly; but, seriously, is your foot injured?" She found a chair and brought it to him at once. It was in the same easy, kindly manner that she formerly anticipated his wants.

"Where is Mr. Albrecht Herzman?" asked Helen. "Let your Jonathan, Pylades, Patrocles, see your foot."

"It does not need any attention," he replied. Just then Mr. Albrecht Herzman addressed them, and Helen said: "Our Achilles is wounded."

"Where is Paris that I may slay him?" asked Mr. Herzman.

"See, Doctor, he is a true Myrmidon," said Helen.

"Have you been to the Venusberg?" asked Mr. Herzman of the Doctor.

"His faithful Eckhardt, or Tannhäuser, was engaged for the evening," said Helen. "See what came of it."

"Shall we join in the time-keeping?" asked Mr. Herzman.

As Mr. Valentine and the Doctor watched them, the former noted the lithe step.

"I'm glad to see her more cheerful," he said.

"And not less thoughtful," added the Doctor.

"Are you fond of dancing?" asked Mr. Herzman of Helen, as they gracefully and easily stepped to one of Straus's inimitables. -

"Yes; enough to have accompanied Oberon and Titania to the North 'to dance by the light of the moon.' Do you not enjoy it?"

"Yes; but I was thinking that if I had taken that journey Northward, I should have been as much of an observer as participator in the dance."

"Are you one of Teufelsdröckh's disciples, from WeissnichtWo?"

"Not that kind of observation," he replied. "I meant the light of the North, which was not the moon."

"Would it not be well worth a pilgrimage there to study the aurora borealis?"

"One ought to get something to bring back. We have waited long for an explanation," she said.

"Had I accompanied the before-mentioned parties, I think I should have divided my attention between that and trying to awaken the 'Sleeping Beauty of the Wood,'" said Mr. Herzman.

"Do you find a prototype of her in Brunhilde?" asked Helen.

"Yes," replied Mr. Herzman. "What would a 'Sleeping Beauty' be to you?"

"Any gift, as learning, art; an industry which was not yet brought into active service to civilization," she replied.

"At the making of the myth, war was considered the art, primitive as it was, viewed from our age," said Mr. Herzman.

"Think of calling War a Beauty!" interrupted Helen. "I wish she had always slept!"

"It was a servant to enlightenment, though so fierce a one," said Mr. Herzman. "As you were speaking, I thought of an undeveloped mine as answering for a 'Sleeping Beauty.'"

"I have always longed to be active in developing the resources of this country," said Helen. "My blood flows quicker when I think of having a part in the growth of this nation."

"There are many kinds of undeveloped wealth," said Mr. Herzman.

"Yes, and what is invaluable to one is not necessary to another," she added.

"So long as a person cannot distinguish between iron pyrites and gold ore, either will do for him," said Mr. Herzman.

"Has the United States as much gold for you as Prussia has?" she asked.

"I cannot say that," he answered; "but place has not so much advantage as some give it. Wherever the necessities to one's best being are, there he ought to anchor."

"You are fortunate in the friendship of Dr. Alexander," she said.

"He is a man!" Mr. Herzman replied.

"I can see how this country may attract," said Helen; "but one favored as you have been must feel, anywhere, out of your literary, philosophical and scientific circles, as if losing."

"But life cannot always be complete in such schools, such they are," he said. "There must be transplanting. I have a craving for work which shall be my own."

"You wish to distinguish yourself in your profession?" she asked. "I think of you as a scientific man."

"I care less to distinguish myself than to do good work," he replied.

"Every one should be friendly to science. It is revelation.

"There are some very good thinkers here," he added. "A person needs only a few chosen minds to keep himself in good order. Every one has his own polarization, as you see here to-night. I noticed some works upon art, on a library table at your father's to-day. Is it a favorite study of yours?"

"Yes. It is preparatory to much for me," Helen replied. "Through a piece of art I catch a thought and trace it through ages, and always end with ourselves. You have had opportunities in Europe of studying art that have been denied me."

"It would gratify you to have the assistance of those galleries," he replied, "but much of its meaning is attainable here. I judge, by a conversation I over-

heard between you and Dr. Alexander, that the pleasure derived from color and form is not all for which you study it."

"I see in its varieties the inevitable results of the changing states and circumstances of mankind. When I wish to satisfy my curiosity of very early times, art is my best guide," said Helen.

"With her songs, paintings and chiseled marble, she has spanned the gulfs which war and time have made; and over those bridges we reach our far away ancestors," said Mr. Herzman.

"Modern art touches my sentiments," said Helen.

"All things modern are eloquent speeches to me. All kinds of thought, political, religious, scientific or artistic, have slowly evolved to the present."

"Sublimely slow," she said.

"Necessarily," he added.

They had been resting from the dance, and were looking at a touching piece of genre art, by Millet, which hung above a bracket upon which rested some attractively bound volumes of Dickens and George Eliot, when Mr. Herzman said: "While we wait for the next dance, tell me what you think of genre art."

"I like it best of all, because it is essentially the outgrowth of human thought," she replied. "It certainly proves the evolution of the spirit of man, the tracing of which is to me rife with interest. Genre will live; because it speaks to the heart it cannot die."

"True," said Mr. Herzman, "that which addresses the intellect may be forgotten, that which appeals to feeling will live."

"It will live, too, because it expresses the transcendentalism of the period, the realism which succeeds idealism and supernaturalism," said Mr. Herzman. Some other time may I have the pleasure of looking at my Uncle's photographs with you? As poorly as they represent, we can read from them."

"Certainly. I believe he has traveled much with you, has he not?"

"I have had the pleasure of accompanying him sometimes. We think together upon so many subjects that his companionship is delightful to me. But we have often said, when looking at something, that we would like a lady's opinion."

"I should find pleasure in looking at anything with you, which would draw out your opinions. All people interest me; some in particular," she said.

"I wonder whether I belong to the all or the some?"

"You would not be flattered if I said the very few?"

Helen felt rested. She had never danced with so little weariness; and when they found her father, a little later, Mr. Valentine thought he had seldom seen his daughter more animated.

"You enjoy the sports?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Helen. Then, turning to the Doctor, she said: "Do you not think that by taking our study, our earnest lessons, performing our tasks in a pleasurable manner, we gain more and lose less?"

"I wonder," interrupted Mr. Herzman, "if we can ever approach the realization of that, as did the Greeks?"

"When we have outgrown the morbid asceticism which succeeded in the train of changes," said the Doctor.

"The German people," said Mr. Herzman, "from their constitution, quite early placed themselves against rigid social conditions."

"Let me see," said Helen, taking Mr. Herzman's arm offered for a promenade, "Eulenspiegel and Reinecke Fuchs are exponents of the spirit of their time. They were among the first to attack the then existing social condition, were they not? The name meistersinger touches me. They tried to harmonize their lives with their labor."

"So far as we know, they were the first. German literature is not so very old," he answered. "Its infancy was under the Hohenstoffs, that house of Suabia. I notice a growing spirit here toward freedom and joyousness."

"The tendency," remarked Helen, "is to go too far when once a people get started. They are like a flock of sheep, who will rush together even over a precipice."

"Purity of purpose and humanity will be your safeguard," said Mr. Herzman.

"You speak wisely," Helen said, and then added: "You must be proud of your country's literature."

"It furnishes good thought to feed upon, good light to see by. What you speak of is not Germany's. It is the world's."

"I know," said Helen, "she has been an impetus to a general revolution of thought as was France of

manners. Who was it said, 'She has passed Descartes and Locke, as did the Alexandrians Plato and Aristotle, and her philosophy and sublimity of thought have horizoned the world?'"

"Whatever a nation or an individual attains of intellectual or scientific value belongs to the world. Germany rejoices in Carlyle and Emerson, as you do in Goethe," said Mr. Herzman.

"What an intellectual trio! The Augustin age or the Elizabethian era knew no such," remarked Helen. "I think it was Richter who said, 'Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; and to the German that of the air.' A cunning way to hint of your speculations. The keynote of the modern philosophies which we regard is humanity. We may listen long before we get it distinctly and surely.

"A very limited knowledge of philosophy as well as science ought to enlarge our sympathies and interests," said Mr. Herzman. "The same laws which govern one existence preside over all. They are able to guide us into better living. They are 'hand in hand with humanity.' The new literature and the new art are her helpers; as are the electric echoes, over the land and under the waters, which put into action all thinking material."

"I like realism," said Helen, "but I do not want to give up a side of life it does not touch. Particularly here in the country, I feel imbued with the spirit of an ideal world, which clothes all life with attractive color."

"Idealism is the coloring of life's pictures," said Mr. Herzman. "Realism asserts herself in the composition."

"Does not the perfection of the picture require both?" asked Helen. "We do not the less value Wieland's questioning how the 'external world influences human development,' and whether 'wisdom and virtue are supported by the force of nature,' because we drink from the pure streams of poetry which flow from Klopstock's sentiment, or are soothed by the graceful and melodious strains of the 'Oberon.' I like to feel a stirring of the ideal."

"All fine natures do," he said. "Perhaps through my too practical thinking that part of me is neglected. I am susceptible to improvement in that direction as in every other. I look to my friends to keep me in shape. I am sometimes pained that the people with whom I would choose to spend time grow fewer and fewer, yet I love the whole more and more. I hope it is not that my soul is diminishing, or that I am growing selfish. Do you ever feel that to admit some into your presence you spoil your own condition, let yourself down below your belongings? I do, and am continually under self-chastisement for not being strong enough to sustain myself."

"Some support me above myself," said Helen.

"Understanding that you will be able to make most of your powers by putting and keeping yourself in good condition," said Mr. Herzman. "That is the secret of many people's greatness."

"The person who bends everything and every one

to his own wants is the one the world honors. He may be a selfish person; nevertheless, to make the most of what we have looks like obedience to creation, but never at another's sacrifice."

"One thing, at which I greatly marvel," said Mr. Herzman, "and to which I cannot be reconciled, is that the circumstances of people of ability to soar above their habitual dwelling are weights to their wings. Whole lives have been and are records of futile effort to rise."

"I suppose the genius of life to be to outwit circumstances," said Helen. "Certainly, if we let them weigh us to the earth, all possible purpose in them is defeated. If through them we gain strength to rise, bearing them, have we not pressed them into our service? We can be happy in proportion to our strength, for in it rests our security. We grow strong with difficulty, but it is worth the earning. There is a possibility of being so sure of following the highest, and having so much strength within ourselves that we realize little friction, our movements are above."

After a pause, Helen said: "The gentlemen here are scientific in taste, are they not? It is of inestimable value to a family to have such an unprejudiced, truth-seeking father."

"This is a model home," he replied, then added: "And to the models, the great numbers are tending."

Mr. Herzman was a little time silent; but in looking into Helen's face he saw a soul which accorded with his own. She was happy to find his convictions and speculations not in discord with her own. Look-

ing at the cases of specimens, she was enjoying his companionship none the less if he were silent.

At last she said: "I can never express my reverence for science."

"It is an enviable field for work," said Mr. Herzman. "Upon it rests everything. It is truth, which, like jewels, comes from the earth. They are there. We are to find them and set them in our daily thought."

"Yes," said Helen. "Science is our security, our 'stronghold.' It underlies the deep foundation of all permanent faith. It is the rock on which I would plant my standard, and which does not controvert but offers an abiding-place to spirituality."

"What is true will live," said Mr. Herzman, "and nothing encourages truth, in every direction, like science, which comes to us by long and close study of nature."

They were again silent-looking at some rare rocks, and satisfied in each other's presence, when Mr. Max Herzman, now a man who ought to be counting business years, asked her for a dance. She could not help feeling that she would prefer to remain with the rocks; but she glided with him to the parlor where every one looked joyous and happy.

Mr. Max Herzman was one of those not over fond of exertion, and could comfortably spend his days in seeking enjoyment.

"What a selfish fellow my cousin is, to keep you all to himself. I'll settle with him later!" said Mr. Max.

"Can't you let this dance settle it?" asked Helen.

"If put off, it might grow more difficult. You might be compelled to prove that he did keep me."

"It's downright mean of a fellow, because he fancies a lady, to try and keep every one else out of her train," he continued, talking to himself, but for her ears.

"To keep every one off mine, I wore a short dress to-night!" said Helen.

"Oh!— What's going on in New York?" asked Mr. Max.

"Everything. You have only to find what you want."

"I think I should like to live in New York, if I had an income of twenty thousand a year," said Mr. Max.

"Most people with such incomes have had a part in their gaining. You might come and try your hand," said Helen.

"If I set about making an amount, I think it would be easier done in the West."

"Perhaps so," said Helen. "The right kind of application and shrewdness will do it here, or anywhere out of a desert.

"Or swamp," added Mr. Max.

"Swamps will be our gardens," said Helen. "The richest lands are left for the last, when they will be most needed."

"I'll let some later edition drain them," said Mr. Max. "I do not enjoy the society of frogs. Perhaps you can interest my cousin in the development of the dead interests of this country."

"He will find his field in the less material development of thought," she replied.

"Fact. Each man has his work," said Mr. Max. "I labor at the development of smoke and—"

"A good time generally?" asked Helen.

"Well, yes. That is a part of my creed."

"It is a good creed for the best instincts; an unsafe one for others. I am not going to sermonize. Tell me what you are reading, doing, thinking about."

The music stopped, and they went into the dining-hall to refresh themselves. As they were looking for a seat, Mr. Max asked quietly: "Did I not just do what I intended? There is Albrecht looking for you. I owe him two yet."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HELEN VISITS THE DOCTOR.

THE next day, Mrs. Bryan, Mr. Valentine and Helen were sitting in the library, when Mr. Albrecht Herzman called. He greeted them affably, and said that Dr. Alexander wished him to bring Mrs. Titus over to his office. He wanted to talk with her about the books he had requested her to read.

"Is he lame to-day?" asked Helen.

"He is most comfortable in his chair. He did not get a severe bruise," was the reply.

"Sit awhile," said Mr. Valentine, as he offered him a chair.

"Mrs. Bryan was telling us of her former travels in Spain," said Helen. "The country fascinates me, while I deplore the state of things which produced its attractive buildings and its present inertness."

"It's productive days were long ago," said Mr. Herzman. "It is an example of how much kings can do for people, and how little permanency there is to it when the people do not make the standard."

"Nations," said Mrs. Bryan, "are like individuals. You sometimes see a person who by the strength of friends is held above the mark he would indicate if left to himself."

Mr. Valentine remarked that sooner or later, almost every one is left to find his own place.

Mr. Herzman said: "Spain waits time to establish herself, if not in her pristine glory, in a more permanent distinction, that which its climate would naturally give it."

"It was Europe's vantage ground," said Helen, "when the learning borne by Alexander from Greece followed the Saracens through Africa into Spain to meet the Greek thought of the West."

"I always revert to Greece," said Mr. Herzman, "as the fountain from which we all drink. Her hills and vales are sacred to me, but most of all Athens. Whenever I am weary or dissatisfied, I return to Athens, as did they of old."

"Let's go back to Athens," said Helen, pensively.

"Through the learning of all time since, we do return," said Mrs. Bryan. "I notice a continually increasing reference to the Greeks. It is not alone their literature, but the people, their habits, and a reaching out for the philosophy of their history; an interrogation into their brilliancy, its causes and conditions, as if we could by answers repeat them, in our times and country. I understand the present as striving after conditions, reaching out for the requisites of a brilliant intellectual era."

"We have had much grinding labor to bring our country to its present flourishing state," said Mr. Valentine, "some deathly struggles, which tested the Hercules."

"If we could now rest enough to invite philosophy

and the muses, it would be history repeating itself," said Helen.

Mrs. Bryan remarked: "The freedom of thought and inclination to give our gods a foundation in nature say more to me than they once did."

She believed these to be preliminary to something before which we must all stand in veneration. She saw the dawning of an awakening in truth, such as would make us wonder. The workers of this movement in their 'spontaneity of thought' saw less than those who looked at all from some eminence. The majority leave the analysis of its work to its successors.

"I like that word spontaneity," said Helen. "It seems to me another for naturalness. A child is spontaneous. When people get into a joyous naturalness, a spontaneity, the arts, science and philosophy will flourish; it invites them."

"We have almost passed a false, unnatural period," said Mrs. Bryan, "which must shape, color and stucco everything to suit itself before receiving it. The soul of things has been less than their ornaments. Through our love of ornament, we went back to the statues and carvings of the Greeks, and found there that the embellishment only veiled the soul; and with an enthusiasm for substance, truth, soul, spirit, we tear away the webs, which, in our conventional moods, we have woven with set patterns, winding sheets, for what was not yet dead, and never can die. At my age, when I have seen the notions of one period corrected in another, I am less interested in what is popular than in what will live."

"Mrs. Bryan, you never seem to be of any age to me," said Helen; "you have so much fullness of life, richness of thought, and penetration of vision, that to me, at least, you will never be old."

"My friend, what a charming way of telling me that I hang upon your affections. It's a responsibility. We have no right to take the place to our friends of articles once useful, now grown old and faded. That which is life in us can by the aid of right living and thinking keep fresh to the end, though the body age. The Greek statues expressed their philosophy of life; maturity, not age. Age properly is a yielding of the material to the invisible. It is the crowning of life. When it comes without its gloria, it is because it is attained out of nature's path, which is an ascent, not a declension."

"Teach us to grow old so beautifully," said Mr. Herzman. For a little while there was silence, when Mr. Herzman said: "There was a great deal too in the ideal Greek statues being unsexed, neither masculine nor feminine, between the two, both. I think the highest, best thought is still that. Anything that is either, is imperfect. The uniting of both is truth. For my surest ideas I want to put myself in feminine atmosphere."

"How I have felt that I dare not let mine go, because they were not masculine enough to bear testing," said Helen.

"It is the mingling, like two drops of water, that makes the imperishable, whose birth and life are joy," said Mrs. Bryan. "It gladdens my soul to see this

understanding. It is only discerned through purity; for there only can it be comprehended. It is this unison of thought that makes every great age. It is as necessary to it as were Aspasia and Pericles to the Aspasian-Periclean period. It is creation's key to greatness. When great men and great women meet freely and exchange thought, soul to soul, like incense from an altar will arise the essence of good and float a benediction to man."

"It would be a heaven to me to be able always to bring to myself sympathetic thought," said Helen, longingly.

Mrs. Bryan remarked: "A life without it is a sacrifice of its best possibilities. I am inclined to think," said she, "that so much incompleteness was necessary before people could attain to a spirituality which would purchase a freedom requisite to best growth. If life be a discipline, so is all time to mankind. We are invited to glean from all that has gone before us."

"Is there never any danger," asked Mr. Valentine, "of gathering thistles with the grain?"

"The light of ages will, through purity of conscience, show us what to spurn," replied Mr. Herzman. "You cannot gather thistles, without feeling their thorns, neither can you see the full, ripe heads of grain, without feeling that there is life to feed upon."

"It is to me beautiful," said Helen, "that our bread is of life germs. I am down to the material now. I often think it symbolical that what we can absorb of truth is building ourselves of truth, which is life."

"The breaking of bread with others: Yes"—and Mrs. Bryan seemed to lose herself in the far away.

Mr. Herzman finally said: "The bread you offer me is sweet. I would fain partake continuously; but"—turning to Helen—"shall we go and fulfill the wish of Dr. Alexander?"

As Helen went into the hall for hat and wrap Mrs. Bryan said to Mr. Herzman:

"You have brought with you European knowledge, and here will help to strike the lights, for which the atmosphere is preparing. They will outshine any now in Europe. Can we surely judge the evening by the morning?"

"There comes in the sadness," said he, "that there must ever be an evening to a morning. It seems to be natural in evolution. It all works by sunrising and setting."

"Evening," said Mrs. Bryan, "is not less the herald of another day than the closer of this one's portals. If we are not people of the to-morrow we may be gods of it."

"You minister to me," said Mr. Herzman. "Your spirituality lifts me from the material."

"It would be better, did I spiritualize the material," said she. "Spirit works through matter. Science delves in matter, unconscious that it has yet to deal with spirit, which pervades all matter that lives. It is at the marriage of the spiritual and scientific that the gods will drink to long life."

"May I be a cup-bearer to the feast," said Mr. Herzman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AUNT PEGGY MARS PLEASURE.

With you I am en rapport with intelligence greater than I am.

There is no judgment so cheap or plentiful as that of the ignorant.

“**I** LIKE your friend's illustration of the mingling of two drops of water. I would draw it a little farther and say the waters made wine,” said Mr. Herzman as they were riding down from Dr. Alexander's.

“A miracle?” asked Helen.

“Of such as are always and everywhere,” he replied. “Tell me why one person's thoughts affect me like a dead language; full of truth, but lacking in living potency; while perhaps the same from another electrify?”

“It is easier for me to tell you to keep in the current, than to say why,” said Helen.

“It is easier for you to tell me, than for me to obey,” he added.

“Mrs. Bryan has taught me to take tribute of the experience of all who have lived before me,” she said. “It ought to be an advantage to live last; as the last architect has the buildings of his predecessors to improve upon.”

"You are right," he added. "We are to use wisdom in the improving. Naturally, I am more of an Epimetheus than a Prometheus. Could I always have some one with whom to cast about, I should never cease looking for wisdom."

"What is wisdom?" asked Helen.

"Truth; and what of truth a man knows is his wisdom," Mr. Herzman replied.

"Keep getting," said Helen. "It is a mine free to all for the digging."

"Yes. But you must be able to recognize a jewel unpolished," he said. "In the mine of truth each works for himself. Nothing goes at second hand; but the one who gets the most has some one to hold a light for him." He looked at her and said: "Any one could see clearly by your light."

"Your society helps me," she said. "I should enjoy an influence over you that would hold you in perfect keeping with the One whose image you are. Is not companionship an aid in development? The command to be perfect is accompanied by natural means of attaining perfection."

They halted that they might not disturb a flock of sheep passing that way, when Helen said:

"It was through Phillipa that Philip of Valois became the 'royal wool merchant.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Herzman, "ideas she took from Flanders made him a manufacturer and patron of commerce. It was the beginning of England's honoring industry as it deserves. The Lord High Chancellor's woolsack is a national motto now. I always feel like

taking off my hat to a laborer. The touch of his hard hand is a full lecture. Some things must yet adjust themselves. We do not do him justice always. It is not intentional. The clamoring to accomplish is so great we grow selfish. Justice will eventually rule." Then returning to commerce he said: "The greatest near work of this country is the building of its commerce. The times call for it, and its place in the civilization of nations demands it. It will be a power to this people; to all progress. Every nation bearing its part in commerce will be an evening of the condition of the laborer over the world. The commercial interests of a nation will somewhat control its protection. Things will find their level."

"Supposing they are leveled," said Helen. "Increase of population will in time make the question, 'How shall we live?' the alarming one. It is not now; but it will be."

"Science will postpone that," said Mr. Herzman. "I thought you would have a trustfulness to quiet all such questionings."

"I ought to have. Let us talk of something else. These outlooks disturb my tranquility."

"Well," said Mr. Herzman, "do you like what Emerson says of Shakspeare? 'He is strong as nature is strong, who lifts the lands into mountain slopes, without effort and by the same rule as she floats, a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other.'"

"I always like Emerson. His inspiration is to one elevating and purifying."

"Thank you for mentioning my countryman first; however, 'the high priest of modern feeling' belongs to all, as you said last evening. None but those who think near him have a special claim. Nationality, kindred, dims before universal thought. He was one of the first of this century to analyze and question. The literature and art of the eighteenth century had sown its seed broadcast. We will soon be in the Creative period, which follows the Why!"

"It is the first notes of questioning that sound like cannon ball upon water," said Helen, "and at which all the shell fish draw under cover. But they come out again. Disinterested curiosity is a power in enlightenment. It was yourself, not I, who said he belonged to the world, however. I want to talk much with you of Goethe and that period of German Literature of which he was peer, because I want your opinions upon many things."

"I want to talk much with you upon everything I ever thought," he said. "I feel like doing over again all that I have ever done, that it may be perfected by and through you. Strange that I gave my own expression to you; I'll appropriate yours next."

"You are very welcome to any thought of mine, if it would be helpful for you," she said.

As they neared the house, Mr. Herzman asked Helen when she could go to his Uncle's to look at the photographs and engravings, which were reminders of what they had seen.

"Some time," she replied. "If not now, when I come again."

As they drove to the gate, Aunt Peggy's cervical vertebra gave a slip, which dropped her head and raised her eyes, while the corners of her mouth described their customary slope, and she disappeared around the corner, her watch tower. Helen understood that she thought that 'things needed regulating.'

She said to herself: "I am never afraid to be viewed from the heights. It is the views from valleys, which are intercepted by sensual clouds, of which I am suspicious. One person may no more understand another than a Zulu does an Englishman. If one lives on top, had he not better form an esoteric brotherhood? Contact is too often contamination. It is so suggestive of what is under my feet. Oh! to live above, where I can ever quench my longing with the nectar of the gods.

"If Hebe reach down to me a goblet, I'll quaff the liquid, though Aunt Peggy's cerebellum suffer. If need be, I'll listen to geese cackle, and take it as a prelude to something better; but my walk shall be beside limpid waters, above their flight."

How distressing that the sight of a person has power to dispel conditions in which we entertain our best guests. The person has all advantage who has power to hold himself with and from those he chooses. Helen felt the good she had gotten half lost in the one sight of Aunt Peggy. The person who thus pulls another down is responsible for more than, in his state, he can comprehend.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHANCEY'S NEW HOME.

"**I** SAY, Colonel, can I leave this little fellow with you while I drive around this morning?" asked Dr. Alexander.

"I suppose so. Where did you pick him up? Did you steal him?"

Chancey was in full chase after the fowls, and had stirred them to a cackling, which called the attention of the men at the barn.

Dr. Alexander replied to Colonel Stanton by saying: "I brought the child from New York yesterday."

It was a little waif that Mrs. Titus had provided for since very early infancy. The family who had cared for it was broken up, and Mrs. Titus asked him to bring it out and secure it a good home. This the Doctor said, adding:

"I think the family with whom Miss Bernard has boarded was the one that brought the child through so far. It is one of Helen's kindnesses. She's full of them. She wants the child adopted where it will be well educated and sensibly reared. Do you know where it would be apt to find a good home? If Mrs. Stanton were living I would speak to her about it."

"It's as fine a child as I ever saw," said the Colonel. "No wonder Mrs. Titus is interested in it."

"There is material for the making of a man, I'll warrant," the Doctor said. "He may not be contented. I do not know what to do for him. If it had not been the request of a lady, I could have easily refused such a commission. Miss Bernard is coming to-day to visit Miss Morgan. I have a mind to give the youngster to her, until I can satisfy myself in his permanent home."

"He can't be more than six years old," mused the Colonel.

"I did not ask her his age," said the Doctor. "Chancey," called out he, "will you just chase those chickens until I come back? That's a boy! Make them fly!"

"Confound you!" said the Colonel as the Doctor cracked his whip.

Late in the afternoon, when Dr. Alexander drove up to Colonel Stanton's he brought with him Miss Bernard. Chancey's light curly hair was tossing in the wind as he was running with the dogs in the yard. The Colonel was not far off. In fact he had spent the day with Chancey. Dr. Alexander saw by his widened smile and happy expression that the case was working well.

"Well, how have you got on, Colonel?"

"Bravely," said the Colonel; "but he is as dirty as the earth, feet wet and muddy."

"I can't take him to ride that way," said the Doctor. "He'll take cold. Virginia, you get out here,

and stay until I drive home and get his clothes. The child knows you."

The Colonel helped her out. Chancey ran to meet her with arms wide-spread. His glee and animation heightened his beauty. He was a picture such as even Rubens would have liked.

"By Jove, Doctor, he is a prince!" said the Colonel.

"I am in a great hurry, Colonel, I have a very sick patient. If I should not be able to get back here before dark, I'll send the lad's clothes."

Dr. Alexander turned away, and just before dark a messenger rang Colonel Stanton's bell, and gave a large travelling bag to the girl waiting on the door, saying: "From Doctor Alexander."

"Looks as if we were in for it, Miss Bernard," said the Colonel; "Doctor never was like anybody else."

"Chancey will not trouble you," she said. "He never cries."

Soon the little man was in clean clothes and playing with Colonel Stanton, who was racing over the house with him.

"I am afraid," said Virginia, "that Chancey will be too tired, if he has run so all day. How nice it would be to sit down before this fire, Chancey. Let us see which can keep still the longest."

The tired little boy soon began to show that he was very sleepy too. The Colonel saw him nodding and took him on his lap. A soft little hand felt his cheek, and a little arm tried to reach round his neck. The Colonel even forgot his usual cigar.

Chancey was soon asleep. The Colonel, quiet lest

he disturb his precious little burden, watched the little face. He remembered how his own Charlie nestled there years ago. Those soft curls were like his. The recollection brought with it sadness, the thought of his son's reckless dissipation. Some sense of having not done right in one matter with his son remained with him. The lady by his hearth there might have saved him. He mused, and, growing forgetful of any presence but that of the child, quietly wept. Virginia slipped from the room.

At nine o'clock, she entered where Colonel Stanton still sat holding his charge, and asked: "What is to be done? The Doctor does not come and the child should be put to bed."

"Can you stay all night?" he asked of her.

"I could," was the reply.

"Well then, take care of him. I'll tell the housekeeper to prepare a room."

It was afternoon the next day when Dr. Alexander drove up to Colonel Stanton's and said that he had been up all night, and had not had any rest that day.

"How have you gotten on?" he asked.

"Well enough. I wasn't in any hurry for you," was the Colonel's reply.

"I have several patients who must have my attention," said the Doctor. "Do you know any one who wants a child?"

"No; not any one I would want to give that child to," he answered.

"If I can hire Miss Bernard to care for it, will you let them stay here for a little while," asked the

Doctor, "until I can find time to look around? She has an idea of resting from her music. She has taught steadily for some time."

"Does not Bernard care for her?" asked the Colonel.

"Ask her. Can I leave them?" was hurriedly asked.

"If she be willing," was the reply.

Virginia consented. In a few days the Stanton home seemed to have opened its doors to mirth and good feeling. The neighbors marveled at the change in Colonel Stanton.

Weeks passed, and Colonel Stanton was not less important to little Chancey than was the child to him. Scarcely had Virginia rested under his roof, before he began to feel that he needed just such a person. Her elegant music helped to fill his evenings. She had such a way of knowing when he did not feel well and just what he wanted. He wondered how he could bear the dullness when they should go.

Dr. Alexander said to him one day, at his office: "I do not know how I can remunerate you for the burden I threw upon you. Had I not better take that child back to Mrs. Titus, and tell her that I cannot find a suitable home for it?"

This he asked quietly, for the child was near. In fact, he was always with the Colonel. If he rode, Chancey rode with him; if he walked, his little hand found its way into his. Colonel Stanton denied him nothing.

"I don't know," was the reply. "He isn't in the way any."

"Colonel, you know you ought to take that child,"

said Dr. Alexander, "and have something to live for. You could not find a more promising one."

"And good. I never saw so noble a disposition in a child," said Colonel Stanton; "but I would not know what to do with it, with no women folks."

"You seem to get on now," said the Doctor.

"Miss Bernard will be off and leave me."

"Money would keep her; you have it," said the Doctor. "The child must be fixed somewhere. He is getting to think too much of you to be torn away. I do not want to hurt the little fellow. His affections are very strong. I think it has gone too far. I will see Mrs. Titus very soon."

"Don't be in a hurry. I'll think about it," said the Colonel.

"You want to think about it from a sense of duty," said the Doctor.

He had waited for the child to make its way into the affections of Colonel Stanton before talking duty. It is so much easier to see one's duty in a direction toward which inclination points.

CHAPTER XXX.

HELEN'S PROSPECTS.

AS Colonel Stanton drove from Dr. Alexander's, Mr. Stanley's horses headed to a hitching-post in front of his office.

"Hold the horses, I'll not be long gone," said Mr. Stanley to his driver.

Mr. Stanley entered Dr. Alexander's office, and from it a private room, scholastic as to books, plainness of furniture and the occasional cobweb, which only appeared when hurry left the Doctor no time for personal attention to apartments. He was fond even of elegancies; but never could forget how much the money would do in some needed direction, when he meditated large expense.

"How are you?" asked Dr. Alexander.

"Better. Think I am able for more work," replied Mr. Stanley. "I should like to enlarge my manufacturing. It's a good time now. The market will take one quarter more cloth than it did last fall. The revival will last long enough to work off a six months' product. I count the loss of time in lying around. If I'm worth anything, I ought to show it by more industry. Doing nothing does not agree with my disposition."

"See here," said Dr. Alexander. "Every iron you have now in the fire keeps hot enough, and you have some trusty one to watch it. It's not necessary for you to be anxious."

"No; but what is the use of living and doing nothing. When I've nothing more to do, I want to die."

"It is that spirit which has done much to level fortunes after they are made, though in itself it is praiseworthy," said the Doctor. "It's a safe thing for a man of your years and physical condition to have his knapsack strapped and ready to enter upon his lease in God's acre. I speak as a friend not as a physician."

"I am nearly ready," said Mr. Stanley.

"That is about as ready as we ever get," said the Doctor. "Look here, John, there are some things a man can do while living, and sleep sounder for it. There is Valentine, strapped by those rascals. He is likely to lose his home, unless you give him a lift. I'd rather see him on his feet than any one I know. Suppose you gave him a life lease of his property. You would be the happier and lose nothing where you'll go soon enough."

"Where is Mr. Titus?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"I judge him to be a man who never would help a friend, if he could avoid it," replied the Doctor. "Besides, he is badly in debt; just the condition to run himself aground. You know he has sustained a shock. He thinks himself capable as ever. No matter how good a business man he was, his chances are to upset all he ever did."

"I heard of a drive he made the other day that was not slow," remarked Mr. Stanley.

"Quite likely he would execute in shrewdness one time, and cancel the advantages of that by stupidity another," said the Doctor. "I pity him. The Fates are upon him."

"Is he so poorly?" asked Mr. Stanley. "I thought him well."

"Too well," said the Doctor. "He cannot sense his inability, for, at times, he is even more shrewd than ever."

"How has Valentine kept up lately?" asked Mr. Stanley.

"No matter how," replied the Doctor.

"I understand," said Mr. Stanley. "It is a good thing that you have no family. Helen is a splendid woman; somewhat saddened but I am proud of her," added Mr. Stanley.

"You may well be, and you will have more occasion to be," said Dr. Alexander.

"Not many would plough through what she does and will have to. You see a man in his condition is almost sure to run any natural tendencies into extremes and take on crotchets. It is a mercy if he do not turn jealous of her and make her life a hell."

"I think, if he did, she would walk through the furnace as did the three of old," said Mr. Stanley.

"There! There you have it!" said the Doctor. "She would not allow her womanly nature to be scorched, and, if it be possible, not even dried. She would be the queen right through; and the fire would not even

get any dross, for she hasn't any. She has grown into a woman of whom history might be proud. She will in my opinion be left moneyless; and if she has not a helpless husband, too, I'll be glad. He is liable any time to another shock, and you know the results."

"Doctor, you must have the 'blue devils' to-day," said Mr. Stanley.

"No; I consider it my duty to lay the truth open to you," said the Doctor. "You have no one in the world nearer than your sister's child. It is crushing to a woman to be subject to a fitful will for every cent she uses."

"Is he not liberal with her?" asked Mr. Stanley.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and said: "I'd be a poor scholar, did I not know that the command of a goodly sum greatly elevates a wife in the esteem of some husbands. Many a wife holds her guarantee of good treatment in her purse, the want of which risks many another's. What to one is fair usage is to another bondage. Did I have means to devote to charity, I would feel that through her hands it would be wisely dispensed."

"Had I such a daughter to whom to transfer my belongings, when I've had what I can get of them, I should be glad," said Mr. Stanley.

"That would once have been a surprising wish," said the Doctor, "but daughters have brains, as well as sons. Adopt her. I am not your father counsellor, but, were I, I should be glad to minister to the world through her. You know her inclinations and good sense."

"There are subjects upon which a man ought to be thankful for counsel; and that sometimes implies confession to the counsellor," said Mr. Stanley.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "The Roman Church is framed in the outset to minister to every one's needs; but, in the nature of things, how is Abelard to sincerely tell Heloise to go and sin no more, when upon the transgression depends her visit to the confessional?"

"I meant to say that I did not think we had been quite just to my sister," said Mr. Stanley. "Had I understood her then, as I do now, we could have saved her for you. I always feel that, in her marriage with Mr. Valentine, she took second choice."

"It is too late now," said Dr. Alexander. "If you have any sense of not having done all you could for her, make up the deficiency to her child. Do not narrate the circumstances, John."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARCHIE'S NEW GIRL.

“**I** SAY, Max, isn't she duced pretty, that Amaryl-lis? I'll have another scene in the play acted to-night! She is a peach. She'd take well anywhere so far as person goes, but she's bucolic enough. Easy to make a fool of her. She is an episode in our expedition. Jovel if I don't cut you out by telling her that you are my married cousin! There is only one way of making game of consciences: fool them. I'm practiced, Max. You can stand before the glass a year, before you catch up with me. No, sir! This part of the game is mine. The first eyes I made at her, she acted as if she never had seen such before. She's learning. She'll be ready for the next party that calls at this hospitable hearth. I say, Max, this is a great deal better than hanging over a desk all day.”

“I never poised myself to see,” said Max.

“But,” said Archie, “one can endure for a time in hopes of a good grab. I didn't go to work for Titus for nothing. I'll stick for all I can get. Prospects brighten for a chance.”

“I always thought that Mrs. Titus' kindness to your sister got you the place,” said Mr. Max Herzman.

"Your head's level there. Women are tools as well as fools." And he whistled the last part of an air suited to his don't care, daring disposition, then said: "I've got just enough hold now that I can catch firmer, and then I'll show my horns."

The hold he referred to was given him through Mr. Titus' weakness and his sister's misrepresenting him to Helen. Not that Miss Morgan would willingly have been an instrument in such an action, but her affection for the "boy" since her mother's illness had been that of mother and sister too, and her fondness did not help her clear vision of his character. She thought he might become very useful to Mr. Titus, when she asked Helen to find him a place, and she feared the results of idleness with the young man.

Now Archie's was a kind of tricky disposition, which, senseless of sin as of gratitude, which to him was an unknown quantity, only wanted opportunity to make him a villain.

Opportunity! Is a man less one because an opportunity which would reveal him has not presented itself?

Secretiveness would have been large in his character, but a few draughts too much at a flagon will throw any one's make-up, out of keeping. Max, accustomed to more, was yet himself. They were together upon a hunting expedition in the mountains of North Eastern Pennsylvania.

"Yes!" continued Archie. "I'm just getting where I shall do as I please. If any man don't like my doings he can get right out of the way. I'm able to

bunt my way clear. I'm the only one who can run that factory."

"You had better," said Max, "draw in your horns. It is the antlers of the deer that give him to the hunters. Do not advertise yourself by bunting. The horns will lose soon, at best. If a man has no other passport, he will not get on far. What is to hinder you from being a man and respected? A man who respects himself walks in the multitude without bunting."

"Pshaw! The good business man is on the lookout," said Archie. "I intend to use my eyes and my wits. If you are satisfied with what you have, how can you expect better?"

"There is honor everywhere, in everything. Without it, one does not deserve the name man or brother," said Max. "Do you think we could reach the bear hills by night? It is worth the trying. I would prefer killing them to these deer. Deer have some right to these forests."

This Max said, truthful to his sentiments, but his first suggestion was that he might get Archie away, and thereby protect the innocent, unsophisticated girl from his sportive designs. Max sensed the low meanness of trying to play with ignorant innocence and soil it, if but by the knowledge that it had associated with deception. The young girl was vain of her face, and would accept every attention as supreme admiration.

"No; I shall stay here," said Archie. "We can hunt in the woods, and to-morrow go to the cascades."

In the evening Archie evidently had an engagement with the young lady in question, for after supper he was standing in the hall, bending over and whispering to her. Max watched them unknown to Archie. Evidently Archie had said something complimentary to her, for she blushed. Just as he was putting his arm around her waist, Max appeared and asked him if he could see him. They went out of the house together and Max said:

"You have gone far enough. You have shown me your depravity. Now stop!"

"Sir, what authority have you over me?" asked Archie.

"I'll stand up for an innocent girl while I have a drop of blood!" said Max.

"You'll shed your blood then. I shall do as I please," said Archie.

"Then I will lose my life. The world will not lose as much in me as it saves in riddance of you. I warn you."

Max was in earnest, backed by all the noble qualities which have distinguished his nation.

Archie Morgan felt all the fight that was constitutional to him. His bravery was behind the back, not face to face. He realized too that Max was over him. The easy, pleasure-loving Max required an appeal to his manhood to arouse him.

The next day they both started for home.

Max had a few earnest words with the young girl, before leaving, at which she said:

"You needn't be so jealous!"

While they were in the woods, Miss Eudora Morgan wrote to Helen the following:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Out of the depths of my heart I would like to tell you of the gratitude I feel for what you have done for Archie. You know it better than I can express it. The bonds are many that bind me to you.

One word concerning myself. You know I have an instinctive longing for what is out of my reach here. The home no longer depends upon me. Dr. Alexander wants to send me to Italy for two years. What do you think? Professor Amesbury wants me to go, and at the end of that time he will meet me there, and we will be married and travel another year. The Doctor says that nothing will be so good for me as a long stay in Europe. He says I would build over. If I go I must go next month. What have you to say? Good-bye,

EUDORA.

Helen said in reply:

"You do not expect me to advise against Dr. Alexander, who is head and shoulders above us all. I have been zealous that you have the advantage of such a sojourn abroad. You should have had it long ago. Beside 'building' to yourself, you will prolong your delicate life: not that delicate people do not live as long as the hardy, but it may be an assurance to its prolongation. Come and we will 'fix it up,' as we did once in our play-houses. I am happy in the

thought that you will delight your mother by fulfilling what she would once have liked to do. It will satisfy her own early ambitions and motherly pride. It is like two lives merging and making a whole."

These friends were knitting their threads closer together, while that brother was stirring the manliness of Max Herzman to indignation. Max determined to say to Archie Morgan before he parted with him, for parting he felt it, something that he might carry with him.

"Archie, if you have anything worthy a name in you, do not disgrace your sister by being untrue to any trust she has recommended you to."

"I have myself to look out for. I shall take care to do, and how I do it, without advice," was the reply.

"You would not be more culpable did you steal a million, than if, by chicanery, you gained it from its owner, though it might be passed uncensured."

Max seemed thrown into his best groove, for which his home training had fitted him. Sad that men of as good qualities fail of the fulfillment of their responsibilities by easy living and occasional intemperance!

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STAUNCH REPUBLICAN.

Change in circumstances always provides apology for change of opinions.

A party is an instrument for obtaining great ends.

“HAD I known the Republican party would have stooped so low, I’ll be hanged if I’d shoulder a thing for it!” said Col. Stanton.

“Yes, you would stick to party, if it carried you into a whirlpool,” said Dr. Alexander.

“Look at their methods,” said Colonel Stanton, “utterly devoid of shame or honor; and every one who has been an active Republican gets the credit of endorsing the whole proceedings.”

“Why don’t you get together and start anew?” asked Doctor Alexander. “Put another plank or two in, which will strengthen your party with the people.”

“Humph!” said the Colonel, “I’d rather shut myself up and swear.”

“Hold yourself, Colonel; you do not need to do that,” said the Doctor. “I put it down as favorable for some patients to use strong expletives, as I did for Mrs. Grey to sigh and shed tears.”

“I hope Mrs. Grey is well now, is she not?” asked Mr. Herzman senior.

"As well as we can expect. If she be a little startled her eye will start off on a reel, but she is pretty safe if rightly circumstanced."

"Some people are always looking at their circumstances," said Mr. Herzman, "others are never 'center-stanced' enough to have any."

"The American people are given to strong expletives. In a purely German saloon, you rarely hear profanity. If a man gets excited, it is likely to be upon a subject which admits of argument; and a German will stick to his side of a question in spite of conviction, perhaps; but the heated expletives which so freely circulate here are not German, and the one born in Germany does not take easily to them."

"No;" said Dr. Alexander, "you want to go South to find them indigenous. Mon Dieu has lost even emphasis. Sometimes," added the Doctor, "it is less expensive to a man, in good health, to relieve himself by a word than to go home when bulled and beared to be sick from irritability. His wife might not recommend it to him, but she would appreciate the results of such an experiment."

"If the poor devil had one," said Colonel Stanton.

"The devil's out," said the Doctor.

"Which," said Colonel Stanton, "means that we are to circulate no more free tickets over Alsirat."

"It being an individual concern, it is bound by no corporation law regarding passes," said the Doctor; "but never mind, His Majesty does his own collecting; it is not necessary to send to him. Better stay at home, and be 'out' when he calls."

"I wish we had some one worthy the ram's horn," said the Colonel. "We'll yet look back to old Hickory and his Hunkers as the golden age of American politics. My father was among them."

"A return of those times would not be much to be deplored, if the cooking in the Kitchen was for the health of the people," said the Doctor. "The trouble is, Colonel, the party should have been buried after Lincoln. He showed you what it was to die in the nick of time. Had he lived he would probably have proven himself among the fallible. At his death the Republican party had finished its work. Had you arranged your obsequies then, the bay trees would have been bared for garlands; now they've been otherwise appropriated. I never approve of postponing funeral services. Better build a crematoire now and expedite its slow decomposition."

"Well, my party honor is a little like my honor in friendship. If I am a friend once, I am until the man turns a cold shoulder to me," said Colonel Stanton.

"You can easily see," said the Doctor, "if you reflect, that no party of any kind, State, Religious or what not, has ever lived always. It fills its mission and dies. Is it not better to look at a thing as it is than be disappointed?"

Mr. Herzman asked if looking at facts squarely did not give a person an advantage in adopting measures which would best shape the future?

"It's no use to see differently from the others," replied the Colonel. "That would split the party. We're all in the same boat."

"I would not insure the party to-day against splitting. If held too long, it will not even split, but crumble," said Dr. Alexander.

"Aren't you rather cutting?" asked the Colonel.

"Pus always invites the knife," said the Doctor.

"I am no surgeon. I would prefer to let the thing heal itself," said the Colonel.

"The knife assists healing," said the Doctor.

Calls for the physician interfered with further political converse; and Colonel Stanton left the office, not at all solaced, and none the less determined to 'hold the fort.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Many things are growing plain and clear to me.

At our best we have nothing to spare.

“**H**ELEN and Mrs. Bryan had come down from New York for a brief visit. Mr. Albrecht Herzman was there to transact some business for his Uncle, and was to remain over Sunday. Agreeable to engagement, Mr. Albrecht Herzman appeared at Mr. Valentine's to take Mrs. Titus and Mrs. Bryan for tea and an evening visit at his Uncle's. Mr. Valentine was to meet some parties in the town, but would join them at Mr. Herzman's.

As he was walking to the house from the gate, Mrs. Bryan said:

“I am glad you have such a friend. It is a compliment to yourself; for such a man's esteem is held by morality and intellectuality. You ought to be able to let your light show through his atmosphere.”

On their way, as they passed some workmen in a field, Mrs. Bryan said:

“How I enjoy seeing the laborers looking well-fed and happy. We should all feel honored by any work we can do well. I notice in cities that many young women go to factories with a bag, or box, which they

use to carry their dinner, but, with their dress, have the air of going to a picnic or some pleasure. Why do women, more than men, manifest such weakness? If there is anything I would wish a daughter to be it is a perfect workwoman in something. Many of our women will suffer from want before seeking employment. I am forced to believe that with many an absinthe of some kind is the only tonic for industry, which each should feel is his or her part in the world."

"There are many things which force upon us the fact that half the notions some people entertain are 'unbrainly,'" said Helen. "It consoles me that they can grow out of them. Yes. I honor even a laboring horse."

"I like," said Mrs. Bryan, "the spirit of the laborer in France better than in the so-called American."

"Their political earthquakes have taught them the instability of worldly success. They are willing to make the most and the best of all they can do," said Mr. Herzman.

"Philosophy teaches the German the same," said Helen.

"Why do you never speak of the Irish? Are they not in your favor?" asked Mrs. Bryan.

"They speak so much better for themselves than any one can for them," replied Helen.

"You are right. They are brilliantly witty."

"They are anything, but organizers," said Mr. Herzman.

"Think of the wealth the world possesses in its

varied talents," said Mrs. Bryan. "To be a shaper or guider of talent makes one a stockholder by rights in the world's wealth."

"How," asked Helen, "will it be if one increases the happiness of man? Has he equally a share?"

"Perfection is happiness. Toward it all talent should work," said Mrs. Bryan. "The wealth of the world is only valuable as means to its attainment."

"Our wants grow to be many; and to make them too few is not in universal interest; it is better to seek to meet them. Wants are some times identical with aims," said Mr. Herzman.

"Wants and gratifying them keep the wheels going round, which is a part of our cycle. Material wealth is not insignificant, though it be but instrumental. I am no disciple of Diogenes."

Just then, they crossed the beautiful little river. Their lengthened shadows were mirrored on its glassy face as they crossed the bridge.

"Long ago," said Helen, "I remember to have read a story in which the writer takes a young girl from a secluded country place, and astonishes her by her own image in a mirror. The reflection in water is sufficient to acquaint one with his looks."

Mr. Herzman said: "The only way to have fixed that would have been to place her girlish whereabouts in perpetual frost."

"That suggests," said Helen, "the theory of the original Garden of Eden being located at the North Pole. How do you take that?" asked she of Mr. Herzman.

"I should take it up to put it down again, until it be proven that the era of those most favorable biological conditions was also that of man's first appearance," he replied. "However, some things seem to support the theory of that region being first populated. As far as any place being the Eden we hear spoken of, it is certainly questionable. The Garden of Eden, as the Golden Age, is the result of the human tendency to remember the best of the past, and it, colored through many imaginations, has made the Paradise."

When at Mr. Herzman's, as he was opening a drawer of photographs, Mrs. Bryan said:

"Once these were my most advanced lessons. I have grown to look upon them as primary. They are, what language is, a vehicle for the transmission of thought."

As Mr. Herzman senior spread a few before them, she remarked that there was never so beautiful a conveyance.

"Form is even more than color. This leads us upward; and we go on and on," she said.

"I would be afraid to go too far lest I get to the end, and finish," said Helen.

"Why afraid of that point you name end? We finish in Nirvana. The going on is so pleasant, we will not notice a way station."

"Shall I ever reach you?" asked Helen.

"When you number her years, you will exchange doubt and hesitation for trust and satisfaction," answered Mr. Herzman senior.

"I would not exchange my living for all that I have lived," said Mrs. Bryan. "It is rich, purged of its dross which years before was in the furnace. It is easy to let go what we live for at an earlier period, when the possibilities of life are before us, and ambitions are at work. There," as Mr. Herzman brought out a Thanatus with his twin-brother Hyphnus, "you see the Greek conception of Death is nothing dreadful. They made more of a Nemesis, which never loses one's track. Their dramas were impressive sermons on justness and righteousness."

Max, who had been losing a cardinal virtue over his cups, said:

"The best way to insure a green old age is never to be anything but green. Here is the goddess, at whose shrine I should have been devout, Tyche."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Bryan, "you would have learned what they did, who worshiped there long: that she was the author of both good and evil fortune. Too much good is equivalent to evil. When we name good that which reaches into the beyond, the rule fails. It depends upon what you bring to these myths whether you get much to carry away. It's give and take in this as in everything else."

"In some moods, a myth is what it again is not," said Mr. Herzman senior. "That one," pointing to a Prometheus, "is humanity, invention, genius, a Savior, any kind of celestial fire which is knowledge and connects man with the Great Knowing; yet I heard a person say he saw in it a person who hopelessly loves another."

"The liver was their organ of love," said Helen. "That interpretation might be real to some."

"We are at liberty to interpret as we choose, so long as we do it for ourselves; and all things have a different language for us at different times, as does the sun's rising and setting," said Mr. Herzman.

"The mental or spiritual meaning, which succeeds the physical, is the one the myth has for us," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman.

"Yea," said Mrs. Bryan. "That Apollo, was first the god of light, then transferred to intellectual light, and after to the light which illumined the spiritual. This came about when the moral awakened them to a subjection of the finite to the infinite."

"I always think of Apollo's as the perfect brain," said Helen.

"His was the 'fire of the brain,'" said Mr. Herzman senior.

"There is a noble steed," said Mr. Max.

Helen remarked that the horse, typifying the sea, was a pleasant symbolism to her. She thought it's intelligence recommended it for such appropriation. He was many things besides the crested sea wave.

"A lady so fond of horses should always have them," said Mr. Herzman senior.

"I can do without them better than other friends," said Helen, half to herself.

"There," said Mrs. Bryan. "Thorwaldsen's 'Ganymede and the Eagle' is beautiful always. They used that bird as well as we, though I do not remember that they ever gave it a double head."

"Some heads need doubling," said Mr. Max.

"And the multiple of some is worse than the unit," said his father.

"The Aurora," said Helen, "is to me most beautiful, both in expression and sentiment. The Greeks must have felt that they could ride into the coming light!"

"As they did," said Mr. Herzman. "Michael Angelo meant the same in his 'Night and Morning.'"

"That wonderful Angelo," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bryan. "He saw and created for us."

"We should look upon every great creator as commissioned through his work to lead us higher. They are apostles in the interest of enlightenment. If there be anything to criticise in such a great man's life, we should look upon it as a flaw in the instrument, or not at all, which is better. In borrowing from the Greeks, the Romans took from Isis and the Eastern philosophers and added some things distinctly Roman. Do you not like to contrast stories belonging to one people with those of another? For instance, Dodona was interpreted by a Phrygian slave, who bought her freedom thereby, which suggests a Hebrew tale."

"I have never fully satisfied myself," said Helen, "concerning the oracles. This we know: they were a part of the Greek and Roman,"—

"And Eastern people," interrupted Mrs. Bryan, indicating a sibyl in the ceiling by Angelo.

"We have none," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman, "unless our clear thinkers be ours."

"Every woman," said Mrs. Bryan, "would like an oracle in her husband."

"And every man," said Mr. Herzman, "would do well if he had one in his wife to heed her."

"Is all the explanation of the nymph of Egeria found in the correctness of Numa's judgment?" upon reflection asked Helen.

"One's revelation may not be another's," said Mrs. Bryan. "Every one has or may have his own. The devotee of Bacchus cannot expect a seat prepared for him by the side of the worshiper of Athena at a feast where the gods preside. With one's spirit reaching but to a higher, holier thought, he will not wait in vain for something better to come to him."

As Mr. Herzman placed Athena on the table, Helen said:

"Athena! Dear Athena! How could you, Paris?"

"I would have chosen Venus," said Max.

"I would have wanted to mix the three," said Helen.

"I always like to see a woman bear Athena homage," said Mrs. Bryan. "Young ladies should be brought to her shrine. It pains me to see one permitted to omit most of her lessons, and with the few that Artemis and Hera have continued, are supposed to be prepared for Aphrodites. The Egyptian Aphrodite, which they named Hathor, and made a pupil of the sun's eye, is to me a loftier conception than the Greek's; though I would give Venus none but a high

place with goddesses. Give it her or not, she will have it, as Mr. Max proves. The people we live with often point to Pan's footmarks on Mount Olympus."

"Hathor," said Helen, "is the type of that universal harmony, which is necessary to the well being, to the life of the world. She personified the ideal of all that was beautiful, true and good."

"How a study of the best thought of the past elevates our standards and fixes our aims above where they would settle without it," said Mr. Herzman senior.

"True," said Mrs. Bryan; "but whether a look backward be upward or downward depends upon what we look for, as a walk in a crowded thoroughfare touches one man's pity, another's ambition and another's senses."

"Athena of the air, the Earth, still do I light my hearth for thee, my myth, my poem," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman.

"The difficulty is our ideals do not stand upon the ground," said Mr. Herzman senior. "They are not substantial enough. We would rend them by holding them there. Pisistratus enthroned himself by such a play upon Athena, as have the Popes since, by placing Mary, a guiding star in our heavens, served themselves."

"That star," said Mrs. Bryan, "being dissolved into the atmosphere which we breathe, will stimulate the god which is in us. She need never to have eclipsed, since she was transparent, though essentially significant."

"Athena was worthy her olives, in her patronage of wisdom, arts and sciences," remarked Mr. Herzman senior. "Notice her distaff. Let us never forget the homage due industry. 'Her leaders are the captains of the world.'"

Helen said that she could not quite exonerate General Königsburg, in his attempts to carry away the statue of Athena.

"He must have had a trophy lunacy," said she. "Where but there, did it belong?"

"Does it palliate the spoliation," asked Mr. Herzman, "that the Ægian marbles have been preserved by being transferred?"

"I do not reverence owls and snakes," said Mr. Max. "I do not object to cocks from the oven."

"Apollo," said Helen, still holding the card which feebly represented the Apollo Belvedere, "I am inclined to make my ideal conception of the man soul which may exist embodied."

"As am I Athena my ideal woman," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman.

"Naturally," said Mrs. Bryan, "the laurel turns to the olive, as her branches bend to it. It is the plan of creation, sun and moon, to the end of life. Do we know that chaplets of parsley mark the end of this distinction? Would so prominent a characteristic, in the beginning, be wholly lost in a succeeding time?"

"Any underlying, penetrating law of nature, which maintains itself, may justly be regarded as a part of the great plan of evolution, whose sequel must be perfection," said Mr. Herzman senior.

"That nothing walks with aimless feet' is evident of all God's works," said Mrs. Bryan.

"And is indicative of strong people," said Mr. Herzman.

"Objective work is well executed," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman. "Few people have executed such thorough work as the Greeks. Examine that carving with a glass. That was designed for a position where its fine work would not be seen. In their chiseling they were speaking to us."

"One would judge that such exactness in such art would indicate high thinking and pure living," said Mrs. Bryan, "if what they think be what they do. Those artists must have warmed themselves at Vesta's fires, not Vulcan's."

"But Vesta's were preceded by Vulcan's," said Mr. Herzman senior.

"Mrs. Bryan is, by always 'telling the secrets of the gods,' committing one of Tantalus' sins," said Helen.

"By 'stealing the food of the gods to give to men' she unconsciously sins again, but, so long as we are the men, we will not carry it before their tribunal," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman.

"Ah! 'The school of Athens,'" said Helen.

"I always reverence it as I do a book whose leaves have been a closer companionship to me than words can express," said Mrs. Bryan. "I want a week to think in when I see it. This excites my meditation as the Transfiguration does my reverence; but such a head as Plato's touches the reverential in me. Were

my education different, I am sure I should cross myself before the great philosophers."

"Philosophy," said Helen, "is a lore that leads one from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions; until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is."

"Do you not think," she asked, "that Raphael's Galatea shows his 'tendency toward that noble and graceful manner, which constituted the beau ideal' of the Greeks?"

"That picture does not belong here," said Mr. Herzman, laying aside one of a nun in black veil and crape.

"Women were never made for crape," said Mr. Max. "What would the world say to substituting for a widow's distinctive weeds a flag, mourning upon one side—the down side—hung over her door—raised, not half mast. The language might be the same, and it would preserve her the privilege of dressing becomingly."

The ladies were in sympathy with their hosts, and sadly sensible that Mr. Max was destroying his capabilities and lowering his tendencies by being too freely entertained by Bacchus.

At length Mr. Albrecht Herzman engaged him, and left the others gathering seeds from the catacombs of Egypt, which he knew they would make live to-day, while he drew Max into the hall.

Pointing to the widow's weed in Mrs. Bryan's bonnet, he asked: "Are you not humiliated, Max? Let's go to the bowling alley."

"Hurrah, Albrecht! By the aid of a cocktail, I can beat a cock at cocked hat. Allie, has no one outside of the library power to smooth your electrified fur. Keep your back down, dear."

"Come, let's go to the alley," said his cousin.

"Allow me to remain long enough to present my compliments to her majesty's grace, that queen of the air—lightning bug—I mean star of the evening, Miss Eugenia Dugglesby, coming across the green," said the man made silly.

"Max," said Mr. Albrecht Herzman authoritatively, "I'll play for you; come to your room."

As they passed the door of the library, Mrs. Bryan was speaking of the prophecy of the Sphinx. Mr. Albrecht Herzman wanted to hear her, but thankfully went with Max and with his harp quieted him until sleep came to him.

The saddest picture is to see the possibilities of a person lost, when will and direction would save them. Nothing could have been so beneficial to Mr. Max's temperament as a constant, pressing necessity which would force him to labor. That being absent, his dangers were realized. Mr. Herzman's other children were examples worthy their father's reason and care. Mr. Carl was a professor of some branch of science in a German university; most of his family were visiting him there. Mr. Herzman still thought that there was enough in Max to save him. The best time to commence to labor is when very young

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MOONLIGHT DRIVE.

IT was as if the moon, stars and air were kissing the earth into slumber, that it might awaken from its rest and gladden with its freshness again.

Mr. Albrecht Herzman and Helen drove just ahead of Mr. Valentine and Mrs. Bryan. Helen felt the peaceful, happy influence, which is to the weary rest; to the unmeditative, a purifying of weak pronenesses.

"Such a night as this," she said, "lures me from myself; lifts me. Strange that we can live long, before knowing that it is our surroundings that do much to develop the angel or the opposite in us; but, knowing it, we cannot always rule our little spheres as seems best."

"We may mistake in what is best," said Mr. Herzman.

"True," said Helen. "If all of life were like to-night, we should forget to build temples within ourselves, which tower above all to our best good."

"Sometimes rough friction is happy in results. The irritation of something foreign in the shell produces the pearl, which is always an emblem of purity as of value."

"Are not pearls 'of the first water' formed without

the foreign body, when the animal has enough of the substance to deposit without?" she asked. "I can but believe that so far as we can condition ourselves blissfully and not ignore duty, we do best for our development, which is the purpose of the school of life."

"Life's school does not omit lessons which are not asked for," he said.

After a pause Helen said:

"Talk to me. I should like to rest in your speaking a long, long time."

"Of what shall I speak, looking back, around or ahead? I value too much time with you to use it all myself. Your thoughts are like honey from the Matinus Mountains to me. Could I often be with you, I think you would be to me an Athena."

"Every woman should be one," she said; "but it is dangerous to an ideal to personate it. It will fall broken before you. If your imagination would hold me some one to speed your best efforts, a stimulant in every noble purpose, give me a place; the knowing it will strengthen me. Let me inspire all I can, but do not place me too high. The fall would hurt you."

"Fall! What would make you fall? Can anything pull down an honorable, spiritual nature? You are attracted from above and gravitate there. Whose magnetic needle points toward you will find his course upward," he said.

"Unfortunate associations can dethrone any one. Unless we are sure of those, how can we be sure of holding ourselves at our best?" she asked.

"Cannot your will be your ægis, Athena?" Mr. Herzman asked.

"Against all wrong that is concerned, but it will not lift me to the ether," she replied.

"I see. Juno wants to live in Jupiter's realm. You aim high," he said.

"That I may realize my best," she added.

Passing a little home which Helen knew had witnessed many privations and sorrows, she said:

"I am often very unhappy in knowing of the struggle and want that exist, the thought of which sometimes makes me refuse food. I can scarcely take it, when I know that life-threads are breaking for it."

"You are not made to live in the midst of suffering. It would soon terminate your existence. Do not place yourself where you will wear out too quickly. Your life will count more, otherwise used," said Mr. Herzman.

"It remains to be proven what it will count," she said. "I have not rested enough of late. This is a long rest; but I must go back to-morrow."

"Rest is more than nature's restorer. It increases her power," said Mr. Herzman. "See. There is a locust beneath those taller, well-leaved trees."

It was shaded enough that the bright moonlight was nearly lost to it. Mr. Herzman drove under the thick shade and reached a locust branch, and, as they drove out into the moonlight, showed her the leaves, asleep, with "mouths against each other."

"The young leaves," said he, "are closer. they sleep most."

"This is new and beautiful to me," she said.

"You have a wisteria at the corner of your South portico; its young leaves close and turn upon its stem. It is shaded there; to-night, we can find a good example of plant-sleeping."

"Are you sure," asked Helen, "that this did not sense your plucking?"

"I am not sure it has not its own intelligence," he replied. "If we have proceeded from them, may they not have held the germs of intelligence?"

"I see plants in people as I do animals," said Helen. "Is it a monstrous stretch of the fancy?"

"No greater than to believe what we know to be true," said Mr. Herzman. "You were never in Norway. These little leaves remind me of a Norwegian infant, hanging from its pole. Can you believe it is happy there, or buried in the snow waiting for the return of its mother, until it knows something better? The education, no less than the temper of the man, is judged by what he finds his happiness in. You can't bring a man far up in one generation, or ten either, unless you strike around him an artificial halo, except by the concurrence of everything which bears upon the man. He is a reed or a bear still."

"How is it that each period seems to rear for itself a leader suited to its exigencies?" she asked.

"We know they have been, and are," he said. "Is there any light how, in the remembrance that Aristotle, teacher in the intellectual supremacy of the world, was teacher of the one who held material supremacy?"

"Now, one can fill the general idea of greatness, in any of many directions," Helen said. "My idea would be that to be nearly equally so in all would bring greatest happiness to the individual."

"No doubt, but the world's work is not done in that way," he said. "Who is it said, 'when the gods have a work to be done, they make a man a little wrong-headed in the right direction?'"

After a little, Mr. Herzman asked Helen if she could not sing something.

"The evening, itself, is music, so perfect is the harmony" said she. "If my personation be preserved, an attempt might be a hoot, but my voice closely resembles a giraffe's, which has the merit of not annoying with its noise."

"Do you sing so seldom that a song would be taken for an approach of death, as is the swan's?" he asked.

"I never sing," she replied, "and finger the piano only for those who know me best, and never expect fine execution. It is to me an anesthetic, an exhaust pipe; and to one in sympathy with me, it may be a little. To a musician who expects more it would not be."

"Will you in that way some time tell me what you entertain?" he asked.

"If you talk to me now," she replied.

"Of what?" he asked.

As they recrossed the little stream she said:

"Of fishes that fly, walk, climb, and fancies that change not to realities."

"But such fish there are; and fancies do change to

be real; but life is too earnest to rely upon them," he said. "I seldom depart from the practical, believing there is in it enough for all. I am called too delving in that direction. I should want to prove philosophies before I received them, as does Mrs. Bryan. I respect her for it, but I cannot. There is a tree newly fallen. The rings count years in this climate; in the "Sunny South," trees make more rings than years. The tropics are a hot bed of age to plants as well as indolence to people. Even the bee does not store there. This is a favored locality, as is Germany. For inactive enjoyment, a warmer clime; but think what an impetus was given the civilization of Southern Europe, when it advanced northward and the demands of a rigorous climate and the amenities of civilization stimulated industry."

"Activity is growth, but something should justly be accorded the masterly spirit of the Northmen," Helen said. "Shall I plant this locust?"

"It would not grow," he said.

"Sticks have grown. Tannhauser's dry wand sprouted," said Helen.

"That was while he was in the Venusberg and to show Pope Urban the power of love over death," said Mr. Herzman.

"This is my old bird tree. It always is a home for some in the summer," said Helen.

"Birds are my favorites," he said. "They are always an emblem of spirit, and as such belong to you."

"I think a crescent would be a fitter emblem for me, because it has so much to do before it is full."

"Then I must affix 'K. C.' to my name," said Mr. Herzman, "for to-night at least."

As they stopped at the gate, Mr. Herzman said:

"We are a few paces ahead of the others. Shall we look at the wisteria? Perhaps they would like to see the plant sleeping."

As they walked across the yard, some one, evidently surprised, gave a half groan, on a high key, and sought retreat or ambush around a thick shrub.

Mr. Herzman said: "I am at a loss to know whether that note came from a love warble or a war cry. Is it one of your spring partridges?"

Half-amused and half-vexed that Aunt Peggy should have been discovered on observatory duty, Helen replied:

"I think it has its horseshoe, but bottomside up."

Helen bade him bring a branch to the others.

"Did you say an olive branch?" he asked.

"Is there any connection between the generally accepted meaning of the olive branch and Minerva's olive?" she asked.

"Variance dissolves and disappears before wisdom. Peace and wisdom go hand in hand," Mr. Herzman said.

"Tell it to nations," said she.

"They would not yet act upon it," he said.

"I hope we are not treading upon insects. They have the right of the hour," said Helen.

"Insects are not easily crushed upon soil," Mr. Herzman said. "Their strength is marvelous. I saw, upon the south shore of Lake Ontario, a swarm of

butterflies, aided from the Canadian shore by a favorable wind. Think of the insects' strength; they were only a few hours old."

"If their life be powerful in that direction, ours ought not to be less so in other ways," said Helen.

"Life is a problem from the first. We puzzle over its beginning, ask through its period how, what to do and, in nearing the end, inquire whence," said Mr. Herzman.

"Seriously, would it add to the happiness of man to see through all of God's methods? Would it not be as well to accept some as impenetrable?" Helen asked.

"We would not, willingly, give up anything we have gained by persevering experiments. All that we know is to our advantage. Except by investigation, how shall we determine what we do not now know?"

They had joined Mrs. Bryan at the gate. As a supplement to what Mr. Herzman had just been saying to her, Mrs. Bryan said:

"To comprehend the material, man loses sight of the spiritual. In looking at atoms, he loses sight and thought of the other, which he will later learn has its atoms, as have all atoms their intelligence. It is the bird of spirit, the Athena, Man's Mentor, spiritualized, who shall open his eyes to the higher speculation."

Mr. Herzman was to call upon Dr. Alexander that evening; so he hastened to his horse, but turned, saying:

"Let us have one more look at the moon. to remember this evening by."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. TITUS GROWS WEAKER.

"Said the spider to the fly."

Like a ship disabled is a man with reason shattered.

MR. TITUS was in that peculiar nervous condition, which is ready to run off in any direction with the force of a steam engine, and when once started never means to slacken pace. Irritable beyond bearance, his business associates kept from him what they could. Those of temperaments which would calmly shun a combat were much engaged, out of his reach; those of less judgment and self-respect treated him disrespectfully when they failed to convince him by reason. His office help worried through the day.

How much sympathy a man deserves, who, shut in the office with another, finds neither congeniality nor in any way help. How he needs helpful friends outside. Ladies are more responsible in their friendships than they know, for they are not always aware how much is left for them to make up.

He was entertaining an inner tempest, when, his wife called at his office and informed him that she had just received a telegram from Dr. Alexander, saying that he would accompany Uncle John to New

York, and would be there to luncheon, and asked if he could meet them early.

A lowered brow and severe expression of the mouth were the only reply at first. Then he closed his private office and said to her: "I have to tell you I do not care for them. If they must be there, I'll stay away. Your friends are inclined to monopolize. At this rate it will soon be no home for me!" After some time of vituperative discourse, he seemed to calm slightly, as if a little relieved. Helen said nothing in reply. She noticed the restless, wild eye which she could not for a moment catch.

His whole face and head were red with excessive blood. How could she answer any one who would thus speak to her, and that one her husband? The side of his character which was small she saw dwindle away. It comforted her that there was a larger side to him. She had, at first, tried to be blind to his eccentricities, as she called them to herself. But these peculiarities had developed toward monstrosities. Yet he was her husband. She would treat him respectfully; his interest was hers. Besides, she did not know how much of this was the result of disease. Though he take from her every source of enjoyment, she would be sure of duty. Of late he had chosen to harp upon one string, her friends. She thought he meant to drive them from her. But for those to whom she could speak in kindly fellowship she should die. She felt as if the world were opening to swallow her. Could she love the hand that hurt her so? What is it to love? Is it something which

ever remains where it has once abided? Can it be commanded by will? Can one love that which is in itself unlovely?

In her composition, the element of hatred had been left out. Her philosophical mind would decide what was best, and do it, positively. Her wounds might bleed from continued fresh laceration, but she would not exhibit them. The question always first to her was, what is best? But she felt as only deep natures can feel, whose capacity for injury equals their ability for enjoyment.

She coolly said: "I must go."

Passing out she met the Archemago, Mr. Allen. She caught in his bland good-morning a quick, penetrating glance, as if he would divine whether she understood the situation. She knew he was villainously undermining her husband, but was powerless to prevent. Her husband's obligations were accumulating, yet he seemed not able to fully understand it. Sometimes he would seem to have reasonable judgment, then he would run off in some thought foreign to the question.

With a pressing portent of evil she went home. That her husband had talked to her as he had was nothing unusual. She felt that his not holding her in counsel was to him serious. Once he would have said: "What do you think of the prospect?" perhaps for the pleasure of opposing her views; for he seldom acted upon them. Now he did not pause for that, so earnestly and determinately did he seize upon everything.

She knew that that morning he would be handled by a Shylock.

With the best wit a man will sometimes be dealt with falsely.

Mr. Allen found Mr. Titus with a tempered expression, which he welcomed. To himself, he said: "I'll set that fury going to my interest."

"Well, Titus," he began, "the church has sent me around for another subscription. Such managing makes me mad. If they had put you at the head instead of old Smith, the money paid in would have done all, and this everlasting run of committee meetings and calls for more money would have been left out. It was an insult not to put you at the head of those repairs. You only in the church are capable of it."

"I never saw such work," said Mr. Titus. "It's a shame and disgrace to the church. That church has been closed to services nearly three months. Six weeks would have done it easily; and yet nobody seems to have made a complaint. I would have upset the programme quickly enough, before the church should have been closed so long; and they have had funds enough to have done that, and contributed largely to repairs on their mission. It's disgusting."

"I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to: not to give another dollar," said Mr. Allen; "and I hope you will not, though. I must ask you to, as I am bidden. Let them do the best they can, and next time they will put the right man in front, if they go into any such operations. They could have bettered it this time five thousand dollars."

He had turned his venom in a channel in which Mr. Titus thought he was accompanied; he could now direct his force as he wished.

"Did you notice that article in this morning's paper on railroads?" Mr. Allen asked, touching the open paper on Mr. Titus' desk. The article he had carefully prepared and with difficulty got inserted. He must use it while fresh.

"I am certain," said he, "that there was never such a time for striking as the present. There is no such lever now as railroads. Look at our capitalists interested in them. They never weaken. To-day the iron is ready. If we can get that through to St. Louis, we've the key to those western granaries."

"Are there not already all the lines that can be kept busy?" asked Mr. Titus.

"But those will, in a little while, be consolidated, and this one more direct will have the advantage."

"If our government would take hold,"—began Mr. Titus.

"Pshaw on your government!" said Mr. Allen. "If it does too much, there is less chance for you and me. It is all right outside, to talk about our dear country, but I, for one, am for making money, and there never was such an opportunity. If we get a million dollars to start with, the scheme goes through, for it only wants starting. Enough capital will come to us. It will be plainly enough the business project. People will knock for admittance, and knock hard too." This he said with a chuckle which he well knew how to render.

"I am in such shape, I can't very well take cash from my industries," said Mr. Titus.

"Your paper is as good as cash," said Mr. Allen. "We only want it for a basis. Money must come from those who come after. If your name—that's all I want, your name—were down for one hundred thousand, you need never fear but that it would bring all we want. You do not begin to know the influence of the name Titus. People have confidence in it. That's the way things are done. The heads of projects make their names and experience capital; and as long as that is what others want, it is as well to put it up against their cash. Several strong names are ready as soon as you have shown your hand. But I could see yesterday that there was a serious disposition to start another party and if possible forestall. Willis was around and others. I just thought I'd let you know the state of things. Willis' interest in lands along the route will keep him awake.

"There's no time to be lost. In the event of getting started, stocks would immediately rise, and enough could be sold, that instead of out of the pocket, you could take your share of increase and be in. Your check would stand for capital paid in without being disturbed.

"It will not stand as it is. Willis would jump at the chance. I shall take him before I let it slip. But I prefer you; in fact, I wanted this nailed before he got the wind. He's always sensitive to a sharp breeze. How would this look to his eyes: Through R. R. Co. formed, to work at once; President, T. V.

P. Titus; Vice President, J. T. Vance; Treasurer, A. R. Allen?"

This Vance was a sub rosa partner, so sub rosa that no one had ever met him. In all of Mr. Allen's chicanery, he figured on paper, though he was not quite so much to him as he was to Mr. Edwin. Mr. Allen sometimes grated his teeth and said he only got the crumbs after the dirty work. It's after such work that a man is in another's power. The public knew Mr. Allen as a "slink." He wound himself into the church through Mr. Smith, who in his reverence for Mr. Edwin's money was easily made use of. He managed to have him made much of by prominent members, under the impression that he was prospectively very wealthy. This gave him a good working basis. "Treat him well," said Mr. Smith to one of his brethren. "He will bring our church many a dollar?"

It takes a keen business man to see through the policies of society; exactly as he unravels a business net weaving.

Mr. Allen was gratified to have happened upon Mr. Titus so opportunely. He had helped him relieve his ill-humor, which left him restless to seize upon something, as when one's tooth aches moderately, he wants to bite something hard.

His wife did not expect him; but he came in early, in an elated humor. He was very glad to see them. Everything was just to his pleasure. His wife watched him closely. His eyes were bloodshot, but his head less purplish than in the morning. She

noticed Doctor Alexander look at him with an earnestness for which she was glad.

Had she been on the brink of a precipice, she would not have felt different. She instinctively looked to Doctor Alexander as though he might save her. She knew that Mr. Allen had deftly manipulated her husband into his present humor, perhaps to his ruin.

Luncheon was announced. Mr. Titus ate as if he had fasted long; rapidly and without mastication. His wife thought of a wakeful, suffering night for him.

Hurrying through his repast, he announced that he had some important business and must be off. "You'll be here this evening?" he asked.

"We leave on the five-thirty train for Philadelphia," was the reply.

"Then I'll not see you again," and he expressed regrets.

Arranging for Mr. Stanley's siesta, Helen said:

"Let me cover you upon this sofa." His feeble face looked to her aging wonderfully. She wanted to keep him with her and care for him. Out of her heart, she said:

"Uncle John, I wish I could take care of you. Could you not live with me?"

A second thought told her that he would be very unhappy there.

"No, dear," he replied, his well-shaped head resting upon the pillow, above his long, curly locks. "I shall never leave my home, but could I have you there, I would feel ready to endure even suffering."

"I hope it will not be that," said Helen.

"I want to tell you that I have given your father a life lease of his place, and as he will outlive me, I may as well provide that you have it then."

This touched Helen. She struggled, but tears would come.

"I can never express, you cannot understand, what it is to me," she said, "to have father freed from his financial burdens. I ought to have done it for him myself. God bless you for it! Never mind any other provision; that he has been freed from anxiety is enough for me. I must care for myself, if it come to that."

"What do you mean, child?" asked her Uncle.

"My good, kind Uncle," she asked, kissing his pale forehead, "is it not as well to help one's self in good working years? You have never thought such a thing possible, in your family, as a lady being self-supporting. I have often thought I should like to be."

"Would you not like to be rich in your own name? I mean a fortune to do as you please with?" he asked.

"I should like to do many things," she replied. "It would be a realization of a dream."

Helen did not know how great her Uncle's possessions were. He had not opened his account books for public inspection, and she did not care to be among the curious who always make a final disposition of a man's property. She would like to be sure that he was intelligently and affectionately cared for.

As he inclined to rest, she left him, and found Dr. Alexander in the library.

"Will you come into my study, Doctor?" she asked.

He followed her into a little room, off the library, which could be as secluded as a tower, or be a part of the other rooms.

"This is bright, and pleasant enough for any bird's cage," said Dr. Alexander, looking at her. Her Uncle's kindness had touched Helen, and she felt a struggle necessary to restrain emotion. She could bear a wordy abuse from her husband unflinchingly, but the kindness from her Uncle to her father overcame her. After a little silence she commanded herself and said:

"I am nothing but an old cracked bell. Rooks and cobwebs would be more appropriate surroundings for me than this."

Dr. Alexander looked at her and said: "Tell me what you want to. You will feel better, and I shall too."

After a little she asked: "What is the matter with my husband?"

Dr. Alexander drew her to a sofa, and holding her hands inquired:

"You have noticed his symptoms?"

"Yes."

"Is he kind to you?"

"Sometimes he is different from others."

"I understand that he is sometimes especially good, and again especially something else," said the Doctor.

"You must look the case in the face. Your husband's brain is not in the health it once was. The effect of that shock rests upon him. I hoped he would come out of it, but the effect is becoming more marked. Every case is different as is every individual. I know something of what you are passing through. Do you realize his utter unfitness for business?"

"Sometimes, and at others he is strong and of good judgment," she replied.

"Even keener than formerly?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes."

"You know I told you to meet bravely what would come to you."

"How blessed is your disinterested kindness," said Helen. "Oh! that you lived near me! I see him going to financial ruin, but am unable to check his speed. I can, at times, not make an impression."

"You need not sign any mortgages," said Dr. Alexander.

"I have already. Everything is covered," she said.

"You did not need to do that."

"Do you know him? It was my duty to live with him," she said.

"You should stand by him; he will need you more by and by," said Dr. Alexander. "But in consideration of the future, for him, can you not do something? Lay back your ears and donkey awhile."

"I would but have the exercise."

"Some people think that is healthy," said the Doctor.

"I can meet any opposition, if there be hopes of getting through; but just for the running against, I see no object," said Helen.

"If it takes so much blowing to make you smoke, it must require a steam bellows to bring you to a blaze!" said the Doctor.

"I can blaze if there is anything to gain; but I am not going to burn myself up for nothing."

"Most women would," said the Doctor. "The faculty of looking at a part philosophically and acting it accordingly is not a general one. Could the best be done for him and for you, he would be kept quiet, and some trusty, capable person appointed to settle his affairs."

"It is too late; besides, that person would be no other than a receiver appointed legally. How could that be done?"

"Prove that he is incapable. Would not his physician assert that?"

"His physician, understanding him as you do, would see him sacrifice every cent and me left penniless with an imbecile husband before he would risk the judgment of the world in an action to place him under a guardian. Vultures never want their prey removed. There would be opposition. Not every one is like yourself, to think what is the kind thing to do, and do it, without first looking at consequences from a selfish standpoint. His physician would send one to a drunken druggist, rather than say he was not reliable. His manliness lacks a spinal column."

"It would be a little like shooting a cannon ball into a feather bed," said Dr. Alexander.

"Things will come to a crisis sooner or later any way," said Helen. "A few take him as a very peculiar person, something of the 'cranky order,' and play upon him, to make what they can. They do not understand why he is as he is."

"None but one who has had experience can understand him," said the Doctor. "You see he is sometimes capable as ever, at others very questionably so. It is at the other times that he will transact business unwisely. No matter how good a reasoner he may have been, no one is the same after a clot of blood is upon the brain. Sometimes it is absorbed and the patient apparently well, and at others the brain changes, and gradual incapacity results. Frequently you may think you misjudge the case, when suddenly you will be confirmed in your worst fears."

"I have sometimes thought it only an increase of characteristics," remarked Helen.

"It frequently occurs in such cases that natural characteristics are exaggerated," said the Doctor; then musingly, he added: "I wish you could save something. Could not you get him to give you anything?"

"He says I have no right to anything," she replied.

"You will have the right to care for him," said the Doctor. "Keep your eyes open. If to secure anything you need money, let me know. Find which of his interests are the best investment, and if you see an opportunity which has any promise for firmness be awake, and remember you can make the putting down of your foot as substantial as the stamp of a moose's fore one."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ILL AND IN PRISON.

MRS. SMITH had called and though Helen could but wonder why, at the hour unusual for her, she prolonged a call, which was generally most formal. She endeavored to interest her, though it was in her heart to recommend Jack Robinson to her, for some time, when she excused herself to see Mr. Titus who had been taking his usual rest after luncheon. Helen had insisted upon his leaving everything and coming home to luncheon, in order to secure the rest for him. In every way in which he could be benefited she gave him the care that would have been so gladly given had she loved him. Lest she should omit a duty she was most watchfully studious. She felt that the omission of one such would make her unhappy for the remainder of her life. Moreover, she was so moved by pity that everything was more than willingly done.

She was talking to Mr. Titus when she noticed some officers stopping at one side of the entrance of the house, appearing as if half-inclined to enter, and partly on guard and waiting.

"What does this mean?" she asked of her husband. "I do not know," answered Mr. Titus. "I must see as I go out. Something has occurred in the street."

They had not noticed that two officers were gaining admittance into the house, and while they were conversing they entered the library and stood beside them. They both looked up inquiringly. The first officer, nearest Mr. Titus, said, "You are the one we want; you come with me," and was fingering some handcuffs which he commenced to put on Mr. Titus' wrists, when Helen said vehemently:

"There is something wrong. What do you mean?"

"This man Titus is arrested for forgery!" said the officer.

"Not he! Never! He never did it!" she excitedly said.

Mrs. Smith, who had slipped from the drawing room opposite, said: "Mrs. Titus, you had better come in here, and leave what you cannot help."

"But Mr. Titus never did what you think of him."

"Ah! he didn't, eh?" asked Mrs. Smith, in a voice that said she believed it and was glad of it.

Helen utterly ignored her, and gave attention to the others.

Mr. Titus seemed amazed at the event, and in his amazement grew dazed.

"You need not put those on me. I'll go where you wish, but you will learn that there has nothing wrong been done by me."

"Must he go?" asked Helen.

"Madam, we are the executors of the law, and must compel his appearance in—"

Here he hesitated, as if he would spare her the word. She understood, and said:

"Then I go with him."

They waited for her to order such comforts for Mr. Titus as a mattress and a few others that she deemed necessary for him to follow them.

As she went out of the house, she ordered a servant to accompany her that she might send him on messages.

When they had arrived at their place of confinement, she said to the officer in waiting: "Mr. Titus never did a dishonest deed."

"Oh! he didn't, eh? Did you sign that paper with Edwin's name?" asked the officer.

"What paper?" Recovering himself, he said: "I never forged. I signed that paper. I ought to. It was all I could do. It was not for myself I did it."

"It is of no consequence for whom you did it."

"Mr. Cross told me that Edwin wished me to."

"Oh!" said the man, as if he thought himself played upon.

Helen knew that her husband was scarcely responsible at times, but it was farthest from her to suspect that he would do anything which was illegal. She pondered, and came to the conclusion that Mr. Cross had made use of a moment to deceive him into doing what would put him out of the way, and give him an opportunity for executing his roguery.

Mr. Titus maintained that he did sign it, but he did not forge.

Helen said to her husband: "Now do not get sick." She feared that the occasion would be followed by another stroke.

"I will send for Mr. Herzman, and put him to work for you."

"There are others who know me better, who would serve in the place," said her husband.

"There are none whom I am as sure of working disinterestedly as I am of him. I want him," she said.

She made him comfortable as could be on his bed, and endeavored to quiet him. It was not until in the evening some time that Mr. Herzman came. To Helen every moment was an hour. She saw him in the ante-room. As she knew he would be, he was ready to do all that could be done for her.

"If you can find that Archie Morgan and Mr. Cross are together, depend that they mean by this to play a grab game," she said to Mr. Herzman. "They must know that at times Mr. Titus' mind has not been clear. I never suspected that his character would drift into anything like this, and it has not. He, in an hour when his reason has not been just clear, has been told what to do. I am mistrustful that Mr. Edwin is the instigator. Mr. Titus was inclined to make him trouble for his rascality. This may be to forestall anything he might do. Get any and all the assistance you need."

"Would it not be your best hold to get his physician to make some statement that would open these doors for him; at least hasten a trial which would free him from the extent of the law on account of irresponsibility?" asked Mr. Herzman.

"If public opinion should go against him, and

probably it will, it will be something for it to feed upon; his physician would prefer to be left in the background lest he might incur disfavor of some one whose patronage he courts," said Helen. "Send for Dr. Alexander. He knew him well, all along. Through him I have been saved unjustly judging him. Try to catch those young scamps. It is too bad!"

"You are not going to stay here?" he asked.

"I am," was her reply.

"Where will you sleep to-night?" he asked, concernedly.

"Sleep? sleep? Mr. Herzman, would that I had slept long ago!"

She stood near him, and immediately he stepped to her, and supported her by his strong arm. He felt that he would be unmanly not to show her how much he felt for her.

She rested her brow for a few minutes on his shoulder. Neither spoke, but a feeling as if all protection had not forsaken her gave her a little strength.

He said at length: "I am for the first time truly thankful for all that is in me which can help you: for which I feel that my powers will magnify. I will now go to telegraph to Dr. Alexander; but the night will not pass before I have some clue to those scamps. There is a sense of honor among rascals. Those who would use a broken man in this way for a purpose deserve punishment."

In the hours passed that night, Helen felt that every one would be the last for her husband, as she watched

the purplish head and bloodshot eye. His neck felt as if stiffened in the ossification of the cerebellum. How his head pained him; yet he uncomplainingly clung to Helen's hand.

The next afternoon when the officer came in, and in an unfeeling manner looked around and went out, Helen noticed that her husband seemed a little more agitated. She feared. Soon, he seemed to sleep; but with sonorous breathing, which she truthfully interpreted. He would not much longer suffer just as he had, thought she.

For a few days he lay unconscious. Helen was constantly by his side, tottering in nervous and physical exhaustion. At length she was permitted to take him home. How deathlike everything seemed to her, as they placed him in an ambulance. Mr. Herzman was there to assist her in every possible way. Helen's pity was inexpressible.

"That he should have been conscious in going, and so insensible in returning!" said she.

Dr. Alexander said: "My child, you will help nothing by all you suffer. Pillow your sympathies, and care for yourself, lest you are physically lost, for you look like a shade. You have a long lookout yet. Your first duty will be to care for yourself."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BUSINESS SETTLEMENTS.

“**A**REN'T you usurping power to attempt to discharge me, Madam?” asked Mr. Archibald Morgan of Mrs. Titus.

“Sir, as receiver of my husband's property, I lose not an hour in discharging you. Your cards call for my trumps. Were it not for your family, I would expose you to the law!”

“For what, Madam?” asked Mr. Morgan.

“For your villainous designs, concocted with Mr. Cross and Mr. Allen. You think your night seances have been strictly private! Were they, how do I know of your plan to close the factory you superintend, as soon as Mr. Titus should be safe in prison, and by the money you were to appropriate be ready to purchase it when the indebtedness should force it on the market? Your orders to close it were given before Mr. Titus was arrested. You were a little in haste. How do I know that your accounts there were made to fit into the accounts at the office, where Mr. Cross, your accomplice, balanced the whole, ever since you tried to have Mr. Titus see that his interest lay in giving you the oversight of the books? Your plans were well-laid, but you have sported too much

in executive session. You were too sure of your game."

Mr. Archie Morgan's wrath was tempered by his fear, but for which his arrogant will would have shown itself instead of his pallor and quaking.

Mr. Herzman had, through a bright youth employed at the mill where Mr. Morgan was engaged, been let into hearing of night meetings, held by Messrs. Allen, Morgan and Cross. This youth was enlisted in his service, through a feeling of obligation to Mrs. Titus, who had befriended him, when a lad he had stolen from her laundry; and she had taught him to be honest and upright.

Mr. Archie Morgan had, since he became convinced that Mr. Titus would fail, been industriously repairing every machine, and adding new, regardless of cost. He had assumed such a defiant manner that Mr. Titus was not able, in his physical weakness, to combat him.

Aided by Mr. Herzman, Helen was able to adjust her husband's affairs of business that she might satisfy creditors. In doing so, much of his property was used as an offset; some sold. Through Mr. Stanley, some very valuable stock was secured for herself.

"I marvel," she said to Dr. Alexander, "that I have been able to do what I have. It is through Mr. Herzman, I own. Give him all credit. What is it to me," she asked, "that my home is gone, my life changed? I am independent, and can do what is right, with my conscience ever foremost." Then, apparently reflecting, she said: "How I would like to make a man of Archie Morgan."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE COLONEL'S GRANDSON.

TO her old home, with its clovered yard and vine-clad windows, Helen had brought her husband, thinking it might give him strength to live to breathe the freshness of the growing. His attendant was faithful; and she improved the time to find duty in many places, but never remained long from him, though it mattered little to him through whose hands his comforts came.

She was really very happy. She had more than fulfilled her duty to her husband; and it was in her power to bring so much comfort and good to many.

One day, Chancey fastened his little Shetland at her gate, and ran into her open door, and from one room to another, until he had found her.

Mr. Titus heard the noise through his door and vainly tried to express some displeasure. Poor man!

Helen caught Chancey, as usual, and kissed him.

"I've got a pony, a hammock and a boat, and papa is going to get me a cart. What larks!" he cried. "I'll take you riding then."

"That's gay. I'm ready," said Helen. "What makes you grow so? Chancey, did you ever feel badly in your life?"

"Yes, when papa would not let me go to Philadelphia with him. I went all the same. He let me."

"Are you good enough to pay your kind papa for all he does for you?" Helen asked him.

"I do not know. He is real sick, and wants to see you."

"When? Now?" Helen asked.

"I guess so. I don't know. Here is a note."

Helen found time to ride over in the afternoon.

Colonel Stanton was not very sick, comfortably so, but little Chancey left pony and hammock to be with him.

"Chancey," said the Colonel, "I want to speak to Mrs. Titus alone, on a little business; will you go over and help George on that fence for awhile?"

When alone with Helen, Colonel Stanton said: "Mrs. Titus, I want to ask you one question."

"Certainly; a dozen if you choose."

"Does Virginia Bernard know anything about the parentage of Chancey?"

"Would not that question fit her better than me?" she asked.

"Well, I have my own opinions," the Colonel said, with a mixed regret and hope.

"Where is Virginia? Why do you not ask her?" asked Helen.

"She has gone to Pittsburg," he replied. "Mr. Albrecht Herzman, who has for some time been looking for a clue to her mother's family, had telegraphed her to come at once. She has been gone a week; may be back any time now."

"Do you miss her?" asked Helen.

"I do. She is like a daughter, and an excellent woman. One would not have looked for such a one from Bernard's family."

While they were talking, Mr. Herzman, Virginia and an uncle, a Mr. Jeffrey from England, came in. Virginia ran to Helen and, throwing her arms around her, wept.

"My dear friend," said she. "How can I bless you enough. You have done even this for me." She appeared exhausted. She was not strong and the excitement was great for her.

Mr. Herzman introduced Mr. Jeffrey as Miss Jeffrey's uncle.

"You have been misnaming her," he said. He then told how for several years he had been tracing her ancestry, had made a trip to England, and at last brought her uncle to know that she was his brother's child. He had lost his children and had looked, hoping and despairing, for his brother's wife, of whose death he had never been informed. He had, at last, found a woman who, it was proved, was the wife of Mr. Bernard when he married or took Mrs. Jeffrey. "It is through her that we have discovered his rascality," said Mr. Herzman. "He has spent a large fortune of Miss Jeffrey's, to which he had not even the right of a guardian."

"Can't it be reclaimed?" asked the Colonel.

"No. Several years ago, as you know, his paper was counted kangaroo. He is now cast out of the clearing house. The only thing we can do is to cast

him into prison." Then he added: "I shall not soon forget that woman's hate. She may do what we leave undone."

Helen said: "There are more knives than Wita-wamut's with a woman's face on."

"I have not seen him for years. My poor mother!" said Virginia.

"Darling, you had better rest," said Helen. "Go to your room."

"I would like to see Chancey," she said.

When Colonel Stanton learned that it was Mr. Jeffrey's desire, in fact, intention, to take his niece back to England with him, and establish her in his home, which was the centre of a large estate which she would some time inherit, he did not feel altogether comfortable. "If I cannot get on without her a few days, how will I always?" he asked himself.

Then his well-grounded suspicions came back to him. "If it should be! If it should be!" and he arose and paced the floor, although a little before he had not felt like getting up from his chair.

Helen saw the whole in his mind. She went to Virginia's room, and told her that she had better make a full disclosure to the Colonel. She was ready.

Helen stepped into the library where Colonel Stanton walked, pale and anxious, and requested him to go to Virginia's room and see her. To divert Chancey, she asked him to bring his drawing materials and they would make a garden.

Seated cosily by a table, Helen began by drawing an outline of Europe.

"Let us begin by making some little beds here," said Helen, outlining the British Isles. "This is Ireland. We will plant that with a beautiful little trifoliate plant, the white clover, the people there love very much and call the shamrock. We will draw this in leaf, not blossom, and when we have finished the drawing, you can paint these green. Up here is a bed for thistles. This is Scotland. You see this is a map garden in which we plant and paint flowers instead of writing the names of the countries. For England's bed we must use red roses, and for Wales the leek. That is green. Perhaps you had better border these beds with the sulphur-colored primrose.

"I will draw one flower of each kind and you can finish the garden. Now, crossing over into Germany, make that a bed of blue cornflower. Just down here, for this little plot, we will use the eidelweis. This is Switzerland. This good-sized bed we will plant with fleur de lis, and border it with violets, the flower of the Bonaparte family. For our Spanish bed we will have castilian roses, and for this little Portugal the lemon blossom. We will make a beautiful Italian bed of marguerites. For this Grecian bed we'll have a palm, some laurel and parsley, and border the bed with asphodels.

"We must not forget to make a Swedish bed of amaranths at the top of the garden, or map."

"That will be lovely when it is painted," said Chancey.

"If you draw Africa, I should not know what flower to suggest," said Helen, "except for Egypt, where

I should want to plant the heliotrope, papyrus and lotus. You do not know those flowers, do you? Did you draw Hindostan and China off here at the right, you would plant the first with the marigold and the next with the chrysanthemum. Finish this now and I will help you if you find difficulty."

When finally Colonel Stanton returned, he was calm and Helen thought satisfied. She imagined Chancey got an extra hug when he threw himself on his lap, and even a fonder look than ever.

"Chancey," she said, "you grow dearer as you grow older and larger. We value you like pearls and diamonds, by the multiplication of the square of your weight."

The Colonel pressed him to his bosom and said:

"I could not live without my little prince."

"You do not need to," said Helen.

"No. Miss Bernard will remain with me. I would have no moral right to dispute claims with her, but she will not give up the affection she has won, for natural ties in England, untested."

"I knew what would always carry with her—her heart," said Helen.

Long and pensively the Colonel mused, and Helen slipped from his presence, leaving him to mend the past and shape the future to his own liking.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HELEN BECOMES AN HEIRESS.

IN one respect lives are all alike, they end. The thought of it brings us wonderfully near every life. One need never feel apart; he is one of the great family which ends, yet always lives. Mr. Titus' death expected, yet unannounced, as death always is, brought the accustomed sadness. It had been Helen's aim to live that she might escape regretfulness. She was now dissatisfied that his life had been no more to him. He had divided his adherence between church and business; but the real sweetness to life of understanding the part the Christ principle plays in and through all things human he had never tasted. As the spiritual not being understood by him could not be valued, the material unduly balanced his judgment. She was glad he was saved knowing that his property dwindled; for he would have counted the loss greater than if all his force had not been brought to effect "gain." A man who has made money the sole object of living measures it going as representing so many years of his life, and counts them lost. Helen could not be reconciled that her husband should have passed the period of this existence and never have learned to think and feel aright.

Mr. Titus' death made her acutely sensible of the importance of making this life complete. She wanted to quicken every one in his own perfecting.

It was at her father's that he went on his "long journey." The evening after the funeral, she was meditating, almost lost in her thinking, when Mr. Crane entered and held out to her a paper—he did not trust it in her hand—which was a provision by Mr. Titus that all his property go to the support of the church under the direction of Jonathan Crane. The signature of this document was a sign, and witnessed by Mr. Crane and Aunt Peggy.

"There!" said Mr. Crane, defiantly, when Helen had finished reading.

"There?" replied Helen. "What do you expect? Mr. Titus left no property."

"I shall put this in the hands of a lawyer," said Mr. Crane. "His money belongs in the church. It shall never go to the support of infidels. He said so."

"How did he say that, when he could not talk? You helped him, did you?" asked Helen.

"I assisted him," replied Mr. Crane.

Helen felt the shame of her husband sinking to a level with Mr. Crane. She could not express her humiliation, for she realized that he only sank in the way he must, if he sank at all, for it was in his constitution. She contrasted an end which crowns the work. Change follows in the train of time, to sweeten, to benumb, to sadden.

Mr. Titus' death was quickly followed by Mr. Stanley's, which was a trial to his near friends.

Sitting with her father in his library, Helen said: "Uncle John's last years have been much to me. He was wondrously kind and charitable. Dear old man! To him, surely, heaven commenced here. I could not spare his influence from my life. The thought of him now makes me reconsecrate all that is in me to good. If one life have such an influence upon another, what a responsibility to live. Through his kindness and protection of me during our business trials I am now moderately wealthy. I must, in every way which will not interfere with your happiness, be awake to usefulness, no matter where, or in what. I shall try to be always to you a faithful daughter; and when Dr. Alexander is no longer a worker, he must come under my roof. Father, it is sweet to feel that in the whole world nothing can come between me and conscience."

A ring at the door and Dr. Alexander and Mr. Herzman entered. Taking a document from his pocket, Dr. Alexander said: "I suppose Mr. Herzman has told you that we were to read the will here, at this time."

"He has said nothing. I do not understand it," replied Helen.

"I refer," said the Doctor, "to your Uncle's will, which we are given to execute. We all have wills, but while we live are not particular to commit to publication. In the event of death, the execution is dependent upon the publication."

As Dr. Alexander drew a table near a large arm-chair in which he was sitting, and opened the document upon it, Helen said:

"Your reading it here seems rather strange to me. I suppose he gave his property to educational purposes."

"Your Uncle has trusted you," replied the Doctor, "to carry out unfinished work."

Helen manifested a pleased surprise.

"I was directed by him," said Dr. Alexander, "to inform his legal heirs, except yourself, at his death, since they were all independent in the world, that he placed his property where it would, in his judgment, be used to the best advantage of those with whom it had been accumulated."

He then read a carefully drawn testament, in which John Stanley gave to Helen Valentine Titus and her appointees, in trust, property valued at eight hundred thousand dollars, the interest and income to be used as she should deem to the greatest advantage to the needy in Philadelphia, New York, or wherever his property was located. He advised the continuance of his factories, and the erection of more when the times would warrant, on the ground that to give work is the best way to help the able-bodied.

In consideration of the execution of this will, he gave her in fee simple the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. Dr. Alexander and Mr. Albrecht Herzman were appointed assistant executors of the will, her own name being written first.

"Mr. Stanley talked freely with me of this," said the Doctor, "and in consenting to take the place of assistant executor, it was understood by him that, as soon as it should be satisfactory to Mr. Herzman, I

should withdraw, and at no time feel bound to serve in what he could do."

Helen remained a long time without speaking, her face showing a prayerful earnestness her father had never before noticed. At length she said:

"It is a responsibility, which needs a conscientious exactness and devotion that almost overpower me."

"As the various branches of business are located it will require at least for the present a large part of Mr. Herzman's time," said the Doctor. "Its weight upon you depends upon how well he does his part."

Helen looked at Mr. Herzman interrogatively. Her doubting fled. She strengthened to feel that with his assistance she could do anything, and, best of all, duty. She had always liked business, and, better still, charity. Her experience ought to have added wisdom and discretion to the application of charity.

Looking at Mr. Herzman, she asked: "Do you assume the responsibility entrusted to you by my Uncle?"

Rising, he answered: "I humbly attempt to, under the conditions he expressed."

"That either of you undertake it," said Dr. Alexander, "I understand to be a pledge of fulfillment in the spirit in which it was given you. If we are willing to enter upon this, let us join hands in the promise of our best judgment's execution of our friend's wishes."

There, with united hands, in unbroken silence each made the vow to conscientious fulfillment of trust.

As they looked up a ray of sunlight streamed across Mr. Stanley's portrait, and that benign face

seemed to smile upon them. Helen walked before it and with bowed head and clasped hands remained standing. Then at length she said:

"I shall always feel a humble honor in being Uncle John's instrument."

Her father, who had remained speechless, wiped the tears from his face.

This was a mile stone in her life. From it, every element of her being, every purpose, must be clarified and enlarged. Hesitations dimmed and promises glowed when she felt that in what would be her life-work she did not engage alone.

CHAPTER XL.

CHANCEY NEEDS A TUTOR.

“MAY I come in?” asked Miss Bernard, as she knocked at Helen’s library door, where, a young girl, she had found her, and she was always welcome.

“Entrez,” was the answer. “I wish every one of God’s children welcome, and you in particular. Long ago my heart opened to you.”

“Of which I have evidence,” replied Miss Bernard; then she asked: “Do you ever see him?”

“He is in New York,” was the reply.

“I would do anything that would not degrade my soul to see him,” said Miss Bernard.

“Can you not love some one else? Let the old love die in the new, a more perfect one. I well know that you cannot live without love, be the object but a ghost,” said Helen.

“There would be a strong sense of injustice on my part to marry without telling my whole life,” said Miss Bernard. “How can it be narrated with fairness to all? I have devoted myself to my child. His talents and characteristics tell me that the gods have smiled upon him, if they have turned their faces from me. That I have been permitted his companionship

I owe to you, and with it my life. He will not always need me, neither will Colonel Stanton. I wish, by and by, to give what there is of me worth giving to such unfortunates as have not been so blessed with a Christly woman friend. How can I do it? I regard some such offering as my religious duty."

"That is what religion is, 'a thing of life and action.' I would be slow to discourage anything working through your intelligent conscience. We are waking to what is falsely called an 'anthropic region.' Christ long ago showed us the way to 'The Infinite.' Not with a never forgetting sense of self-preservation are we to rush on only to find the gates closed against us, but with a self-abnegation are we to lift others' burdens and take with us our fellow kindred, if we receive an eternal blessing. Give me both your hands, Virginia. Let me help you." Then Helen asked: "Do you not see that out of your own suffering you are made willing to be one of the world's helpers?"

"Yes," replied Virginia. "I was once thoughtless of all that was not thoughtless."

After a pause, Miss Bernard said "There is something under which I am restless. Jealous as I would be of another instructor for Chancey, it may be for his ultimate benefit to imbibe a masculine strength which is not around him. Has not every great man, in boyhood, come directly and constantly under the influence of some superior masculine intellect?"

"You are correct," replied Helen. "With fullest appreciation of women teachers, if your boy is to be a leader of men, give him the constant companionship

of a man who is a worthy, living example. It will tell immensely more than Solomon's governing. By having his best conception of nobleness and honor confirmed by his tutor's life, daily illustrated to him, he will be held at his highest, during the crystalizing period. Associate your child most constantly with what will best help to make him a well-sexed man. This will help the mother's influence."

"So have I thought," said Miss Bernard.

"Where can you find a Fenelon or Aristotle?" asked Helen. "To-day, the man you might choose would not come even at Philip's bidding. He is absorbed in a life he would consider larger; I think there could not be a larger."

"That's it," said Miss Bernard; "to be what is most desirable as a tutor requires a man who has been active in the business world. It is easy enough to get bookish ones. I want the judgment that comes from business friction and the culture of books, in one. I wish Mr. Albrecht Herzman were obtainable."

"If his work were not planned, he might. I do not know. He is already living two or three ordinary lives," said Helen.

"Understand me," said Miss Bernard, "that I do not have a hope of procuring him. I only thought of him as a pattern."

"Pity our patterns are unattainable," said Helen. "I can conceive no greater pleasure or satisfaction than for Socrates to breathe out his spirit for Plato. You may find some one who you will be satisfied is the best you can do, if not all you want. When we have

a need, I sometimes think, in some way, perhaps wholly unexpected to us, it will be met. Such things make me conscious of invisible powers. I do not wonder that the ancients, and even moderns, should have adopted the idea of fatalism. I have felt myself as drawn through a narrow defile, from which there was one outlet through which I must pass, so powerfully have I been circumscribed. Yet it is not a good doctrine. Do not be over-anxious for Chancey. Certainly, do not kill him as the Duke of Gloucester was killed by Burnet and Marlborough. Thank God, he has a better mind and body than he. The best assistance to give a young mind is to help it to be itself. Any aiming to make the individual another is unfair to the person as to the God who made him. The world wants substantial characters. Such stand on their own feet and work from their own lookout. Make the most of Chancey there is; not the most you can of some one else in him. But above all never give him a tutor he does not like. Remember poor Gambetta's eye."

CHAPTER XLI.

ENGAGED.

“**A**H! that’s what makes you so weldschmertz,” said Dr. Alexander to Mr. Herzman senior.

“I confess to some disappointment,” replied Mr. Herzman. “I had hoped to make up the party to spend this summer in Europe.”

“Mrs. Titus would not be prevailed on to leave those dependent upon her now,” said Dr. Alexander. “Sickly season—lack of employment. She has no time for pleasure. She will think of that when her strength fails; which,” he added, “will not be very soon. We do not easily die of good work.”

“But she will break sooner than if she took some recreation,” said Mr. Herzman.

“True; but I am satisfied,” said Dr. Alexander. “It is no more wearing to her than the general life is to most. Mr. Albrecht Herzman has been a strength to her. It is fair that he have the credit. They have recently ‘engaged’ themselves; their work has been united for some time.”

“The uniting of two such lives in conscientious work calls for the smiles of the gods,” said Mr. Herzman. “Compare it with a marriage which only speaks of a legal union! They shall have my blessing.”

"Her experiences have been to her a purification," remarked the Doctor.

"She is now high priestess. It is worth all to her and more to the world than it has cost. I never see her below her highest mood, which is thoughtfulness of mankind. It is a step above the Iphigenia of old. She deserves her temple, the world. 'To love such a woman is an education' for a man. It is no less an education for her to love such a man."

"I have always noticed how much truth was to her as it was to Iphigenia of Taurus," said Mr. Herzman. "But with her it has expanded into all that is recognition. In such minds as hers, the one gravitates to the other."

"And from them we get new mental coin," interrupted the Doctor. "It delights me that sentiments like hers are obtaining over the world. If one mind feels much, it moves the thinking atmosphere of the universe and we get, from some remote portions, reports. A wave, started here, rolls to Asia, and our shores are touched by the magical rings which began in her intellectual waters."

"It is now as when the same thoughts in Mrs. Browning, Margaret Fuller and Garibaldi stirred their nations," said Mr. Herzman musingly. "Yes; there is a contrast between the sympathy of to-day and the lack of it in periods preceeding this; for instance the German peasants' war and the French Revolution. We incline to give more than the crumbs of our festivities to the hungry."

"And there is too little to-day," added the Doctor.

"We witness an industrial crisis. The perplexing results of machinery, lessening the demand for muscular labor, waits an adjustment. It is all inevitable, if one of the evils in the progress of civilization. How is it? If the same force which has laid our railroads be turned to commerce, will we take a step toward quieting fluctuating trade? Then, would we not gradually approach a less limited exchange?"

"That might be one help," replied Mr. Herzman; "and we are likely to experience a revival in commerce, judging from every other enlightened period. Commerce has marked them all. This country is to be the centre of the next great epoch, as London is the centre of the world to-day. After a glance backward one would think he could face about, and outline the future, for a distance. I am thinking there may some time be a Russian civilization in Asia. They have strength of constitution to live through a long period of intellectual development."

"To change the subject, Doctor," said Mr. Herzman, "Mr. Crane called on me to-day for the thirteenth time to counsel in regard to Mr. Titus' will. He persists in saying that it is a pity that Mr. Titus' property should not be used for the cause of Christ. That he still possesses the document seems to invest him with the honor that royal purple did a Roman. Is he a 'little off?'"

"Never was on," replied the Doctor; "could not stay if placed there. He belongs to the insectivora. That is his web."

"Spiders are not insects," said Mr. Herzman.

CHAPTER XLII.

HELEN AND ALBRECHT.

How did I know you were thinking of me?
I could not dismiss you from my mind.

Harmony, like the breath of a flower,
Like soft, gentle music, is indescribable.

NATURE never smiled more pleasingly than when in her father's home, Helen sat watching the evening shades fade away. Her reveries were interrupted by a familiar step in the hall, and, before she had time to meet Mr. Albrecht Herzman, he was by her side.

"Was this seat waiting for me?" he asked as he took an easy-chair facing her.

"I hope you will always find a seat near me. I need you, am dependent upon you," Helen replied.

"I never feel removed from you," said Mr. Herzman. "When I awake in the morning, I feel that while sleeping some guardian has been cleansing my soul of everything foreign to kindness and earnest purpose, and I arise to another day's work, sensible of the presence of some spirit or its influence. It must be you, for my soul goes out to you."

"I should be too little to you," said Helen, "did I not lead you into an atmosphere where you were at

your best. What is it to love? To have one's whole being moved! It is an awakening, a new birth from which we grow finer, nobler, more godly, for it is a breathing of God into us. Is it the same for you to love that it would be for a thoughtless life spinner? The love that does not elevate one is misnamed. God has no part with it. I am more than thankful that my nature can meet yours and hold you above everything common. 'Tis a responsibility to be loved and to love, something no one can experience without nearing the All Good. It is God's most kindly, motherly way of leading us to him."

After a pause in which Helen maintained a far away look into the Western sky, she continued:

"Love is given us mercifully to soften all our judgments. I have been too censorious. I need to be refined and purified, that only out of charitable eyes I may look. What is intellect? What is learning? Nothing, if charity do not cover it all, and mantle everything around us. Blessed are they who love, and blessings must they give. By my love for you I am taught to see everything through a veil of charity, and pity those whose natures cannot love as I do. How tame is existence without it. Through it life's best purposes are revealed to us. Through my love I am made to feel a part of what I see. If I were strong and not charitable, I have sinned more than were I weak. Did I criticise and not endeavor to perfect, I sinned. If I love, it is not purposeless but to fit me for something better in life."

"Helen, you are the inner lamp of my life," said

Mr. Herzman, "more than Athena, more than Neith, You illumine that which is dim to me. Through you, that which is difficult is made easy; that which is rugged, smooth; the distasteful, tolerable. I believe the spiritual will help even in untying the Gordian knots of science. Live through me, in me, that our lives complimenting each other may through their perfecting attract to the perfect. Your intellect, once so much to me, I forget," said Mr. Herzman, "so much is your beauty of soul."

"Intelligence is trained, not as an accomplishment," said Helen, "but as a preparation."

"True," mused Mr. Herzman, "the soul would not be the same—an uncultured mind could not."

While they were enjoying their evening, Mr. Herzman senior was with Dr. Alexander, watching the same beautiful, changing sky.

"It brings one near all his friends to watch the far away," said Mr. Herzman. "He feels that every one is looking at what he is, and all must be enjoying. Albrecht went to Mr. Valentine's this evening. They will not miss this scene more than *wunderschön, wunderbar.*"

"Helen will not," said Dr. Alexander. "She used to live in and through nature. Now that her existence is permeated with that of another, she will not forget her old habits of companionship with nature."

"Albrecht astonishes me," said Mr. Herzman. "Highly as I have always prized him, I never thought he could grow into the man he is. It outrages my patience to know how that Archie Morgan maligns

him. He publicly calls him dishonest, a cheater, a scoundrel."

"It is to be expected that he would," said the Doctor. "When a man tries to play the rogue and is defeated, he invariably accuses the one who foils him of his own character."

"Albrecht is so kind and generous," said Mr. Herzman in a manner indicating full satisfaction and admiration. "What were his instincts have grown into character. That woman's influence is crowning his talents and directing their scope as would a goddess or saint."

"As should a woman, you might say," interrupted Dr. Alexander. "She has been to him a means of maturing, enlarging, which every well-conditioned man might covet." Then musingly he added: "When, through the Divine atmosphere of love, which is clear of particles of prejudice, and unjust bias, we look and act, we are counted noble, magnanimous, generous. Is it not the mission of woman to hold man where the atmosphere neither mars, colors nor disturbs? The divinity of man flourishes in this atmosphere of love. All good is better; all greatness greater. This is the spiritual meaning of the return of Venus to earth to awaken to new life and growth the plant world. A woman who cannot move a man to stand on all his weaknesses and start into new being his best self should not join herself to him, for the union would insure their failure in life's best purposes."

"How can woman, whose errand is so momentous, expend her forces on the effervescences of to-day?"

asked Mr. Herzman. "Is there not need of a revival in the understanding of our position in living? In every period of intellectual greatness, woman has figured; its tone she has marked. Let her consider upon the threshold, where we now stand, that she strikes the keynote of the moral and spiritual thinking, and with it the intellectual will harmonize."

"She has been a sacrifice," said the Doctor. "Now should she be fitting for high-priestess; her temples are building."

"It is a good thing to stop and take our bearings," remarked Mr. Herzman.

After meditating, Dr. Alexander said: "I am satisfied with Helen." He added with his own positive nod: "They will never dwarf or weaken. They will pitch their tent high; where their powers will be stimulated and directed to the best; their aims of life will work to elevate the whole. It is what I expected of her; she was born for it."

"Who works to elevate the whole, lifts himself," said Mr. Herzman. "It is God's plan for each one thus to work out his own heaven. How can there be individual heavens side by side with individual hells?"

"There must be if they exist at all," said the Doctor. "How can good be next to evil? The more we learn of our relation to the whole, the less evil there will be."

"That is just what puts me at rest in thinking of the future," said Mr. Herzman. "Science will teach that relation. Religion will rest upon it and be essentially humanitarian."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A MAD PROPOSAL.

The signs of the times.

Any material will do for a Caesar.

HELEN was sitting at the table in her father's library, trying to write something for a journal, which for some time had been favored with her thoughts.

She wished that day in the richness of her life to contribute something that would add to the disenchantment of the many from the dissatisfied minds who name themselves pessimists. Once she could have joined their number, but now, when everything seemed to look, to breathe, to speak of love, life was to her fascinating, earth a "flowery mead." She would give some testimony of her satisfaction in living, some thankful offerings for her participation in the good of life. She was inclined to think of man, God's noblest creation, as entitled to more reverence than he receives.

She made several attempts, then threw her sheet one side and took her journal. She was in a mood to talk to herself, and wrote as follows:

"My soul is full. I plead with the Divine for a

continued dwelling in this exalted sphere. Oh God! take myself and my Love in Thy bosom, and fill us with divine light that we may be Thy workers here. Hold us. Keep us above earth's influence. All Good! I express my thanks for dwelling with Thee by consecrating my life to Thy service. Fill me with all that shall quicken me in ardent service for my brother's good. I would lead every one to the portals where I have entered and heaven mingles with earth. Can it not be that all can dwell in heaven with me? What can I do in thanks for my Love. He is to me that much of God. I reverence him; I worship him, and through him the Greater Good. I feel that a grand, a noble man is more than a shadow of the Great God. Rather than give up this love which reaches to the highest, and brings me in sympathy with the lowliest, I would die. Die? That would be nothing could I take him.

"Angels and God, our source, test me not by taking from me the love that, through its burning in this bosom, makes me the being I am. Keep him and let me still hold him my own, given of Thee!

"How mercifully gracious art thou, that every soul may lift itself through love into the heaven Thou hast prepared for us. May my heart never be selfish, but keep him where I may look upon him. He is my delight; so may he be my crowning glory. Help me to be worthy such joy, such a blessing as my Love. Help me always to show him the walks which lead to higher places. Make me Thy medium in his, Thy son's, behalf. Thy intelligence, which moves the

earth through Thy noblest creations, has chosen him and given him into my keeping. May I preserve him for Thy service and Thee.

"How good to me that I should be a satellite of such a star, which loses no brightness in lighting me. Touch my spirit to beautify it in holiness, that I may worthily be his companion."

She was just then surprised by Mr. Willis entering the room in which she sat. Mr. Willis approached her with a firm, quick, decided step, which indicated the business man he was. There were no useless words or lost time with him. His keen, half-closed eyes seemed endeavoring to penetrate her, as he took her coolly offered hand and pressed it heartily.

After a brief conversation, she took her paper and withdrew to write her promised article. Not long after, her father appeared at her door, and with a peculiar smile told her that Mr. Willis wished to see her. Much surprised, she descended into the library, her queenly bearing drawing the gaze of Mr. Willis as she approached the seat at the centre table and commenced a conversation by speaking of his family.

"They are all grown," said he, "and since my wife's death I have been concentrating my business. I mean to enjoy myself. I have been amassing wealth these many years, and now want to take comfort in it. A man can't make much out of life without a nice woman to help him. Such a star as you ought to help any one to be happy, and get all there is out of life."

"Would it not be making the most out of your's

to devote yourself as assiduously to using your fortune for the benefit of mankind as you have in making it?" inquired Helen.

"I don't know about that," he replied, then after a brief pause, asked: "Would you like to be at the head of an establishment like mine? I can do anything for a nice woman like yourself that will make her among the first in the country. I ought to be able to get you as fine things as any one has."

"You can know little of me," Helen answered. "I can provide myself with material needs."

"I don't mean that my children shall ever trouble my wife," he interluded. "There are ways of providing for them. Any woman is better off in the world with a husband, especially one who is a leader in business. You would like a husband and I would like a nice woman like yourself to pet and carry my name."

"Mr. Willis, you make a mistake," said Helen. "Do you think I would marry where I did not feel wedded before? You do not know me. How could you? Never sell yourself so, sir."

"I have admired you since I first saw you," said Mr. Willis. "Well, no matter when I made up my mind to this. I thought you would be free yet, but a woman who takes one man's eye may another's. Am I wrong?"

This was asked with a sharply directed squint of the eye.

"Mr. Willis, I could under no circumstances marry a man who only lives for keen games of gain. Sir,

a woman's heart should be first sought in seeking your own happiness. Do not in your own comfort's interest barter your old age away to one who will be purchased by the jingle of coin."

"I am not so very old," said he, with an attempt at adjusting his wig and smoothing his face.

"You are old enough to know that you are trying to use the gains of years to sell the remainder of your life with," Helen said. "Why did you not first ask yourself whether you would enjoy my objects of life? The answer would have been, 'No. Never.' I entreat you if you value your own happiness never put yourself in a like place again."

"Well, I don't know," he said, "as it makes any difference from which point you start for another, so be you get there. If you want me to start by telling you that I always have thought you a mighty nice woman, I can, and any man is impressible by such a form and face. I'd deny that I lived if I denied that."

"Mr. Willis," interrupted Helen, "oblige me by never referring to this again."

"Would not the settling of a million be any inducement?"

"Sir, I receive such a suggestion as lowering me before angels and men."

"Then you wish it to remain in statu quo?" asked he.

"There has never been anything to remain or vanish, neither will be," she replied, then called to her father, who was passing in the hall: "I am obliged to finish some writing before the mail is sent; you come and talk with Mr. Willis?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Valentine.

Helen left them to talk of Panama canal, railroads and politics. That she felt degraded by the interview is a mild expression.

At dinner she said to her father: "Why must I be so pulled down? I am above such."

"Many are not," said her father. "Do you know that Willis will think you a short-sighted woman?"

"Who thinks to catch this fish with Croesus' net will dip again," his daughter replied.

"These are the days of plutocracy, my child. Without money would he have dared to approach you on such an errand?"

"There are other things which indicate the days. Look at this," she said, unfolding a newspaper. "Nothing unusual, but a wood-cut of a new incumbent to some office. No doubt there is a sketch of his career, in which the paper teems with adulation of some one little known and less appreciated. He may be illiterate and offensively ill-bred. These are days of plutocracy. Our democracy governs by 'pandering to the lower tastes.' We are gravitating to the days of Cleon. Is not the timocracy of England safer? We must rise from this to some dignity in government." Then with a nervous movement of her chair she said, "It disturbs my equanimity to criticise. I am too selfish to be willing to throw myself out of best conditions."

"You are never removed from that, to me" said her father, as they withdrew from the dining room, "but if you feel so," he added, as he settled into his

easy chair by the side of a table with its usual supply of papers, "there comes one who can set you right again."

Helen had caught a glimpse of Mr. Herzman's manly form, and she ran into the hall to anticipate his ring. When he entered, he caught her in his arms and his deep soul-searching eyes gazed into her loving ones, as around his mouth played a satisfied expression which ended in the mingling of two souls "through the pressing of the lips."

"Do not leave me so long again," said Helen, when released from his clasp. "I need you always."

"If a week be too long now, how have you lived without me years before?" he asked.

"I have but half lived," she replied, "and greatly to my loss. I need you to support me where I belong."

CHAPTER XLIV.

TWO PICTURES.

Ah! how hardly could I hold myself there alone.

"A Persian fable says, One day
 A wanderer found a lump of clay
 So redolent of sweet perfume
 Its odors scented all the room.
 'Who art thou?' was his quick demand.
 'Art thou some gem from the Samarcand
 'Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
 'Or other costly merchandise?'
 'Nay! I am but a lump of clay!'
 'Then whence this wondrous sweetness, say?
 'Friend, if this secret I disclose,
 'I have been dwelling with the rose.'"

IT was Thanksgiving eve. Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht Herzman were sitting in their study in their home in Brooklyn. It was rich in books, pictures and bric-a-brac which were suggestive as well as pleasure-giving, with no air of ostentation.

"I would not exchange this paradise, where you sit and I can from my own desk watch your face, for a palace anywhere," said Helen, as she smoothed his brow and kissed it. "Talk of the happiness of life being a chimera. Everything else may be, but so long as I feast upon this nectar, so long as I drink continually of the 'elixir of life' there is a heaven in living to me."

"May it ever be so to you, dear," said her husband.

"There can be no dream of existence to me," continued Helen, "which can transcend the delight of living with a being whose opinions I reverence, and who is heartily at work for himself and others, and who looks to me for a helper, while he holds me near him. I would not exchange your love for the world." Then she added:

"I honor him who strives and struggles toward the ideal.
I honor him no less who prospers in the real.
But him I love who, with divine impartiality,
Highest ideal weds to realest reality."

"God is so good to me, how shall I express my gratitude?"

"Is not happiness an expression of gratitude?" asked her husband. "You are happy."

"Happy? It is only when I see what others lack that I am brought to terra firma."

"You are so much to me," said her husband, drawing her to his side, "that I need no more. You are ever with me in mind. I rest, I live with you. Others grow less necessary, less helpful to me."

"I wonder that I can meet your wants," said Helen. "The more a person is in himself the more difficult it is to find one who answers to him. That I may seem an especial Divine permission."

After a pause Helen said: "This is our own Thanksgiving. To-morrow our house will be full of guests. Father and Dr. Alexander will be here in the early morning and the Herzmans come later with Professor, and Mrs. Amesbury. Poor Max! Do you think the asylum will cure him?"

"Doubtful," sadly replied Mr. Herzman. "His father will test it. Max has noble qualities. What a pity!"

"Soon Dr. Alexander and father will come to stay with us," said Helen, to divert her husband from the thought upon which she had started him. "I long for the time. My affection for both is very tender."

"You are such a stork," said her husband, "that I daily expect to see a white one alight upon our chimney. I like it in you."

Soon she said: "It is a pity for such men as Dr. Alexander to grow old. We need more of such than we have. We need all the strength we can muster in every direction, particularly in every humane one."

"I wish each heart was full of thanksgiving to-night. I tremble when I think of the disaffection in our land among the working men."

"It portends evil," said Mr. Herzman. "Trades Unions and Guilds were very early a protection against capital as well as an insurance. Their abuse is when ignorance is ruled by the vicious. This labor question is one which forces itself upon us and demands all the intelligence and kindly feeling we have." This he said in a spirit of pity, as if he would cure the evil, without censure.

"I cannot enjoy the comforts and luxuries I have, without wishing I could spread them over all the States," said Helen. "I need a check or I should be a beggar. Take care of me. "The state of everything, even the government, is subject to improvement," she continued.

"Throughout the vegetable and animal kingdoms

every species is subject to modification through its least distinctive points, its weakest," said Mr. Herzman. "Were there no weak ones there would be no improvement. The rule will apply out of those kingdoms. We are an improving nation."

"Will I disturb your twilight?" asked Mrs. Bryan.

"Come right in," said both.

"We need you to perfect this as well as every day's gloaming," said Helen.

"You make my life's gloaming enchanting to me," said Mrs. Bryan. "I wish I could be sure your's would be so heavenly. You hold me up so that I am really walking through air to the end. The arrangement of those ivies is pleasing. It is just like you, Helen, to do that. Its appropriateness is a touching symbol of an indissoluble knot. They are as if brought from your marriage altar.

"How restful this room," she added. "Do you not believe that there is in all conditions here a linking with the spiritual world, which reflects what we feel and is again reflected here? Certainly, when a man thinks a calm or stormy temper affects only himself, he errs. Its influence is extending as the circles which widen around the dropping of a stone into smooth water. We feel either an attraction or repulsion to any inhabited room. There is harmony here."

Just then a servant answered the front door and two paintings were left in the hall and a note left for Mr. and Mrs. Herzman, which said that Mrs. Amesbury sent them as a little thank offer and hoped they might add to their home celebration.

They were brought to the study and placed in a favorable light, when Mrs. Bryan exclaimed:

"That is from the Edda. There is the miraculous ash, Mars' tree, under whose shade the gods held their court; whose branches touched the heavens as they shaded the whole earth, and whose roots descended to the regions of Pluto. See the eagle that was said to constantly repose upon the tree and observe everything beneath. And there is the squirrel which continually reported to the eagle."

"Did Mrs. Amesbury do this?" asked Mrs. Bryan.

"It bears her name," said Mr. Herzman, going nearer the picture.

"She has it all," said Mrs. Bryan. "See beneath those roots flow the two fountains, the one 'Wisdom' and the other 'Knowledge of Things to Come.' And there are the three virgins who were in charge of the sacred tree, and refreshed it with those waters, which, falling back on the earth, form a dew which produces honey. Notice the bees."

"I call it ingenious," said Mr. Herzman.

"Well-drawn and well-painted," added Helen.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Herzman, looking at the other painting.

"A companion-piece evidently," said Helen. "The same tree."

"It is yourself sitting there reading," said her husband.

"And yourself with hands full of rocks and plants," added Helen.

"The birds are the messengers there," said Mrs.

Bryan. "I see—symbols of thought, of spirit." Then she added: "Mr. Herzman, you are the Wisdom; Helen, you are the Seer. It is the union of the two that is being heralded on high! A beautiful, a true conception—a prophecy!"

After a long silence, Mrs. Bryan said: "In this world of God's creation, He unites and makes His own for best work here and the completing there!"

THE END.



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